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THE MARQUISE DE GANGES

The Marquise de Perraut demands of her husband protection against his page.

Alexandre Dumas

CELEBRATED CRIMES

TRANSLATED

BY I. G. BURNHAM

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAVURES

AFTER

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY DE LOS RIOS, PRODHOMME WAGREZ, ETC.

VOLUME III

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THE MARQUISE DE GANGES.

Vol. III.—1.

THE MARQUISE DE GANGES.

1667.

About eight o'clock of a certain evening toward the close of the year 1657, a plain carriage, without armorial bearings of any sort, stopped at a house on Rue Hautefeuille, in front of which two other carriages were already standing. A footman at once got down to open the door, but a soft voice, which trembled slightly, stopped him, saying: "Wait until I see if this is the place."

Immediately a face, so closely enveloped in a black satin hood that not a single feature could be seen, appeared at one of the windows, and scrutinized the house, apparently in search of something to solve its doubts. The owner of the face was evidently satisfied with the results of her investigation, for she said, as she turned back to her invisible companion:

"This is the place; I see the sign."

With that the door was opened, and two women alighted; and with another glance at a sign-board six or eight feet long and two wide, which was fastened beneath the windows of the second floor, and upon which these words were printed:

Madame Voisin, Midwife,

they darted into the hall, the door of which stood ajar. It was lighted just enough to enable those who went in or out to find their way to or from the narrow, winding stairway which led from the ground floor to the fifth.

The two strangers, one of whom seemed to be much superior in rank to the other, did not stop, as they might have been expected to do, at the floor corresponding to the sign which had served as their guide, but kept on to the next floor above.

Upon the landing of that floor stood a dwarf fantastically dressed after the fashion of the Venetian jesters of the sixteenth century. As the two women approached, he held out a wand as if to check them, and asked what they wanted.

"To consult the spirit," replied the one with the soft and trembling voice.

"Enter and wait your turn," the dwarf rejoined, raising a portière, and showing the women into a reception room.

They followed his instructions and waited half an hour without seeing or hearing anything; suddenly a door hidden in the hangings was opened, a voice uttered the word:—"Enter,"—and the two women were ushered into a second room, hung with black, and lighted only by a lamp with three burners hanging from the ceiling. The door was closed behind them, and the clients found themselves in presence of the sibyl.

The latter was a young woman of twenty-five or thereabouts, who, contrary to the usual habit of her sex, evidently was desirous of appearing older than she really was. She was dressed in black; her hair hung in braids; her arms, feet and neck were bare. The belt around her waist was held in place by a large garnet clasp, which gleamed fitfully in the half light. She held a wand in her hand, and was mounted upon a sort of platform, made in imitation of the antique tripod, from which acrid, penetrating odors emanated. She was not ill-looking although her features were rather coarse, with the

exception of her eyes, which seemed, doubtless by some secret of the toilet-table, of extraordinary size, and, like the garnet at her waist, gleamed with an unearthly light.

When the visitors entered they found the sibyl with her head resting upon her hands, and apparently deeply absorbed in thought. Fearing to rouse her from her trance they waited in silence until it should please her to change her position. After some ten minutes she raised her head, and as if she then first became aware that two persons were standing in front of her, she asked:

"Why am I disturbed again? Is there to be no rest for me except in the tomb?"

"Pardon me, Madame," said the sweet-voiced stranger, "but I would be glad to know——"

"Hold your peace!" said the sibyl solemnly; "I care not to know your affairs; you must appeal to the spirit. It is a jealous spirit, and forbids all prying into its secrets. I can only intercede for you with it, and obey it."

With that she descended from her tripod, went into an adjoining room, and soon returned, pale and more dejected than before, holding in one hand a lighted brazier, and in the other a red paper. At the same moment all three burners of the lamp burned low, and the room was lighted only by the flame in the brazier. In that strange light everything assumed a fantastic shape and hue, which did not fail to alarm the visitors, but it was too late to draw back.

The prophetess placed the brazier on the floor in the middle of the room, handed the paper to the woman who had spoken to her, and said:

"Write what you wish to know."

The woman took the paper with a hand that shook less than was to be expected, sat down at a table and wrote:

"Am I young, am I fair, am I maid, wife or widow? So much for the past.

"Shall I marry, or remarry? Shall I live long or shall I die young? So much for the future."

She then held out the paper to the sibyl.

"What am I to do with this now?" she asked.

"Roll the paper around this little ball," the sibyl replied, passing her a little ball of pure wax; "they will then both be consumed before your eyes; the spirit already knows your secrets. You will receive your answer in three days."

The stranger did as she was told, and the prophetess then took from her hands the wax and the paper, and threw both into the brazier.

"Now everything is done as it should be. Comus!"—the dwarf entered the room:—"Escort Madame to her carriage."

The visitor laid a purse on the table, and followed Comus, who led her and her companion, who was nothing more than a confidential maid, down a private staircase, used for the egress of visitors. It led into a different street than that from which they entered, but the coachman had been notified, and was waiting for them at the door. They had but to enter their carriage, therefore, and were driven rapidly away in the direction of Rue Dauphine.

Three days later the sibyl's promise was fulfilled, and her client found upon her toilet-table when she awoke a letter in an unfamiliar hand. It was addressed to "*La Belle Provençale*," and contained these words:

"You are young, you are fair, you are a widow; so much for the present.

"You will marry again, you will die young, and by violence; so much for the future.

"THE SPIRIT."

This reply was written upon paper similar to that on which the questions were written.

The marchioness uttered a cry of terror; that portion which referred to the past was so perfectly accurate, that she could but fear equal accuracy concerning the future.

We speak of the fair carefully-hooded unknown, whom we accompanied to the den of the modern Pythoness, as "the marchioness," because she was no other than lovely Marie de Rossan, called before her marriage Mademoiselle de Châteaublanc, from one of the estates of her maternal grandfather, M. Joannis de Nochères, who rejoiced in the possession of a fortune of five to six hundred thousand livres. At the age of thirteen, in 1649, she married M. le Marquis de Castellane, a nobleman of ancient race who claimed to trace his descent from John of Castile, son of Peter the Cruel, and Joanna of Castro, his mistress. Being extremely proud of his child-wife's beauty, the Marquis de Castellane, who was an officer on the king's galleys, was in a great hurry to present her at court. Louis XIV., who was barely twenty at the time of her presentation, was greatly impressed by her ravishing beauty, and to the great despair of the famous beauties of the time, danced twice with her at the same party. Lastly, to put the finishing touch to her renown, the notorious Christina of Sweden, who was at the French court at the time, said of her, that in all the countries through which she had traveled she had seen nobody so beautiful as *La Belle Provençale*. This eulogium made so great an impression that the name clung to the Marquise de Castellane, and she was referred to everywhere by that title.

The favor shown her by Louis XIV., and the enthusiastic praise of Christina were quite enough to make

Madame la Marquise de Castellane the fashion on the instant, and Mignard, who had recently been ennobled and appointed painter to the king, set the seal of authority upon her celebrity by asking permission to paint her portrait. This portrait is still in existence, and gives one an excellent idea of the beauty of her whom it represents. But as it is not beneath the eyes of our readers, we will content ourselves by quoting *verbatim* the verbal portrait drawn in 1667 by the author of a pamphlet published at Rouen, under this title:

"*An accurate statement of the principal facts connected with the deplorable death of the Marquise de Ganges.*"

"The dazzling fairness of her complexion was softened by a tinge of color, which blended with it and enhanced its beauty in a way the most cunning devices of the toilet could never have rivaled. The striking effect of her face was increased by the pronounced raven hue of her hair, which lay about her nobly-proportioned brow, as if an artist of more than ordinary talent had arranged it. Her large, well-shaped eyes were of the same shade as her hair, and the gentle yet piercing flame which shone in them made it impossible to meet her gaze squarely. There was nothing that could compare with the shape and the curve of her lovely little mouth, and her beautiful teeth; the classic outline of her nose gave to her beauty a something of grandeur, which inspired as much respect as her beauty could inspire of love. The rounded contour of her face, which was plump and well filled out, spoke of lusty, vigorous health, and to put the finishing touch to her charms, the Graces seemed to guide her glances, and the movements of her lips and her head. Lastly, her arms, her hands, her bearing and her gait left nothing to be desired in the way of a most charming specimen of lovely young womanhood."

It will readily be understood that a young woman, endowed with such charms as we have enumerated, was certain to be pursued, especially at the most dissolute court in the world, by the slanderous tongues of her rivals; and yet the calumnies that were freely circulated had but little effect, so extremely circumspect was the marchioness, even in her husband's absence. Her sedate, grave conversation, concise and erudite, rather than animated and brilliant, was in marked contrast with the airy style and the whimsical and fantastic manner of speech of the wits of the time. The result was that they who failed to make an impression upon her, being loath to assume the blame themselves for the small measure of success which had attended their efforts, tried to spread the belief that the marchioness was nothing more than a beautiful statue, and that she was virtuous after the manner of statues. But it made no difference how glibly such statements were made and reiterated in the absence of the marchioness, for the moment she made her appearance in a salon with her expressive eyes and her sweet smile, which gave an indefinable charm to the few concise, sensible words that escaped from her lips, those most prejudiced against her were at her feet again, and were forced to confess that God never created anything which approached so near to absolute perfection.

And so she was in the full flush of a triumph which envy could not dim, and which calumny tried in vain to weaken, when news arrived of the wreck of our galleys in Sicilian waters, and of the death of the Marquis de Castellane, who commanded them. At this juncture the marchioness showed herself to be, as she was throughout her life, of a deeply religious nature, and keenly alive to the demands of propriety. Although she had not a

very deep passion for her husband, with whom she had passed rather less than one of the seven years since their marriage, she went into retirement, as soon as the news was brought to her, at the house of Madame d'Ampus, her mother-in-law, ceased to receive visitors, and did not go into society at all.

Six months after her husband's death the marchioness received letters from her grandfather, M. Joannis de Nochères, urging her to pass the remainder of her period of mourning with him at Avignon. She lost her father in childhood, and was brought up by this excellent old man, of whom she was very fond; so she gladly accepted his invitation, and at once prepared for her journey.

It was just at the time when La Voisin, who was still young, and very far from having the reputation she acquired later, was beginning to be talked about. Several of Madame de Castellane's friends had consulted her and received strange predictions from her, some of which had come true, whether by virtue of the cleverness of the prophetess, or by a curious combination of circumstances. The marchioness could not resist the curiosity aroused by the different stories she had heard of her skill, and some days before her departure for Avignon she paid her the visit we have described. The reader is already informed of the answers she received to her questions.

The marchioness was not superstitious, and yet this gloomy prediction made a deep impression upon her mind, which neither the pleasure of revisiting her native province, the affection of her grandfather, nor her immediate popularity could efface. Indeed her popularity was in itself a bore, and she at once asked and received her grandfather's permission to pass the last three months of her mourning in a convent.

It was at the convent that she first heard mentioned, with the enthusiasm of poor girls shut out from life's pleasures, the name of a man, whose reputation for beauty, as a man, equaled hers, as a woman. This heaven-favored individual was Monsieur de Lenide, Marquis de Ganges, Baron du Languedoc, and Governor of St. André, in the diocese of Uzès. The marchioness heard so much said of him, and was told so many times that Nature seemed to have made them for each other, that she began to be conscious of a very great desire to see him. There is no doubt that Monsieur de Lenide, under the stimulus of similar suggestions, also had a very great desire to meet the marchioness, for having induced M. de Nochères, who was annoyed doubtless by her prolonged seclusion, to entrust him with a message for his granddaughter, he went into the parlor of the convent, and caused the fair recluse to be sent thither.

Although she had never seen him, she recognized him at the first glance; for her eyes had never yet feasted upon so handsome a gallant as the one before her, and she thought that it could be no other than the Marquis de Ganges, of whom she had heard so much and so often.

The expected happened; the Marquise de Castellane and the Marquise de Ganges fell in love at first sight. Both were young, the marquis was of noble birth and high social position, and the marchioness was rich; so that the marriage seemed an eminently fit one in every respect, and was delayed only until the expiration of the period of mourning. They were made man and wife in the early part of 1658, the marquis being then twenty, and the marchioness twenty-two.

During the early years of their married life, they were perfectly happy; it was the first time that the

marquis had ever been in love, nor could the marchioness remember that her heart had ever been touched before. A son and a daughter arrived to complete their happiness. The marchioness entirely forgot the fatal prediction, or if it did ever come to her mind, it was simply as a cause of wonder at her credulity.

Such felicity as theirs is never long for this world, and when it does chance to visit it, it seems to have been sent as a messenger of God's wrath, rather than of His love. Indeed, for him who possesses it, only to lose it, it would be much better that he had never had it at all.

The Marquis de Ganges was the first to weary of this blissful life. Little by little he began to sigh for the pleasures of his youth, and to leave the marchioness alone while he renewed his old time friendships. His wife, who had sacrificed her social enjoyment to her duties as wife and mother, appeared once more in society, where fresh triumphs awaited her. Thereupon the marquis' jealousy was excited, but as he was too much of a man of the world to make himself ridiculous by exhibiting that feeling, he shut it up in his heart, whence it emerged in some new guise on every occasion. The words of love, so soft and sweet that they seemed the language of angels, gave place to bitter stinging recriminations, ominous of an approaching rupture. Soon the husband and wife sedulously avoided each other except at those hours when they could not do otherwise than meet; and at last the marquis, on the pretext of unavoidable journeys, and eventually without troubling himself to find any pretext, absented himself three-fourths of the year, and the marchioness was to all intents and purposes a widow once more.

Whatever contemporary narrative we consult, we find

that all agree in saying that she was always the same—patient, uncomplaining and discreet—and it is a very rare thing to find such substantial unanimity of opinion concerning a young and beautiful woman.

It came about after a time that the marquis, who found a tête-à-tête with his wife unendurable in his brief sojourns at home, invited his two brothers, the Chevalier and the Abbé de Ganges, to come and live with him. He had a third brother also, who, being the second son, bore the title of count, and was colonel of the Languedoc regiment. As he plays no prominent part in the narrative, we will not concern ourselves with him.

The Abbé de Ganges, who bore that title although he did not belong to the Church, had assumed it in order to enjoy the privileges it carried with it. He was something of a wit, with a pretty taste for rhyming, and was comely in feature, although when he was crossed his eyes took on a peculiarly ferocious expression; generally speaking, he was as dissolute and shameless as if he had really been one of the clergy of that period.

The Chevalier de Ganges, who also came in for a share of the physical beauty which was distributed so lavishly among the family, was one of those commonplace mortals who view with complacency their own nothingness, and so pass their lives, powerless for good or evil, unless some nature of sterner stuff than theirs takes possession of them, and draws them on in its wake. This is what happened to the chevalier in respect to his brother; subjected to an influence of which he was entirely unconscious, and which he would have struggled against with the obstinacy of a child if he had so much as suspected it, he was nothing more than a machine, obeying the will of another mind, and serving the passions of another heart than his own; and the machine was the more

disastrous in its operations because there was no possibility that any instinctive, rational impulse from within would ever counteract the force applied from without.

The abbé had also acquired to a certain extent a similar influence over the marquis. As he was a younger son he was without fortune, nor had he any professional income, as he performed none of the duties of a clergyman, although he wore the clerical garb; and so he succeeded in persuading the marquis, who was wealthy, not only in his own right, but also in right of his wife, whose fortune would be nearly doubled at the death of M. de Nochères, that he should have a man devoted to his interests to superintend his household and look after his affairs generally, and proposed himself for the position. The marquis gladly accepted his suggestion, being bored to death, as we have said, by the necessity of passing his time alone with his wife, and the abbé brought with him the chevalier, who followed him about like his shadow, and to whom no one paid any more attention than if he had really had no body.

The marchioness often said afterward that the first time she saw the two brothers, although their external appearance was unexceptionable, she felt a presentiment of evil to come, and that the sibyl's prediction of a violent death, which she had long ago forgotten, suddenly flashed into her mind.

It was not the same with the two brothers; her beauty made a deep impression upon both of them, although in very different ways. The chevalier gazed in ecstasy upon her, as if she were a beautiful statue; the effect she produced upon him was the same as if she had been made of marble, and if the chevalier had been left to himself the consequences of his admiration would have been perfectly harmless. He made no attempt either to

exaggerate or to conceal his feeling, but allowed his sister-in-law to see it just as it was.

The abbé, on the other hand, was seized at first sight of the woman, who seemed to him the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, with an ardent, passionate desire to possess her. But he was the absolute master of his feelings, and he simply uttered a few complimentary phrases which are understood to mean nothing either to him who says them, or to her who hears them. And yet, before their first interview was at an end the abbé had irrevocably determined that she should be his.

Although the first impression produced upon the marchioness by the brother was never entirely effaced, the abbé's marvelous tact in adapting himself to the situation, and the chevalier's absolute nullity, soon made her feel less unpleasantly toward them; she was one of those innocent souls, who never suspect the presence of evil, provided that it takes the trouble to wear the slightest disguise, and who recognize it regretfully, only when it shows itself unmasked.

The arrival of the two guests soon brought life and gaiety into the household; and to the vast astonishment of the marchioness, her husband, who had so long been indifferent to her beauty, seemed to awaken to the knowledge that she was too charming to be cast aside. Little by little his words and manner became tender and affectionate as in the early days of their married life.

The marchioness had never ceased to love her husband; she had endured the withdrawal of his love with silent resignation, and she welcomed its return with joy. Three months passed like those earlier ones of which the poor woman had but a faint and vanishing remembrance. With the buoyancy of youth, which seeks only to be happy, she gave herself up to her new-found felicity,

without taking pains to inquire to what good spirit she was indebted for the return of the treasure she had lost.

About this time she was invited by a neighbor in the country to pass a few days at her chateau. Her husband and his two brothers were also invited, and went with her. A large hunting party had been arranged beforehand, and as soon as they arrived the details of the affair were settled.

The abbé, whose clever wit made him an indispensable part of every function of a social nature, announced that he proposed to be his sister-in-law's squire for the day, an arrangement in which she concurred with her customary good nature. Each of the hunters thereupon followed his example and selected the lady to whom he proposed to devote himself for the day. When this chivalrous arrangement was duly made the party started for the meet.

Affairs fell out that day as they generally fall out on such occasions. The dogs hunted on their own account; some few enthusiasts followed the dogs, and the rest went astray.

The abbé, in his capacity of *cicisbeo* to the marchioness did not leave her side for an instant, and manœuvred so cleverly that he and she were separated from all the others; it was an opportunity which he had been seeking for a month as eagerly as the marchioness had avoided it. As soon as she felt convinced that he had intentionally left the rest of the party, she started to gallop away in the opposite direction to that in which they had come; but the abbé caught her horse's rein. She had not the strength or the inclination to engage in a struggle with him, so she waited to hear what he had to say, assuming that expression of proud contempt, which women can assume when they desire to make a

man understand that he has nothing to hope from them. For a moment there was silence between them; it was first broken by the abbé.

"Madame," he said, "I crave your pardon for resorting to this means of speaking to you without witnesses; as you did not seem inclined to grant me that privilege, even if I asked it, although I am your brother-in-law, I thought that it was better for me to make it impossible for you to refuse."

"If you hesitated to ask me for such a trifling favor, Monsieur, and if you have taken such precautions as you say to force me to listen to you, it must be that you are very sure that the words you have to say to me are such that I could not voluntarily listen to them. Be kind enough, therefore, to reflect before we begin this conversation, that here as elsewhere I reserve the right to break it off, whenever I consider that it has ceased to be worthy of my attention."

"As to that, Madame, I think that I ought to reply that, whatever I may choose to say to you, you will listen to me to the end. However, what I have to say is so simple that it is useless to worry you in advance. I wish to ask you, Madame, if you have noticed any change in your husband's manner toward you?"

"Yes, Monsieur," the marchioness replied, "and not a single day passes over my head that I do not thank heaven for my good fortune."

"You are wrong in that, Madame," rejoined the abbé, with one of his peculiar smiles, "heaven has nothing whatever to do with it; thank heaven for having made you the loveliest and most fascinating of women, and heaven will then have enough gratitude to look for at your hands not to deprive me of what belongs to me."

"I do not understand you, Monsieur," said the marchioness in a freezing tone.

"Very well, I will make myself understood, my fair sister-in-law. I performed the miracle for which you are thanking heaven, and so your gratitude therefor is due to me. Heaven is rich enough not to steal from the poor."

"You are right, Monsieur; if I really am indebted to you for the return of my husband's affection, of which I did not know the cause, I will thank you for it in the first place, and then thank heaven for inspiring the generous deed."

"Very good," retorted the abbé; "but if this generous deed, inspired by heaven, has not the result which I expect from it, that same heaven may inspire one equally ungenerous."

"What mean you, Monsieur?"

"That there has always been but one will in our whole family, and that will is mine; that the minds of my two brothers turn this way and that like weathercocks at the caprice of my will, and that the man who has blown hot may blow cold."

"I am still awaiting an explanation, Monsieur."

"Very well, my dear sister-in-law, since it pleases you not to understand I will explain myself more clearly. My brother kept away from you because he was jealous; it became necessary for me to give you a proof of my power over him, and so, by simply telling him that his suspicions of you were unfounded, I brought him back from a condition of the utmost indifference to the most passionate love. Now, you see, I have but to say to him that I was mistaken, to direct his wandering suspicions upon some man, it matters not who, and I can turn him away from you again just as I brought

him back. I have no need to furnish you with proofs of what I say; you know perfectly well that it is the truth."

"Pray, what was your motive, in playing this comedy?"

"To prove to you, Madame, that I can make you sad or joyous, cherished or abandoned, adored or hated, at my will. Now, listen to what I say; I love you."

"You insult me, Monsieur," cried the marchioness, trying to withdraw her rein from the abbé's hands.

"No fine words, my dear sister-in-law, for I warn you they will be wasted on me. A man never insults a woman by telling her that he loves her; but there are a thousand different ways of compelling her to respond to his love. The danger lies in making a mistake as to the means which one selects, that is all."

"May I venture to ask what one you have selected?" queried the marchioness with a smile of withering contempt.

"The only one which can be expected to succeed with a calm, cold, strong-willed woman like yourself—the conviction that your interest demands that you should respond to my love."

"Since you claim to know me so well," said the marchioness, making a second effort as fruitless as the first to disengage her rein, "you ought to know how a woman like myself would be likely to receive such advances; say to yourself what I might say to you, and above all, what I might say to my husband."

The abbé smiled.

"Oh! as far as that goes, Madame," he rejoined, "you can do as you please. Tell your husband whatever you think fit to tell him; repeat our conversation word for word; add to it whatever you think will prejudice

him most strongly against me, whether it be true or false; and then, when you have him well schooled, when you think yourself sure of him, I will say just two words in his ear and twist him around my thumb as I do this glove. That is all I have to say to you, Madame; I will not detain you longer; you may have in me a devoted friend or a mortal enemy, at your pleasure. Reflect."

With that he released his hold upon her rein, and left her at liberty to take such gait as she chose. She rode away at a trot, to avoid all appearance of fear or haste. The abbé followed her, and they both rejoined the hunt.

The abbé was a true prophet. In spite of the threats she made, the marchioness reflected upon his influence over her husband, of which she had often had proofs; and so she kept her own counsel, hoping that he had made himself out to be worse than he really was in order to frighten her. Upon that point, she was sadly mistaken.

Meanwhile the abbé determined to discover first of all whether he should attribute her rejection of his overtures to personal dislike to himself, or to real virtue. The chevalier, as we have said, was handsome; he had the *savoir faire* which takes the place of wit, and the pigheadedness characteristic of commonplace mortals; and so the abbé undertook to persuade him that he loved the marchioness.

It was no difficult matter. We have described the effect produced upon the chevalier by the first sight of Madame de Ganges; but he, being aware beforehand of her reputation as a woman of unbending virtue had never had the slightest thought of paying court to her. He had yielded, however, to the influence she exerted

over everyone who came near her, so far as to remain her devoted servant, and the marchioness, having no reason to be suspicious of his devotion, which she ascribed to mere friendliness, was more unreserved in her intercourse with him than with others, as he was her husband's brother.

The abbé sought him out, and began thus, having made sure that they were alone:

"Chevalier, we both love the same woman, and that woman is our brother's wife; we will not interfere with each other; I can control my passion, and I am the more ready to sacrifice it to you because I think that you are the favored one. So do you try to obtain some convincing proof of the love which I believe the marchioness has for you; and the moment you succeed in obtaining it, I will withdraw; but if you fail, then do you make way for me like a man, and let me take my turn at trying to ascertain whether her heart is really as impregnable as people say."

The chevalier had never dreamed of the possibility of possessing his sister-in-law; but from the moment that his brother, without any conceivable ulterior motive, awoke in him the idea that she might be in love with him, all the love and self-esteem that the automaton was capable of, centred around that idea, and he began to redouble his gallant attentions. Madame de Ganges, who had never thought of apprehending trouble in that direction, received the chevalier at first with a kindliness, which was augmented by her contempt for the abbé. But before long the chevalier, who was in error as to the source of her kindly reception, explained himself more clearly. The marchioness, who was greatly astonished at first and unwilling to believe that she heard aright, let him say enough to leave no

doubt as to his meaning; then she interrupted him, as she did the abbé, with a few cutting words of the sort that a woman's indifference brings to her lips even more readily than her virtue.

At this check, the chevalier, who had none of his brother's strength of will, lost all hope, and immediately made a frank avowal of the unfortunate result of his attentions and his love. It was no more than the abbé expected and desired, both for the satisfaction of his own self-esteem, and to assist him in carrying out his plans. He worked at the chevalier's discomfiture until he had transformed it into bitter hatred; and then, sure that he had in him a partisan, and in case of need an accomplice, he began to set in motion his scheme against the marchioness.

The result was soon manifest in renewed coldness on the part of M. de Ganges. A young man whom his wife met occasionally in society, and to whom she listened somewhat more earnestly perhaps than to an other, because of his sparkling wit, was made the pretext, if he was not the real cause, of a fresh outbreak of jealousy. It found expression in quarrels which had little or no connection with the real trouble, as is almost always the case. The marchioness, however, was not deceived; she recognized the malevolent hand of her brother-in-law in the change; but her conviction on this point, instead of leading her to seek a reconciliation with him, made him more repugnant to her than before; and from that hour she never lost an opportunity of displaying not her repugnance alone, but the contempt which accompanied it.

Matters remained in this condition several months. Each day the marchioness noticed that her husband's indifference was more marked, and she felt that every act of her life, however trivial, however private, was subjected

to an espionage which was none the less complete because it was invisible. The abbé and the chevalier were always the same; but the abbé concealed his hatred beneath his invariable smile, and the chevalier his chagrin beneath an air of frigid dignity, with which commonplace minds envelop themselves, when their vanity is wounded.

At this juncture M. Joannis de Nochères died, and his granddaughter's already considerable fortune was increased by some six or seven hundred thousand livres.

This addition to her fortune became what was known in those countries in which the Roman Law was in force as *paraphernal* property; that is to say, as it came to her after the marriage, it did not go to swell the dowry she brought to her husband, but she had the right to dispose of the principal and income at her pleasure, either by gift or will, and her husband could not interfere with it, except by virtue of a power of attorney.

A few days after the marchioness entered into possession of her grandfather's property, her husband and his brothers learned that she had sent for a notary to enlighten her as to her rights. This step indicated a purpose on her part to keep her inheritance apart from the common purse; for the marquis' conduct to his wife, of which he frequently admitted the injustice to his own conscience, left him little hope that it was for any other cause.

About this same time a strange thing occurred. At a dinner-party given by the marquis, a dish of cream was served at dessert, and all those who partook of it were suddenly taken ill; the marquis and his two brothers, who ate none of it, were not affected. What was left of the cream, which was suspected of having caused the indisposition of the guests, and especially of the marchioness, who ate two portions of it, was subjected to

analysis, and the presence of arsenic was detected. As it was mixed with milk, which is its antidote, the poison lost much of its strength, and produced only a part of the anticipated effect. As no serious consequences resulted the blame was put upon a servant, who might have mistaken the arsenic for sugar, and everybody forgot, or seemed to forget, the incident.

Meanwhile the marquis seemed, naturally enough, inclined to a new reconciliation with his wife; but this time Madame de Ganges was not taken in by the apparent renewal of his affection, for the self-seeking hand of the abbé was visible therein, as it had been in his estrangement. He had persuaded his brother that seven hundred thousand livres were well worth overlooking a few peccadilloes; and the marquis, obedient to his suggestion, tried to combat by kindly overtures his wife's decision to make a will—a decision, which had as yet hardly taken shape in her mind.

As autumn approached, the suggestion was made that they should all pass that season at Ganges, a small town in Lower Languedoc, in the diocese of Montpellier, seven leagues from the latter city, and nineteen leagues from Avignon. Although it was a very natural and proper thing to do, as the marquis owned the town, and had a chateau there, the marchioness shuddered involuntarily when she heard the suggestion. Instantly the prophecy of La Voisin recurred again to her memory; and the recent ill-explained attempt at poisoning naturally added tenfold to her fears. While it cannot be said that she positively suspected her brothers-in-law of that crime, she knew that in them she had two implacable enemies. The journey to a small, out of the way town, and the sojourn at an isolated chateau among strangers seemed to her ominous of no good; but to oppose the project openly

was to make herself ridiculous. For that matter, what reasons could she give for her reluctance? To avow her fears was to accuse her husband and his brothers; and of what could she accuse them? The incident of the poisoned cream was no conclusive proof. She resolved therefore to lock up her fears in her own breast, and to put herself in God's hands.

Nevertheless she did not propose to leave Avignon until she had made the will, which she had meditated upon since M. de Nochères' death. A notary was called, and drew it up as she desired. She constituted her mother, Madame de Rossau, her sole legatee, on the condition that she should turn over the property to that one of the two children of the testatrix, whom she should deem the more worthy of it. One of the children was a boy of six years, the other a girl of five.

But this did not content the marchioness, so strongly was she impressed by the feeling that she should not survive the journey; she called together, secretly and in the night-time, the magistrates of Avignon and several persons of quality belonging to the leading families of the city, and in their presence declared that her purpose in convoking them was to beg them in the event of her death, not to recognize as genuine, or as her free and voluntary act, any other will than the one she had executed on the preceding day, for that any subsequent will which might be produced would be the result of trickery or violence. Having made this declaration by word of mouth, she renewed it in writing, signed the paper on which it was written, and confided it to the safe-keeping of the honor of those whom she constituted its guardians. A precautionary measure of this sort, taken with such minute attention to detail, aroused the burning curiosity of her auditors; several leading questions were put to

the marchioness, but they could get nothing from her except that she had reasons of her own which she could not divulge for acting as she did. The motive of the assemblage remained a secret, and each one of those present promised the marchioness not to reveal the fact that it took place.

On the following day, which was the day before that fixed for their departure, the marchioness visited all the charitable institutions and religious communities in Avignon; everywhere she left generous alms, to the end that prayers and masses might be said for her soul, and that God in His infinite kindness would not let her die without receiving the last sacraments of the Church. In the evening she took an affectionate leave of all her friends, weeping the while, like one convinced that she was saying farewell to them forever. She passed the whole night in prayer, and when her maid entered her room in the morning to awaken her, she found her still kneeling in the same spot where she left her the night before.

They set out for Ganges, and the journey was accomplished without incident. When they reached the chateau, the marchioness found her mother-in-law there; she was a woman of much distinction, and of the highest character, and her presence, although it was to be very brief, comforted the terrified woman to some extent. The old chateau had been put in order in anticipation of their coming, and the most convenient and most richly furnished apartment was allotted to the marchioness; it was on the first floor and looked upon a courtyard enclosed on all sides by the stables.

The first evening that she occupied the room, Madame de Ganges examined it with the utmost care. She explored the closets, sounded the walls, searched the

hangings, and was entirely unable to find anything to confirm her fears, which gradually grew less. But after a few days the marquis' mother left Ganges to return to Montpellier. The second day after her departure the marquis spoke of important business which required his presence at Avignon, and he, too, left the chateau. Thus the marchioness was left with the abbé, the chevalier, and a chaplain named Perrette, who had been connected with the family twenty-five years. The only other occupants of the chateau were the servants.

The first thought of the marchioness after she arrived at the chateau was to make friends in the town. She found it an easy matter; for to say nothing of her rank, which made it an honor to be admitted to her society, her winning grace aroused in everyone at first sight the desire to have her for a friend. Thus she was less bored than she feared might be the case.

As it turned out this precaution was well taken, for instead of passing the autumn only at Ganges, the marchioness was compelled by her husband's written directions to pass the winter there as well. During all this time the abbé and chevalier seemed entirely to have forgotten their designs upon her, and had become once more her respectful and considerate brothers. But the marquis did not return, and his wife, who had not ceased to love him, began to lose her dread, but not her sorrow.

One day the abbé entered her room so unexpectedly that she had not time to wipe away her tears, and having thus surprised half of her secret it was easy for him to induce her to confide the rest of it to him. She confessed that there could be no happiness for her in this world, so long as her husband persisted in living a separate and hostile life. The abbé tried to console

her, but in so doing told her that she was herself to blame for her disappointment; that her husband could not fail to be wounded by her suspicion of him, which was abundantly proved by the will she had made, and which was the more humiliating because it was public, and that, so long as that was in existence, she need not expect to be reconciled with her husband. The conversation went no farther at that time.

Some days after the abbé again entered her room, holding in his hand a letter he had received from his brother. This letter, which was supposed to be confidential, was filled with affectionate complaints of his wife's conduct toward him, and disclosed in every phrase a depth of love, which no grievances less serious than those which he thought he had against her could overcome.

For a moment the marchioness was touched by the tone of the letter, but when she reflected that since her explanation with the abbé just time enough had elapsed for the marquis to be informed of it, she waited for new and stronger evidence before changing her opinion.

Meanwhile from day to day the abbé on the pretext of desiring to bring about a reconciliation between the husband and wife, became more persistent on the subject of the will, and the marchioness, who was considerably disturbed by his persistence, began to recur to her former fears. At last the abbé pressed her so hard that she reflected, that, as a revocation could have no effect, after the precautions she had taken at Avignon, it would be much better to seem to yield, than by an obstinate refusal to anger the man of whom she stood in such fear. And so the first time he recurred to the subject, she replied that she was ready to afford her husband this fresh proof of her love, which might bring him back to her

side; she requested that a notary be summoned, and in the presence of the abbé and the chevalier, made a new will, constituting the marquis her sole heir. This document was dated May 5, 1667. The abbé and the chevalier expressed the most unbounded delight that this cause of discord was at last removed, and promised in their brother's name a better state of things in the future. This hope endured for a few days, during which it was confirmed by a letter from the marquis, wherein he also announced his speedy return to the chateau.

On the sixteenth of May, Madame de Ganges, having been somewhat indisposed for a month or two, decided to take a dose of physic; she made known her desire to the druggist in the village, requesting him to compound such a dose as she required and send it to her the next day. At the appointed hour in the morning the draught was brought to her; but it was so thick and black that she put it away without remark in a cupboard in her room, being somewhat distrustful of the skill of the druggist. She then took some pills from her own store; they were less powerful, but she was accustomed to them, and so they inspired less disgust.

The hour at which she was to take the medicine had hardly passed when the abbé and the chevalier sent to inquire for her health. She sent word to them that she was very well, and invited them to a little supper-party she was to give to some of her friends from the town at four in the afternoon.

An hour later they sent a second time to inquire how she was, and the marchioness, not noticing their excessive civility, which she afterwards remembered, replied that she was never better.

She remained in bed to do the honors of her collation, and had never felt in better spirits. At the appointed

time, all her guests arrived, the abbé and chevalier made their appearance, and supper was served. Neither of the brothers would partake, although the abbé took his place at the table; but the chevalier remained at the foot of the bed. The abbé seemed thoughtful, and emerged from his preoccupation only by fits and starts, when he would seem to make an effort to drive some tyrannical thought from his mind; but soon the thought would triumph over his will and he would plunge again into a profound revery, which impressed everybody particularly because it was so uncharacteristic of him. The chevalier kept his eyes fastened upon his sister-in-law's face, but that was less surprising than his brother's demeanor, because she had never been so lovely.

When the supper was at an end the guests took their leave. The abbé escorted the ladies from the room and the chevalier remained with the marchioness. His brother was hardly outside the door when she noticed that he turned deathly pale, and sat down upon the bed as if lacking strength to stand. She asked him anxiously what the matter was, but before he had time to reply her attention was attracted in another direction.

The abbé, as pale and apparently as excited as his brother, returned to the room with a glass in one hand and a pistol in the other, and closed and locked the door behind him. The marchioness half rose in her bed, so terrified at his appearance that she could not utter a word. The abbé approached her with trembling lips, hair on end, and bloodshot eyes, and held out the glass and the pistol.

"Madame," he said, after a moment of awful silence, "make your choice between poison, a bullet, or,"—here he made a sign to the chevalier, who drew his sword—"the sword."

THE MARQUISE DE GANGES

The Marquise is forced by the Abbe and Chevalier de Ganges to make choice as to the means of her death.

For a moment the marchioness had a gleam of hope; she thought from the chevalier's movement that he was coming to her rescue; but she was soon undeceived, and finding herself thus threatened by both, she fell on her knees on the floor.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, "what have I done that you thus decree my death, and having assumed to judge me, now take upon yourselves the office of executioners? I am guilty of no crime against you, except that of having been too faithful to my vows to my husband, who is your brother."

She saw that it was useless to address any further appeal to the abbé whose expression and gestures indicated that his decision was irrevocably taken, so she turned to the chevalier.

"And you, too, my brother," she said, "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* you too! Have mercy upon me, in heaven's name!"

But he stamped on the floor, and placed the point of his sword at her breast.

"Enough, Madame," he said, "enough; make your choice without delay, or we will make it for you."

The marchioness turned once more to the abbé, and her forehead came in contact with the muzzle of the pistol. She saw that she must die, and selected that one of the three forms of death which seemed to her the least terrible.

"Give me the poison," she said, "and may God forgive you the crime."

With that she took the glass; but the thick black liquid with which it was filled so revolted her, that she determined to try one more appeal. But a fearful malediction from the abbé, and a threatening movement by his brother took away her last ray of hope. She put

the glass to her lips, and whispering once more, "Oh! Lord, my God, have mercy upon me!" she drank what it contained. As she did so a few drops of the liquor fell upon her flesh and burned the skin as a red hot coal would have done. The infernal potion was composed of arsenic and corrosive sublimate dissolved in nitric acid.

Thinking that they would require nothing more of her, the marchioness let the glass fall. But she was mistaken; the abbé picked it up and noticing the dregs in the bottom, took a silver bodkin and scraped off all that had stuck to the sides and put it with the dregs, making a ball about the size of a small nut, which he held out to her on the end of the bodkin, saying:

"*Come, Madame, you must swallow this bonne bouche!*"

The marchioness opened her lips resignedly; but instead of doing as the abbé ordered she held it in her mouth and threw herself on her bed, shrieking and tearing her pillows in apparent agony; meanwhile she spit it out between the sheets unseen by the assassins.

"In God's name," she then said, turning toward them with clasped hands, "since you have killed my body, spare my soul at least, and send me a confessor."

Cruel as the abbé and chevalier were, the scene undoubtedly began to pall upon them. Furthermore the deed of death was done, for the marchioness could live but a few moments after the quantity she had swallowed; so they went out, apparently to fulfill her request, and closed the door behind them.

The marchioness was no sooner alone, however, than the possibility of flight came to her mind. She ran to the window; it was not far from the ground, but stones and rubbish were very plentiful just beneath it. As she had on nothing but her chemise, she hurriedly slipped on a skirt; but just as she was securing it around her

waist she heard steps approaching her room. Believing that her assassins were returning to finish their work she ran like a mad woman to the window. She had her foot on the sill when the door opened, and without thought of anything but escape she leaped out head foremost. Fortunately the new-comer, who was the chaplain of the chateau, had time to put out his hand and seize her skirt. It was not strong enough to hold her weight and parted, but this check, slight as it was, served to change the direction of her body, and instead of landing upon her head, as she inevitably would have done, she landed upon her feet without other injury than bruising them badly on the stones. Dazed as she was by the fall, she still saw something coming through the air after her, and leaped to one side. It was a huge vessel filled with water, with which the priest when he saw that she was safe sought to crush her. It broke at her feet, however, without striking her, and the priest, seeing that he had failed in his object, darted off to warn the abbé and the chevalier that their victim was escaping them.

The marchioness was no sooner safely out of the chateau than with admirable presence of mind she pushed the end of a lock of her hair far enough into her throat to cause her to vomit. It was the easier task, because she had eaten heartily, and this latter fact was also very fortunate in that the abundance of food prevented the poison from attacking the walls of the stomach, as would otherwise have been the case. As soon as she threw up what she had eaten it was swallowed by a tame boar, which died almost immediately in horrible convulsions.

However, as we said in the beginning, her apartment looked upon a closed courtyard; and the marchioness

when she found herself in that courtyard thought at first that she had simply exchanged one prison for another. But soon she noticed a light shining through a window in one of the stables, and, running to it, found a groom just going to bed.

"In heaven's name, my good fellow," she cried, "save me! I am poisoned, they seek to kill me, don't give me up to them, I implore you! have pity on me, and let me into the stable so that I may fly and escape from them!"

The groom did not understand much of what she said; but he saw a half naked woman imploring him to help her, so he opened the door, gave her his arm, led her through the stable, and opened another door, and the marchioness found herself in the street. Two women were passing and the groom placed her in their care, unable to explain what he knew nothing about himself. As to the marchioness, she seemed unable to say anything except:

"Save me! I am poisoned! in heaven's name, save me!"

Suddenly she left them and began to run like a mad woman; she had spied her assassins not twenty feet away, just coming through the same door which had given her egress.

They darted in pursuit of her, she crying out that she was poisoned, and they that she was mad; and all this in the middle of a street thronged with people, who did not know which side to take, and so drew aside to let the victim and her murderers pass. Terror lent more than human strength to the marchioness. She who was accustomed to walk on velvet carpets in silk slippers tore madly along, wounding her bare feet on the sharp stones, and appealing in vain for help, which no one chose to

afford her. Indeed, to one who saw her in her mad career, with her hair flying in the wind, and no clothing save a chemise and a torn silk skirt, it was hard not to believe that the woman was, as her brothers-in-law said, bereft of her reason.

At last the chevalier overtook and seized her, dragged her in spite of her cries into the nearest house, and closed the door behind them, while the abbé stood outside the door, pistol in hand, and threatened to blow out the brains of any one who came near.

The house into which the chevalier took the marchioness belonged to one M. Desprats, who was absent from home at the time. His wife was entertaining several friends of her own sex. The marchioness and the chevalier, still struggling together, worked their way into the room where the company were assembled, and several of them, who were friends of Madame de Ganges, rose in great astonishment to go to her assistance as she was imploring them to do. But the chevalier waved them back, repeating that she was mad. The marchioness met this reiterated assertion, to which appearances gave only too much plausibility, by pointing to her blistered neck and blackened lips; she wrung her hands in agony, crying that she was poisoned, and was dying, and earnestly entreated them to give her milk to drink, or at least water. Thereupon the wife of a Protestant minister, Madame Brunelle, slipped a box of orvietan into her hand, of which she hastily swallowed a small quantity, while the chevalier's head was turned. At the same time another lady handed her a glass of water; but just as she put it to her mouth, the chevalier broke it between her teeth, and a piece of the glass cut her lip. Thereupon all the women rushed upon him, but the marchioness, fearing that they would irritate him more and hoping to

move him to pity, asked them to leave her alone with him. They complied with her request, and went into the adjoining room. This was just what the chevalier desired.

As soon as they were alone Madame de Ganges knelt at his feet with clasped hands, and said to him in the sweetest and most supplicating tone she could command:

"Chevalier, my dear brother, can you find in your heart no pity for me, who has been always so affectionate to you, and would at this moment shed my blood to do you a service? You well know that what I say to you is not mere foolish talk; and yet how do you treat me, although I deserve nothing of the kind? and what will the world say of such actions? Ah! brother, how unhappy it has made me to be so maltreated by you! And yet, dear brother, if you deign to take pity on me and spare my life, I swear by my hopes of heaven to remember nothing of what has happened, and to look upon you always as my protector and friend."

Suddenly she rose with a shriek of pain and pressed her hand against the right side of her chest. While she was speaking, the chevalier, unnoticed by her, had drawn his sword, which was very short, and stabbed her in the bosom as if it were a dagger. He followed up this blow with another, which struck against the collar-bone, and was prevented by it from causing a serious wound. The marchioness fled toward the door of the parlor to which the ladies had withdrawn, crying: "Help! they are killing me!" But while she was crossing the room the chevalier dealt her five blows in the back, and doubtless would not have stopped at that, had not his sword broken. The last blow, however, was dealt with such force that the blade remained in the shoulder, and the marchioness fell face downward, fairly swimming in the

blood which flowed in rivers from her wounds and inundated the room.

The chevalier supposed he had killed her, and as he could hear the women coming to her assistance he rushed out of the room. The abbé was still at the door, pistol in hand; the chevalier seized his arm to lead him away.

"Let us go, abbé," he said, as his brother seemed to hesitate to follow him: "the business is done."

They had gone some few yards, when a window was thrown open, and the guests of Madame Desprats, who had found the marchioness in a dying condition, called for help. The abbé at once halted and compelled the chevalier to stop with him.

"What was it you said, chevalier? she cannot be dead, for they are calling for help."

"Faith, then, go and see for yourself," retorted the chevalier; "I have done enough; it's your turn now."

"*Pardieu!* you are right; that's just my own idea," cried the abbé; and he rushed back to the house, and into the room, just as the women were raising his sister-in-law from the floor with great difficulty, for she was so weak that she could not help herself, and were trying to lay her on the bed. The abbé forced his way through them until he reached the victim's side, when he placed his pistol to her breast; but just as he fired, Madame Brunelle, the donor of the box of orvietan, threw up the barrel with her hand, so that the ball flew up and lodged in the cornice instead of striking the marchioness. The abbé thereupon took his pistol by the barrel and struck Madame Brunelle such a fierce blow on the head with the butt that she staggered and nearly fell. He was on the point of repeating the blow, when all the women joined forces against him, and with voluble maledictions pushed him through the door, and closed it upon him.

Immediately the two assassins fled from Ganges under cover of the darkness, and arrived at Aubenas, a long league away, about ten o'clock at night.

Meanwhile the women devoted themselves with unremitting attention to caring for Madame de Ganges. They tried at first to lay her on the bed, as we said above, but as the steel which remained in the wound prevented her from lying down, they tried to pull it out, but tried in vain, so deeply was it imbedded in the bone. At last the sufferer herself suggested that the operator should sit upon the bed, and put her two knees against her back, while the other women held her in an erect position, and should then give a mighty jerk with both hands. This expedient was at last successful, and they were able to put the marchioness to bed; it was nine o'clock, and the awful tragedy had lasted almost three hours.

By this time the consuls of Ganges had been informed of what had taken place, and as it began to dawn upon them that it might really be an assassination, they betook themselves in person with a guard to the house where the marchioness lay. As soon as they entered the room she mustered all her strength to rise in bed, and implored them with clasped hands to protect her, for her fright was so great that she continually thought that she saw one or the other of her assassins returning. The consuls reassured her, placed an armed guard around the house, and while a messenger was sent in hot haste to Montpellier for doctors and surgeons, they sent word to M. le Baron de Trissan, Provost of Languedoc, of the crime that had been committed, with the names and descriptions of the assassins. He at once put his bloodhounds upon their track, but it was too late. He learned that the abbé and chevalier lay at Aubenas the night

after the tragedy, and that they indulged in mutual recriminations there to such an extent that they almost flew at each other's throat. At last they took boat near Agde, at a little harbor called the Gras de Palaval.

The Marquis de Ganges was at Avignon, engaged in pressing a criminal prosecution against one of his servants, who had stolen two hundred crowns, when he heard what had happened at Ganges.

He turned frightfully pale as he listened to the gruesome tale of the messenger; then he broke forth in furious imprecations against his brothers, and swore that they should die by no other hand than his. And yet notwithstanding his anxiety concerning the condition of the marchioness, he waited until the next afternoon before he left Avignon, and in the meantime called upon some of his friends, to whom he did not mention the affair.

He finally arrived at Ganges four days after the assassination, went at once to M. Desprats' house, and asked to see his wife. She had been prepared for this interview by certain devout monks, and as soon as she learned that the marquis had arrived she consented to receive him. He entered her apartment with tears in his eyes, tearing his hair, and giving every indication of utter despair.

The marchioness received him like a forgiving wife, and a Christian who is soon to die. She had never in her life uttered any but the most trifling reproaches to him for abandoning her as he had done, and yet he had complained to a priest of her reproaches, and the priest had reported his complaints to her; so she selected the moment when there was the greatest number of people about her bed, to call her husband to her side, and apologize to him publicly, asking his forgiveness over

and over again, and begging him to attribute the words which wounded him to the effect of her suffering, and not to any lack of esteem.

As soon as he was alone with his wife, the marquis undertook to profit by this apparent change of heart, and to induce her to rescind her declaration made before the magistrates of Avignon; for the vice-legate and his subordinates were true to the promise they made the marchioness and refused to register the provisions she had made in favor of Ganges at the instance of the abbé, who sent the document to his brother the moment it was signed. But she was as firm as a rock on that point; she said that her fortune was intended for her children, and was therefore sacred in her eyes; that the will she executed at Avignon represented her real, final purpose, and that she could not make any change in it. Nevertheless, and in spite of her unyielding attitude, the marquis remained with her, and seemed as devoted and attentive as a husband could be.

Two days after the arrival of M. de Ganges came Madame de Rossan; great was her astonishment, after all that she had heard about the marquis, to find her daughter in the hands of the man whom she looked upon as one of her murderers. But the marchioness did her utmost to bring her around to a different way of thinking, and to induce her to treat him as her son. This blind infatuation on the part of her daughter was so distressing to Madame de Rossan that she stayed with her but two days, dearly as she loved her, and at the end of that time insisted upon returning home, notwithstanding the dying woman's piteous entreaties. Her departure nearly broke her daughter's heart, and caused her to plead strenuously that she might be removed to Montpellier; for the mere sight of the place where she had been so brutally

assaulted constantly brought into her mind not only the remembrance of the dastardly deed itself, but the image of her murderers, which haunted her so incessantly, that in her brief snatches of sleep she frequently awoke with a start, shrieking for help. Unfortunately the physician decided that she was too weak to be removed, and declared that the slightest change from absolute quiet would be attended with extreme danger.

When she heard this decision, which had to be repeated to her, and which her high color, and sparkling eyes seemed to contradict, the marchioness turned her whole mind to sacred things, and thought only of dying like a saint, having already suffered martyrdom. She asked that she might receive the *viaticum*, and while a messenger went in search of a priest, she renewed her apologies to her husband, and said again that she freely forgave his brothers; and the sweetness of voice and manner, added to her beauty, imparted something angelic to her aspect. But when the priest entered with the *viaticum*, her expression suddenly changed, and her features gave every indication of the most profound terror. In the man of God, who came to administer to her the last consolation of heaven, she recognized the infamous Perrette, whom she could but look upon as the accomplice of the abbé and the chevalier, for it will be remembered that when he failed to prevent her leaping from the window he tried to crush her with the huge pitcher filled with water, and when he failed in that, ran to advise her assassins of her flight, and set them upon her track.

However, she soon recovered her presence of mind, and as the priest drew near her bed without any indication of remorse, she determined not to make herself responsible for the scandal which would be caused by her

denunciation of him at such a moment. She said, however, in a tone which no one but he could hear:

"I hope, father, that in view of what has taken place between us, and to dissipate the fear which I may be forgiven for feeling, you will make no objection to sharing the Sacred Host with me; for I have heard it said, that in the hands of the wicked man the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, although it remains the symbol of salvation, sometimes becomes a cause of death."

The priest bent his head in token of acquiescence.

The marchioness thus partook of holy communion with one of her assassins, thereby witnessing that she forgave him as well as the others, and that she prayed God and men to forgive them as she did.

The next few days passed without any apparent change for worse; the fever which was consuming her had the opposite effect of enhancing the loveliness of every feature, and giving to her voice and her gestures a fervor which they had not before had. So it was that everybody felt renewed hope except herself, but she knew her own condition better than anybody else and was not for an instant deluded by any false hope. She kept her little son, seven years old, constantly by her bedside, telling him to look carefully at her, so that he would remember her face, young as he was, and would never forget her in his prayers. The poor child would burst into tears, and promise, not only to remember her forever, but to avenge her when he was a man. At such times the marchioness would gently reprove him telling him that all vengeance belonged to the king and to God, and that all such matters must be left to the care of those two powerful masters of heaven and earth.

On June 3, M. Catalan, counsellor, arrived at Ganges, as commissioner deputed by the parliament of Toulouse,

with all the officials whose services were required in executing his commission. He was not allowed to see the marchioness that evening, for she had, so he was told, been dozing fitfully for several hours, with the result that her mind was somewhat confused, so that her statements would be likely to lack clearness.

M. Catalan waited therefore until the following day, when he betook himself to M. Desprats' house without a word to anybody, and succeeded in gaining admission to the presence of the marchioness, although some objection was made on the part of those who guarded the house outside. The dying woman received him with wonderful self-possession, which made M. Catalan believe that there was a purpose the night before to prevent him from having any interview at all with her.

At first Madame de Ganges refused to tell him anything concerning what had taken place, saying that she could not accuse and forgive almost in the same breath; but M. Catalan impressed upon her that it was her duty to tell the exact truth to the officers of the law, because, if they were left without accurate information, they might go astray and strike the innocent instead of the guilty. This last argument persuaded the marchioness, and during the hour and a half that their tête-a-tête lasted, she told the magistrate all the details of the terrible affair.

He was to return again on the following day, but the victim proved to be decidedly worse. He satisfied himself of that fact with his own eyes, and as he knew almost everything that he wished to know, he forbore to question her any farther.

From that time on the marchioness suffered excruciating agony, and, although she did her utmost to maintain her firmness to the end, she could not keep from shrieking aloud. Thus she passed the whole of June 4, and a part

of the fifth. At last she expired about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, which was Sunday.

Her body was at once opened, and the physicians found that her death was caused by the poison and by that alone, as no one of the seven stabs she received was mortal. They found the stomach and intestines burned, and the brain blackened. And yet, although the report says that the hellish compound *would have killed a lioness in an hour or two*, the marchioness struggled against its effects for nineteen days! "So zealously," adds the chronicle, from which we have borrowed some of these details, "so zealously did Nature defend the lovely body, which she had taken so much pains in fashioning.

M. Catalan had under his orders twelve guards and ten archers, and as soon as he learned that the marchioness was no more, he sent them to the marquis's chateau, with orders to arrest him, as well as the priest, and all the servants except the groom who assisted the marchioness to escape. The officer in command of the little squad found the marquis pacing back and forth in the great hall of the chateau, apparently very sad and much excited. When he made known his orders, the marquis, as if he were anticipating it, replied that he was quite ready, and that it had always been his purpose to appeal to the parliament to prosecute his wife's murderers. They demanded the key of his study, which he surrendered. The order was then given to take him with the other accused persons to the prison at Montpellier.

When the marquis reached the town, the news of his arrival spread from street to street with incredible swiftness. It was quite dark, and every window was soon ablaze with light. A number of men came out of their houses with torches, and formed a brilliant escort for the marquis, whose features could be seen with perfect

distinctness in the bright light. Both he and the priest were mounted upon wretched hired hacks, and surrounded by archers, to whom, doubtless, M. de Ganges owed his life; for the public rage was so intense against him, that every man was inciting his neighbor to tear him to pieces, and it certainly would have been done, had he not been so closely guarded.

Madame de Rossan, as soon as the news of her daughter's death reached her ears, took possession of all her property, and took up the prosecution with great vigor, declaring that she would not desist from her efforts until her daughter's murder was avenged.

M. Catalan at once began the investigation; the first examination to which the marquis was subjected lasted eleven hours. Soon after he and his fellow-prisoners were transferred from Montpellier to Toulouse. Thither they were followed by an overwhelming memorial to the parliament from Madame de Rossan, wherein she demonstrated with absolute certainty the marquis' participation in the crime of his brothers, in spirit and in purpose at least, if not in the overt act.

The defence put forward by the marquis was very simple. He said that he was so unfortunate as to have for brothers two villains who had first attacked the honor, and then the life of a woman whom he loved dearly; that they had caused her death in fearful agony; and to cap the climax of his woe, he, although absolutely innocent, was accused of having himself had a share in her death.

The judicial investigation, minute and painstaking as it was, established nothing against the marquis save moral presumptions, which were apparently deemed by the judges insufficient to justify sentence of death.

And so, on August 21, 1667, a decree was handed

down, whereby the Abbé and Chevalier de Ganges were sentenced to be broken alive on the wheel, and the marquis to perpetual banishment from the kingdom; in addition, his property was declared confiscated to the State, and he was deprived of his title of nobility and declared incapable of succeeding to the property of his children. The priest, Perrette, was sentenced to the galleys for life, having first been deprived of his priestly orders by the ecclesiastical power.

This decree created an excitement equal to that caused by the murder itself, and gave rise to long and vehement discussions at a time when the doctrine of extenuating circumstances had not been invented. The point was this: the marquis was guilty of complicity, or he was not; if he was not, his punishment was too severe; if he was, the sentence was too light.

Such was evidently the opinion of Louis XIV., who did not forget the exceeding beauty of Madame la Marquise de Ganges; for some time after, when it was supposed that he had altogether forgotten this gruesome affair, he was implored to pardon the Marquis de la Donze, accused of poisoning his wife.

"There is no need of a pardon," the king replied, "for he belongs to the parliament of Toulouse, and the Marquis of Ganges got clear of that body very easily."

It goes without saying that the poetasters did not allow this lamentable occurrence, which resulted in the death of one of the loveliest women of the age, to pass without a multitude of *bouts-rimés* and madrigals; and we refer those of our readers who are interested in this variety of literature to the foot-note, where we have placed two of the best, or rather of the least execrable

examples which we were able to find in the journals and memoirs of the time.*

As our readers cannot fail, if they have taken any interest at all in the terrible story we have been telling, to desire to know what became of the murderers, we will venture to follow them until their final disappearance, some in the shadow of the tomb, and others in the darkness of oblivion.

*I.

Dieux ! si rien ici-bas n'arrive à l' . . . . . aventure,
Quel démon mit au jour ce cruel . . . . . chevalier
Dont le bras inhumain s'est rendu . . . . . meurtrier
De l'objet le plus beau qui fût dans la . . . . . nature?

Ah ! détestable main ! si cette . . . . . créature
N'a pu par tant d'appas te vaincre et te . . . . . lier,
De quel autre pouvoir craindras-tu la . . . . . censure?
L'honneur ni la pitié n'oseraient te . . . . . prier.

L'enfer frémit d'horreur après ton . . . . . sacrilége,
Et jamais ses bourreaux n'auront le . . . . . privilége
D'exercer contre toi de telles . . . . . cruautés !

Achève, traître, achève, et par tes coups . . tragiques,
Imite l'attentat des plus fiers . . . . . hérétiques
Fais mourir les . . . . . divinités.

II.

LE QUERELLE DES DEUX ASSASSINS.

Qui de vous emporta l'honneur de l' . . . . aventure,
Abbé désespéré, perfide . . . . . chevalier,
Qui de l'empoisonneur ou bien du . . . . . meurtrier
Doit faire plus d'horreur à toute la . . . . . nature?

Vous avez mis à mort l'aimable . . . . . créature
Qui vit parfois en vain les Dieux la sup . . . . . plier
Celle dont la vertu méprisa la . . . . . censure,
On la vit à vos pieds, mais en vain, vous . . . . prier.

Couple lâche et maudit, profane et . . . . . sacrilége,
Cessez de vous choquer par un tel . . . . . privilége;
L'un et l'autre assassin excelle en . . . . . cruauté.

Vous êtes deux acteurs également . . . . . tragiques;
Vos coups plus dangereux ceux des . . . . . hérétiques
Ont su rendre mortelle une . . . . . divinité.

The priest, Perrette, was the first to pay his debt to the powers on high; he died on the way from Toulouse to the galleys at Brest.

The chevalier went to Venice and took service in the army of the Most Serene Republic, which was then at war with the Turk, and was sent to Candia, which the Mussulmans had been besieging for twenty-two years. Almost as soon as he arrived there, as he was walking on the fortifications with two other officers, a shell burst at their feet, and one of the fragments killed the chevalier, although no one of his companions was hurt in the least. The incident was therefore looked upon as a direct interposition from on high.

The abbé's story is longer and more exciting. He left the chevalier in the suburbs of Genoa, and traveled through Piedmont, a part of Switzerland, and a corner of Germany, to Holland, where he took the name of Lamartellière. After considerable hesitation, as to the place where he should finally take up his abode, he retired to Viane, of which the Count of Lippe was then the ruler. He became acquainted there with a gentleman who presented him to the count as a Frenchman driven from France on account of his religious belief.

In their first interview the count discovered that this stranger, who sought shelter in his dominions, was not only a very bright man, but a man of very solid parts, and when he found that he was thoroughly at home in literature and the sciences, he proposed to him that he should take charge of the education of his son, who was then nine years old. Such a proposition meant fortune to the Abbé de Ganges, and we may be sure that he did not refuse it.

He was one of those men who have a vast amount of self-control, and as soon as he saw that his interest, nay

even his very life, required him to do so, he kept back with the utmost care every indication of the evil passions that were in him, and exhibited none but his good qualities. He devoted himself to training the heart of his pupil no less than his mind, and succeeded in making a most accomplished prince of him. The Count of Lippe made the most of the wisdom and learning which he had under his hand, and soon began to consult the preceptor upon all affairs of state, so that it was not long before the pseudo-Lamartellière, although he held no office, was the active spirit of the little principality.

The countess had in her family a young kinswoman, without means, but nobly born, of whom she was extremely fond. She was quick to perceive that the poor child had conceived for her son's preceptor a sentiment which was not consonant with her high rank, but which the false Lamartellière, emboldened by his constantly increasing influence, had done all that he could to arouse and inflame. The countess thereupon sent for her cousin to come to her room, and having forced her to confess her love, told her that she herself was certainly much attached to her son's governor, and that she and her husband expected to requite the services he had rendered their family and the State by a proper pension and valuable offices; but that when one's name was Lamartellière, when one had neither distant relatives nor immediate family whom one could acknowledge, it was soaring rather high to aspire to the hand of a maiden who was connected with a ruling house. She added that she did not mean that she should insist upon her cousin becoming betrothed to a Bourbon, but she did desire that her husband should be somebody, were it only a Gascon or Poitevin gentleman.

The countess' youthful cousin repeated this discourse to her lover, word for word, expecting that he would be overwhelmed by it. But he replied simply that if there was no other obstacle but his birth he would soon remove that. Having passed eight years with the prince, amid constant manifestations of the utmost confidence and consideration, he felt sufficiently sure of his goodwill to venture to reveal his real name.

He requested audience of the countess, and his request was granted on the instant. He bowed to the ground, and said:

"Madame, I flattered myself that your Highness honored me with your esteem; and yet you are placing obstacles in the way of my happiness to-day. Your Highness' cousin has consented to accept me as her husband, and the prince, your son, favors my suit, and pardons my presumption. Pray what have I done to you, Madame, that I find you alone in opposition to me? What have I done during the eight years I have been in your Highness' service, to arouse your displeasure?"

"You have done nothing at all, Monsieur, and I have no reproaches to make; but I do not choose to be reproached myself for having consented to such a marriage. I believed you to be a man of too much good sense to force me to remind you that so long as you confined yourself to reasonable requests, and restrained your ambition within reasonable limits, you have had every reason to be content with my gratitude. Do you ask to have your salary doubled? That can easily be done. Do you want an office? You shall have it. But do not forget yourself, Monsieur, so far as to aspire to an alliance, which you ought not to expect that you will ever form."

"But, Madame," rejoined the suitor, "who said that

my birth was so obscure that it should deprive me of all hope of obtaining your consent?"

"Why you yourself, Monsieur," replied the countess in amazement; "or, if you did not actually say it, your name said it for you."

"Suppose that name were not mine, Madame," said the abbé, growing bolder; "suppose that unfortunate circumstances, terrible, fatal in their results, compelled me to assume that name in order to conceal another which is unhappily too notorious, would your Highness then be so unjust as not to change your opinion?"

"Monsieur," the countess replied, "you have said so much now that you must say the rest; tell me who you are; and if, as your words imply, you are of noble birth, I promise you that no want of fortune shall stand in your way."

"Alas! Madame," cried the abbé, falling on his knees; "my name, I am very sure, is only too well-known to your Highness, and at this moment I would gladly give half of my blood if you had never heard it; but as you say, Madame, I have gone too far to go back. I am that wretched Abbé de Ganges, whose crimes are well-known to you, and of whom I have heard you speak more than once."

"The Abbé de Ganges!" cried the countess in a tone of the utmost horror; "the Abbé de Ganges! You are the execrable Abbé de Ganges, whose name alone is enough to make one shudder? And to you, infamous assassin, we entrusted the education of our only son! Oh! I hope for all our sakes that you are saying what is not true, Monsieur; for if I thought that you were telling the truth, I believe I would order your arrest on the spot, and send you back to France to undergo your punishment. The best course you can pursue, if what

you say is true, is to leave not simply this château, but the city, the principality without an instant's delay, and I shall be tortured sufficiently all the rest of my days, every time that I remember that for seven years I slept beneath the same roof with you."

The abbé tried to reply, but the countess spoke so loud that the young prince, whom the preceptor had won over to his interest, and who was listening at the door, concluded that his friend's affairs were progressing badly, and entered the room to try to readjust them. He found his mother in such a state of alarm, that she drew him to her side instinctively, as if to take him under her protection, and all that he could obtain by his prayers and entreaties, was that his preceptor should be at liberty to withdraw, unmolested, to any other country on the globe that he might choose, but with an express agreement never to show his face to the Count and Countess of Lippe again.

The abbé went to Amsterdam, where he became a teacher of languages; there his mistress soon joined him and they were married. His pupil, whom his parents had failed, even by telling him the false Lamartellière's real name, to imbue with the horror which they felt for him, assisted him from his own means as long as he needed assistance. This lasted until his wife came of age, and entered into possession of some property which was under her own control. His exemplary conduct, and his learning, which persistent, earnest study had made more profound, soon led to his admission to the Protestant consistory; and there he died after an exemplary life, concerning which God alone can say whether it was the result of hypocrisy or of true repentance.

The Marquis de Ganges, sentenced as we have seen to deportation and to have his property confiscated, was

escorted to the frontier of Savoy and there allowed to go free. After remaining abroad some two or three years, to give time for the public indignation at the terrible catastrophe in which he had taken part to die away, he returned to France; and as there was no one who was at all interested to molest him, Madame de Rossan being dead, he returned to his château at Ganges, where he led a life of almost perfect seclusion. M. de Baville, intendant of Languedoc, learned that he had broken his ban; but at the same time it was hinted to him that the marquis was a zealous Catholic and compelled his servants to attend mass, whatever their religion. It was the time of the fiercest persecution of those of the Reformed religion, and the marquis' zeal seemed to M. de Baville to do much more than atone for the peccadillo of which he was accused. Consequently, instead of causing his arrest, he secretly entered into correspondence with him, assuring him that he would be allowed to remain in France, and urging him on to renewed zeal in religious matters.

Twelve years passed thus. Meanwhile the young son of the marchioness, whom we have already seen at his mother's death-bed, had attained his twentieth year; he was quite wealthy, having been put in possession of his father's property by his uncle, and having divided his mother's inheritance with his sister; and he was married to a wealthy and beautiful young woman of family, Mlle. de Moissac. When he was called upon for service in the field, he took his young wife to the Château de Ganges, and placed her under his father's care.

The Marquis de Ganges was forty-two years old at this time, but appeared little more than thirty. He was one of the handsomest men that ever lived. He fell in love with his daughter-in-law, and sought to win her

love; but in order to forward his designs upon her, he first sent away, on the pretext of her religion, a young woman who had been her constant companion from childhood, and to whom she was devotedly attached.

This measure, of which the young marchioness had no conception of the real purpose, grieved her beyond description. It was with great reluctance that she came at all to the old château, the scene of the still recent, blood-curdling tragedy we have described. She slept in the very room in which the deed was done, and in the bed which the former marchioness occupied. Always before her eyes was the window through which the poor creature made her escape, and everything, even to the smallest piece of furniture, reminded her of the shocking affair. But it was immeasurably worse when it became impossible to remain longer in doubt as to her father-in-law's intentions, when she found that she was the object of an unholy passion on the part of the man, whose mere name had made her turn pale with terror in her childhood, and when, day after day, she was compelled to remain tête-à-tête with one whom public opinion still looked upon as a murderer. Perhaps in any other place the forlorn, friendless girl might have found some strength in pouring out her sorrows to God; but in that place, where God had permitted one of the loveliest and purest women that He ever made, to die a cruel death, she dared not call upon Him, for he seemed to have turned His eyes away from that family.

She waited therefore in growing fear, passing her days so far as she was able with such women of condition as there were in the little town of Ganges, some of whom, having been eye-witnesses of her mother-in-law's assassination, added to her terror by the accounts they gave her of the dastardly deed; and she, with the desperate

obstinacy of fear, made them repeat them over and over again. At night she passed most of her time on her knees, fully dressed, and trembling at the slightest sound; she hardly dared breathe until daylight, when she would venture to lie down and rest for an hour or two.

At last the marquis' advances became so unequivocal and pressing that Mlle. de Moissac resolved to extricate herself at any price. Her first thought was to write to her father, describe her position to him, and ask him to help her; but he was a newly-converted Catholic, who had suffered much in the cause of the Reformed religion, so that her letter to him would certainly be unsealed by the marquis, on the plea of religion, and thus this step would very likely be her ruin instead of saving her. There was, therefore, but one course for her to pursue; her husband had always been a Catholic; her husband was a captain of dragoons, faithful in serving the king, and faithful in serving God; and there would be no available pretext for breaking the seal of her letter to him. She determined therefore to write and lay before him her exact position, have the address written by another hand, and send the letter to Montpellier to be posted.

The young marquis was at Metz when he received his wife's communication. On the instant all his childish memories awoke; he could see himself standing by his dying mother's bed-side, swearing never to forget her and to pray for her every day. The image of his wife, whom he loved to adoration, then presented itself to his mind; in the same room, exposed to the same outrages, and in danger perhaps of coming to the same end. The thought was sufficient to lead him to take a decisive step. He traveled post to Versailles, requested an audience of the king, and having obtained it threw

himself at the feet of Louis XIV. with his wife's letter in his hand, imploring him to compel his father to return to exile, where he swore upon his honor that he would send him whatever he needed to enable him to live in the style becoming his rank.

The king did not know that the Marquis de Ganges had broken his ban, and the way in which he learned it was not calculated to incline him to forgive such defiance of the decrees of his courts. He therefore ordered that the prosecution of the Marquis de Ganges should be pursued with the utmost rigor of the law if he should be found in France.

Fortunately for the marquis, the Comte de Ganges, the only one of his brothers who had remained in France, and who was in favor at court, learned of the order in time; he set out from Versailles at once, and traveled by forced journeys to Ganges, to warn his brother of the danger by which he was threatened. They left Ganges together and withdrew to Avignon. At this time the Comtat Venaissin still belonged to the pope, and being governed by a vice-legate was considered foreign territory. There the marquis found Madame d'Urban, his daughter, who did all that she could to keep him with her. But such a course would have been to defy the king's orders too publicly, and the marquis did not dare to remain so much in evidence, for fear that some ill might befall him. So he withdrew to the little village of Isle, which lies in a charming situation near the fountain of Vancluse. There he disappears from sight; nothing more was ever heard of him, and in 1835 when I myself was traveling in the South, I sought in vain for indications which might help me to discover some of the circumstances connected with the death of this man, following upon such a notorious, stormy life.

As we have mentioned the name of Madame d'Urban in connection with the later years of her father, the Marquis de Ganges, we must needs follow her amid the strange events of her life, however scandalous they may prove to be. It was the destiny of this extraordinary family to occupy the attention of France for nearly a century, sometimes by its crimes, and at other times by its oddities.

After the death of the marchioness, her daughter, who was then six years old, was left with the dowager marchioness. When she attained the age of twelve, her grandmother presented to her as her future husband the Marquis de Perraut, who had formerly been her own lover. He was a septuagenarian, born during the reign of Henri IV., had known the court of Louis XIII., and the early years of Louis XIV., and was still one of the most polished and popular nobles; he had retained the fascinating manners of those days of gallantry, and the child, for she was nothing more, who had no idea what marriage was, and had never seen any other man than this one, yielded without demur, and was delighted to become Madame la Marquise de Perraut.

The marquis, who was very wealthy, was at odds with his younger brother, and he had no other object in marrying than to gratify his intense hatred for him by depriving him of the succession, which would fall to him if the marquis should die without issue. Unfortunately he soon discovered that the expedient he had resorted to with that end in view was not likely to lead to any result. He did not despair, however, but waited a year or two, thinking every day that heaven would work a miracle in his favor; but every day that passed reduced the probability that any such miracle would happen, and as his hatred for his brother increased in proportion to the

hopelessness of being revenged upon him, he had recourse to a strange expedient, worthy of the ancients; he sought, as the Spartans did before him, to obtain with the aid of another what heaven refused to himself.

The marquis was not obliged to seek long for a fit instrument of his vengeance. He had in his household a young page of some seventeen or eighteen years, the son of a friend of his, who died in reduced circumstances, and besought him on his death-bed to take charge of his son. He was a year older than his young mistress, and had found it impossible, being constantly with her day after day, to avoid falling madly in love with her; and try as he would to conceal his passion, the poor child was too ignorant in the art of dissimulation to deceive the marquis, who was at first considerably disturbed by what he observed, but began to congratulate himself upon it as soon as he determined upon the course we have intimated.

The marquis was slow to make up his mind, but quick to act. He summoned his page, and having made him promise absolute secrecy, and given his word to purchase a regiment for him if he kept his promise, he told him what he desired him to do. The poor fellow expected nothing less than such a confidence, and thought at first that it was a ruse on the marquis' part to make him confess his passion. But the marquis who perceived his embarrassment, and quickly divined its cause, set his mind at rest by swearing to him upon his honor, that he would uphold him in anything he might do to attain the result which he desired. As the page himself really desired nothing so much at the bottom of his heart, the bargain was soon struck. The page bound himself by the most awful oath to keep the secret; and the marquis, to assist him so far as lay in his power, furnished him

with the necessary funds to make a show of wealth; for he did not believe that there was a woman in the world, however virtuous she might be, who could resist youth, beauty and fortune, all united in the same person. Unfortunately for him such a woman did exist, and that woman was his own wife.

The page was so eager to obey the marquis, that his mistress remarked the very first day the change occasioned by the sanction he had received, in his more assiduous attention to her wants, in the promptness with which he obeyed her commands and the rapidity with which he executed them, so that he might return to her side a few moments sooner. She was pleased with him for it, and thanked him in the innocence of her heart. A day or two later he appeared before her in a magnificent suit; she thought that it became him immensely, and told him so, and amused herself by commenting upon all the details of his costume as she might have done with a new doll. All this familiarity served to increase the poor boy's passion, but in his mistress' presence he was as shy and trembling as Cherubino before his beautiful godmother. Every day the marquis asked him what progress he was making, and the page had to confess that he was no farther advanced than the day before; at that the marquis would grumble and scold, threaten to take away the fine clothes, to retract his promises, and, last and worst of all, to apply to somebody else. This last threat never failed to restore the youth's courage; he would promise to be bolder the next day, and when the next day came he would employ it in saying thousands of loving words with his eyes to his mistress, of which she, in her innocence, understood not one. At last Madame de Perraut asked him one day why he looked at her so, and he ventured a hesitating avowal of his

love; thereupon her demeanor suddenly changed, and she sternly ordered him out of the room.

The discomfited lover obeyed, and ran at once to confide his failure to the marquis. He seemed to share his chagrin very sincerely, but consoled him by saying that he had doubtless chosen an unpropitious moment; that all women, even those of the easiest virtue, were cruel and unapproachable at certain times, and that he must wait a few days, making his peace meanwhile, and then seize some more favorable opportunity, and not be put off by a simple refusal. He emphasized his words with a well-filled purse, so that the page might, if necessary, win over the confidential maid of the marchioness.

Guided thus by the husband's ripe experience, the page assumed a very shame-faced and repentant bearing; but for a day or two his mistress' sternness did not relax, notwithstanding his humility. At last, doubtless after due reflection, and consultation with her mirror and her maid, she concluded that the crime was not unpardonable; so she read the culprit a long sermon, which he listened to with lowered eyes, then gave him her hand, forgave him, and took him back into her confidence on the same terms as before.

Affairs went on quietly for a week; the page hardly raised his eyes, nor dared open his mouth, and the marchioness was beginning to regret the days when he used to look at her and talk with her, when, one fine morning as she was at her toilette, at which he was allowed to be present, he took advantage of the absence of her maid to throw himself at her feet, and say to her that he had tried in vain to conquer his love, and that, even though the weight of her indignation should crush him, he must say to her that it was boundless, would last forever, and was stronger than his life. The marchioness

undertook to show him the door, as she did the first time, but he was better advised, and instead of obeying her, he took her in his arms. She called and shrieked and broke the bell-cord, but the maid, acting in the interest of the marquis, had sent the other women out of the way, and took care not to answer the summons herself. The marchioness thereupon repelled force with force, extricated herself from the page's arms, and rushed to her husband's apartment, with her hair in disorder, her breast half bare, and far lovelier than ever; she threw herself into his arms, and demanded his protection against the insolent upstart who had insulted her. Imagine her amazement when, instead of the burst of furious anger which she anticipated, the marquis coldly replied that what she said was incredible; that the youth had always seemed to him to be most virtuous, and that he had no doubt that she had conceived a dislike for him for some trivial reason, and had taken this means of getting rid of him. He added that, great as was his love for her, and his desire to gratify her in every respect, he still begged her not to ask that of him, for the young man was his friend's son, and he looked upon him as his own by adoption. Thereupon the marchioness withdrew in confusion, utterly unable to understand such a reply, and resolved, failing her husband's protection, to protect herself by maintaining an attitude of stern unapproachableness.

From that moment she was so reserved and distant with the forlorn young man, that his sincere love for her would have driven him mad with grief, if he had not had the marquis to encourage and embolden him. And yet even he began to despair, and his wife's virtue became more of a burden to him than most other men find the impurity of their wives. At last, seeing that matters

were making no progress at all, and that the marchioness refused to be mollified, he resolved to resort to extremes. He concealed the page in a closet in his wife's bedroom; when she was in her first sleep, he rose and went softly out of the room, locking the door behind him, and then listened attentively to hear what might take place.

Less than ten minutes had passed when there was a great uproar, which the page seemed to be trying in vain to quiet. The marquis hoped that he would succeed, but as the noise increased every moment he knew that his plan had failed once more. Soon he heard cries for help, for the bell-cord had been raised out of her reach so that she could not ring; as her cries met with no response he heard her jump out of bed and run to the door, and, finding it closed, run to the window, which she tried to open.

It was evident that the catastrophe of the drama was approaching, and the marquis decided to go in, lest some accident should happen, or his wife's shrieks attract the attention of some belated passer-by, who would amuse the town with the fable the next day. As soon as the marchioness caught sight of him she ran to his arms.

"Well, Monsieur," she gasped, pointing to the page; "will you now hesitate to relieve me from this insolent villain?"

"Yes, Madame," he replied, "for this same insolent villain has been acting for three months past, not merely with my consent, but by my orders."

The marchioness was struck dumb. Thereupon her husband, without sending the page away, explained to her all that had taken place, and begged her to gratify his ardent desire to have an heir, whom he would look upon as his own child if she bore it. But the marchioness replied, with dignity remarkable in one of her age,

that his power over her had limits which the law imposed, and not such as it might please him to substitute for them, and that, however desirous she might be to do what would gratify him, she would never obey him at the risk of her salvation, and the expense of her honor.

This uncompromising reply demonstrated to the marquis that he must renounce all hope of obtaining an heir from his wife; but as the page was not to be blamed, he fulfilled his promise by purchasing a regiment for him, and resigned himself to having the most virtuous spouse in France. His repentance was not of long duration, however, for he died three months later, after confiding to his friend, the Marquis d'Urban, the cause of his chagrin.

The Marquis d'Urban had a son of marriageable age, and he thought that he could find no more suitable wife for him than one whose virtue had come out triumphant from such a test. When the established period of mourning had elapsed, he presented the young marquis, who succeeded in making his attentions acceptable to the lovely widow, and soon became her husband. More fortunate than his predecessor, the Marquis d'Urban at the end of three years had three heirs to blight the hopes of his collateral relations, when the Chevalier de Bouillon made his appearance in the capital of the Comtat Venaissin.

The Chevalier de Bouillon was a perfect type of the roués of the time, handsome, young, well-formed, the nephew of a powerful cardinal and very proud of his connection with a family which enjoyed sovereign privileges. The chevalier in his fatuous conceit spared no one of the gentler sex, and his conduct in that regard greatly scandalized the circle of Madame de Maintenon, who was just beginning to be a power in the State. One of his friends, being personally cognizant of the fact

that Louis XIV., who was just assuming the rôle of devotee, had expressed dissatisfaction with him, thought he was doing him a service by warning him that the king *kept a tooth* against him.*

"*Pardieu!*" replied the chevalier, "it's very unfortunate for me that the only tooth he has left should have been kept to bite me."

This quip went the rounds, and came to the king's ears, the result being that the chevalier received a sufficiently direct intimation that he would do well to travel for a few years. He knew the danger of disregarding such hints, and preferred the provinces to the Bastille; so he left Paris and went to Avignon where he aroused the interest which inevitably attaches to a handsome young nobleman who is under the ban.

Madame d'Urban's virtue was as fruitful a source of admiration at Avignon, as the chevalier's misconduct was of scandal at Paris. A reputation equal to his own, but of so utterly distinct a variety, could not fail to give umbrage to him; and as soon as he arrived he set about pitting the one against the other.

Nothing could have been easier than it was for him to make the attempt, M. d'Urban was so sure of his wife's virtue that he put no restraint whatever upon her; the chevalier saw her as often as he chose, and whenever he saw her, he exhibited every indication of a constantly growing passion for her. Whether it was simply that Madame d'Urban's hour had come, or that the chevalier's connection with a family of royal blood dazzled her, her virtue, until then so fierce, melted like the snow beneath the rays of the sun in May; the chevalier, more favored by fortune than the page, took her husband's place, and it did not once occur to her to cry for help.

* *Gardait une dent*, that is, "had a grudge."

As the chevalier's only purpose was to achieve a public triumph, he lost no time in taking the whole city into his confidence; but as some obstinate individuals still doubted, he ordered one of his servants to wait at the marquis' door with a lantern and a bell. At one o'clock in the morning the chevalier left the house, and the servant immediately walked off in front of him, ringing the bell. At this unusual sound, many worthy citizens awoke from their peaceful slumbers, and being curious to know what was going on ran to their windows. They saw the chevalier marching soberly along behind his servant, who was lighting the way for him, and jangling his bell. As he had made no secret of his good fortune to anyone, no one took the trouble to ask him whence he came; but as there might be some who were still incredulous, he repeated the performance three nights in succession for his own satisfaction, and on the fourth day, every doubt was dissipated.

As ordinarily happens in such cases Monsieur d'Urban had no idea of what was going on until his friends informed him that he was the talk of the town. Thereupon he forbade his wife to see her lover again. This prohibition had the ordinary result. The next day as soon as M. d'Urban left the house, the marchioness sent word to the chevalier of their common disgrace; but she found him much better prepared for the blow than she was herself, and he tried to prove to her that it was all her fault, by reproving her for the imprudence of her conduct. The poor woman, thoroughly convinced that she was the cause of all his misfortunes, burst into tears. Meanwhile the marquis, whose jealousy, being the first he had ever known, was so much the more violent, had learned that the chevalier was with his wife; so he closed the doors and stationed himself in the ante-room

with his servants to seize him when he came out. But the chevalier, who was not particularly interested in Madame d'Urban's tears, heard the preparations that were being made to receive him, and, suspecting an ambuscade, opened the window. Although it was one o'clock in the afternoon, and the square was full of people, he leaped down into the street, without receiving the slightest injury, and returned home at a moderate gait.

The same evening the chevalier, with the purpose of relating his latest adventure in all its details, invited some of his friends to sup with him at the shop of a pastry cook named Lecoq, brother of the famous Lecoq of Rue Montorgueil. He was the most successful *restaurateur* in Avignon; his own excessive corpulence was the most convincing eulogium of his kitchen, and he generally did duty as his own sign-post by standing in his doorway. The worthy man, knowing whom he had to deal with, did his best on the evening in question, and determined to wait upon his guests himself so that he might be sure that they lacked nothing. They passed the night in drinking, and towards morning, when they were all in a state of intoxication, they happened to spy mine host, standing respectfully by the door, with a broad smile on his expansive face. The chevalier called him to the table, poured a glass of wine for him, and forced him to drink with them; as the poor devil, confused by the honor, was thanking them with a succession of low reverences, the chevalier exclaimed:

"*Pardieu!* you are too fat for a *Coq*, and I propose to make a capon of you!"

This extraordinary suggestion was welcomed as it was sure to be, by a parcel of drunken men, whose rank generally assured them impunity. The ill-fated host

was seized and fastened down upon the table and died during the operation. The vice-legate was informed of the murder by one of the waiters who ran to his master when he heard his shrieks and found him bleeding to death in the hands of his murderers. His first impulse was to order the chevalier's arrest, and inflict condign and speedy punishment upon him. But he was deterred by his regard for the Cardinal de Bouillon, and contented himself by sending him word that if he did not leave the city at once he would hand him over to the authorities, and let justice take its course. The chevalier, who was beginning to have enough of Avignon, asked nothing better, so he ordered the wheels of his carriage to be greased, and his horses to be harnessed. While the preparations for departure were making, he was seized with the desire to see Madame d'Urban once more.

As her house was the last one at which he was expected, in view of the manner of his exit from it the day before, he had no difficulty in gaining admission; he fell in with Madame d'Urban's maid, who was in his pay, and was by her introduced to the apartments of the marchioness. She never expected to see him again and received him with the exuberant joy of which a woman who loves is capable, especially when it is a forbidden love. But the chevalier soon put an end to her transports by informing her that it was his farewell visit, and telling her at the same time why he was obliged to leave her. Like the women who pitied the horses that tore Damiens asunder because it must have fatigued the poor beasts so, the marchioness had no pity save for the chevalier, who was driven out of Avignon for such a trifle.

At last the time came when they must say farewell,

and as the chevalier, not knowing what else to say, was complaining because he had no souvenir of his mistress, she took from the wall a frame which contained a portrait of herself side by side with one of her husband, tore them apart, made a roll of the canvas and handed it to the chevalier. But he, far from being touched by this proof of her love, laid the package upon a desk as he went out, and there the marchioness found it half an hour later. She fancied that he was so engrossed with the original that he had forgotten the copy, and imagining his despair at finding himself without it, she called a footman, gave him the canvas, and ordered him to mount and ride after the chevalier's carriage.

The footman succeeded by hard riding in catching sight of the chevalier just as fresh horses were being put to. He waved his arms and shouted to the postilion to wait for him. But when he reported to the chevalier that a man was coming after them at breakneck speed, he thought he was pursued, and ordered him to spare neither whip nor spur. His order was complied with so thoroughly that the poor footman did not succeed in overtaking the carriage for another league and a half. He stopped the postilion, dismounted, and with great respect handed the chevalier the package he had in charge.

The chevalier, who had recovered from his first fright, sent him to the devil, and told him to take the portrait back to her who sent it, as he had no use for it. But the footman, faithful to his mission, replied that his orders were explicit, and that he should not dare to return to his mistress without executing them. Thereupon, seeing that the man's obstinacy was not to be overcome, the chevalier sent the postilion to a farrier, whose forge was near by, for a hammer and four nails, and with his

own hand nailed the portrait on the back of his carriage. Then he got in again, told the postilion to hurry on, and drove away, leaving Madame d'Urban's messenger vastly astonished at the use he had made of his mistress' portrait.

At the next post, the postilion, who was to go no farther, demanded his money, but the chevalier replied that he had none. The postilion insisted, and the chevalier finally took down Madame d'Urban's portrait and told him that he had only to offer it for sale at Avignon and tell how it came into his possession, to sell it for twenty times his charge against him. The postilion saw that there was no possibility of getting anything else out of his passenger, so he accepted the pledge, and followed his instructions from point to point, exhibiting it the next day at the door of a second-hand furniture store with an exact account of its history. The same day the portrait was sold for twenty-five louis.

As may be imagined, this last episode furnished abundant food for the gossips. The next day Madame d'Urban disappeared, no one knew where, just as her husband's relatives were holding a meeting at which it was determined to petition the king for a *lettre de cachet*. One of those present at the meeting, who was starting for Paris the next day, was commissioned to take the necessary steps to that end, but, either because he did not go about it in the right way, or because he was in Madame d'Urban's interest, nothing was ever heard at Avignon of the result of his endeavors. Meanwhile Madame d'Urban, who had taken refuge with an aunt, entered into negotiations with her husband, which met with perfect success, and a month after the affair she returned to his house in triumph.

Two hundred pistoles, which were furnished by the

Cardinal de Bouillon, appeased the relatives of the ill-starred pastry cook, who at first denounced the brutal affair to the authorities, but soon withdrew their complaint, announcing that they had been in too much of a hurry to institute proceedings on the strength of a fairy tale, and that upon fuller investigation they were satisfied that their kinsman died of a sudden attack of apoplexy.

Thanks to this declaration, which exculpated the chevalier in the king's eyes, he was able to return to France without fear of further molestation, after an absence of two years in Italy and Germany.

Thus ended, not the family of Ganges, but the commotion they made in the world. From time to time the playwright or the novelist exhumes the pale and bleeding countenance of the marchioness, and shows her to the world upon the stage, or in the pages of a book; but the evocation is always limited to her alone, and very many who have written about the mother have no idea what became of the children. It was our purpose to fill this gap; and for that reason we chose to do what our predecessors have not done, and to put before our readers what the theatre, and not infrequently the world, puts before them—comedy following upon the heels of tragedy.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

1819.

On the twenty-second of March, 1819, about nine o'clock in the morning, a young man of some twenty-three or four years, wearing the costume of a German student, which consisted of a short coat with silk loops, tight-fitting trousers and short boots, stopped upon a slight elevation about three-fourths of the way from Kaiserthal to Mannheim, whence the latter town could be seen lying calm and peaceful in the midst of its gardens, which were fortifications once upon a time, and which to-day surround and compress it like a girdle of flowers and greenery. He removed his cap, upon which three oak-leaves intertwined were worked in gold above the vizor, and stood for a moment bare-headed in the fresh breeze which blew from the valley of the Necker.

At first sight his irregular features produced a strange effect upon the beholder; but soon, thanks to the pallor of his countenance, which was deeply pitted with small-pox, to the haunting softness of his eyes, and to his long, waving black hair, which grew in great profusion about his broad, noble forehead, one inevitably yielded, without thought of resistance, to a melancholy and illogical feeling of sympathy with him.

Although it was still early, he seemed to have traveled a long distance already, for his boots were covered with dust. But it was evident that he was approaching his destination; for he dropped his cap, thrust his long

pipe, the inseparable companion of the German *bursch*, into his belt, took a little memorandum book from his pocket, and wrote therein with a pencil:

"Left Wenheim at five a. m., and arrived in sight of Mannheim at quarter after nine. May God give me His assistance!"

He then replaced the book in his pocket, stood still for a moment, moving his lips as if in prayer, picked up his cap, and went on toward Mannheim with firm and assured step.

This young student was Karl Ludwig Sand, who had come from Jena, by way of Frankfort and Darmstadt, for the purpose of assassinating Kotzebue.

As we are about to place before the eyes of our readers one of those terrible deeds which can be estimated at their true importance by no other judge than the conscience, we must crave their permission to enlighten them as fully as possible concerning the antecedents of this man, whom kings looked upon as a mere assassin, his judges as an *illuminé*, and youthful Germany as a martyr.

Karl Ludwig Sand was born October 5, 1795, at Wonsiedel, in the mountains of Fichtel. He was the youngest son of Godfrey Christopher Sand, first president of the Council of Justice of the King of Prussia, and Dorothea Joanna Wilhelmina Schapf, his wife. There were two brothers older than he, George, who was a merchant at St. Gall, and Fritz, a barrister in the Court of Appeal at Berlin, also an older sister named Caroline, and a younger sister, named Julia.

While he was still a child in arms he was attacked by the most malignant form of small-pox. The virus spread through his whole system, laid bare his ribs, and almost ate into his skull. For several months he lay between

life and death, but at last life won the day. He was very weak and sickly until his seventh year, when he had an attack of brain fever, which endangered his life again. But he found his compensation in the fact that when the fever left him it seemed to have taken with it every trace of the earlier illness. From that moment health and strength seemed to come to him with every breath he drew; but during his two long illnesses, his education had remained in abeyance, and his studies did not begin until he was eight years old. As his physical sufferings had greatly retarded the development of his intellectual qualities, he found it necessary to apply himself with twice the zeal required by others to attain the same result.

The heroic efforts made by young Sand, when he was a mere boy, to overcome the defects of his constitution, attracted the attention of Professor Salfranck, a man of learning and distinction, and rector of the academy at Hof. He became so deeply attached to him that, when he was appointed to the directorship of the college at Regensburg, he could not bear to part from his pupil, and took him with him. In that town, when he was eleven years old, Sand first gave proof of his courage and love of his kind.

One day he was walking out with some young friends when he heard a cry for help. He ran at once in the direction of the cry, and found that a small boy of eight or nine had fallen into a pond. In a twinkling, and without a thought for his fine holiday suit, of which he was nevertheless very proud, he leaped into the water, and after incredible exertions for a child of his years, succeeded in bringing the drowning lad ashore.

A year or two later Sand was more active and adroit and resolute than many who were much older than he,

and he frequently amused himself by fighting battles against the youth of his own and the neighboring villages. The scene of these childish combats, feeble and harmless imitations of the terrible battles which were staining German soil red at that period, was generally a level plain stretching from the village of Wonsiedel to Mount St. Catherine. On the summit of the mountain were the ruins of a feudal castle, among them a tower in a perfect state of preservation. Sand, who was one of the most eager combatants, after his side had been beaten several times because of its numerical weakness, determined to do away with that disadvantage by fortifying St. Catherine's Tower, and to fall back upon it if fortune was unpropitious in the next battle. He informed his companions of his plan, and they received it with wild enthusiasm. They spent a whole week collecting all possible means of defence in the tower, and repairing the doors and stairways. These preparations were made so secretly that the hostile army had no suspicion of them.

The fateful Sunday arrived; their holidays were then days of battle. Whether for very shame at having been whipped the last time, or for some other reason, many of Sand's troops absented themselves, and his force was even weaker than usual. But he was none the less determined to fight, having made due provision for his retreat. The first encounter lasted but a very short time; one party was too weak to make a long resistance, and began at once to fall back, in as good order as it was possible to maintain, upon St. Catherine's Tower, which they succeeded in reaching without serious injury. Some at once ascended to the galleries, and while the others were holding the foe at bay at the foot of the tower, began to shower stones down upon the

conquerors. They were taken completely by surprise by this novel means of defence which had never been resorted to before, and fell back a short distance; the remainder of the retreating force seized the opportunity to enter the tower, and close the door.

Great was the amazement of the besiegers; they had always known the door to be absolutely useless, and lo! it suddenly resisted all their attacks and effectively sheltered the besieged from their blows. Three or four of them were detailed to go in search of implements with which they might break the door in, the others meanwhile maintaining the blockade.

In half an hour the messengers returned, not only with a supply of pickaxes and crowbars, but with a considerable reinforcement of young people from the village where they procured their siege-tools. The assault was at once begun. Sand and his companions defended themselves with the utmost desperation, but it soon became evident that the garrison would be forced to surrender, unless they were relieved. Some one suggested that one should be selected by lot to take his life in his hand, leave the tower, make his way through the hostile lines as best he could, and appeal for assistance to the other lads of Wonsiedel, who had basely remained at home. The recital of the dangerous plight of their comrades, and the shame of a capitulation which would involve the whole village, ought certainly, they thought, to overcome their sloth, and induce them to make a diversion which would enable the garrison to attempt a sortie.

The suggestion was adopted, but instead of leaving the decision to chance, Sand proposed to undertake the mission himself. As they all knew him to be brave and clever and active, his proposition was unanimously

accepted, and the new Decius prepared to put it in execution.

The enterprise was by no means without danger; there were only two possible means of egress from the tower, one by way of the door where capture by the enemy seemed inevitable, the other by leaping down from an outer gallery which was so far from the ground that the besiegers never even thought of guarding it. Sand, without a moment's hesitation, went up to the gallery, and after repeating a short prayer (for he was deeply religious even in his boyish sports) leaped to the ground, without the least fear, but with the most opportune confidence in his lucky star; the distance was twenty-two feet!

He darted off at once to Wonsiedel, and arrived there safely, although the enemy sent their swiftest runners after him. The besieged took courage from his success, and redoubled their exertions against their assailants, anticipating great things from Sand's eloquence which gave him very great influence over his young companions. And within half an hour he appeared at the head of some thirty children of his own age, armed with slings and cross-bows. The besieging force, on the point of being attacked in front and rear, realized the disadvantages of their position, and withdrew. Thus the victory perched upon Sand's banner, and all the honor of the day was his.

We have given this anecdote at length because the child's character, as there displayed, accurately foreshadowed the character of the man. As we go on, we shall observe its development amid trivial as well as momentous events, always calm and tranquil, and superior to prejudice and base motives.

About the same time Sand had two almost miraculous

escapes from serious danger. One day a hod filled with plaster fell from a scaffolding and broke at his feet. At another time, the Prince of Coburg, who was lodging with Sand's parents while the King of Prussia was taking the waters at Alexandria, was returning from a drive with four horses on the gallop, and overtook Karl under a gateway. If he turned to the right or left he ran the risk of being crushed between the wheels and the wall, and the coachman could not check his team; Sand threw himself flat on the ground, the equipage passed on, and neither horses nor wheels made the slightest scratch upon him.

From that moment, many looked upon him as predestined for great things, and said that the hand of God was on him.

Meanwhile Europe was being shaken to its centre by momentous events which transformed the child prematurely into a young man. Napoleon held a heavy hand upon Germany like another Sennacherib. Staps essayed to play the part of Mucius Scaevola, and died a martyr.

Sand was then at Hof, employed in his good friend Professor Salfranck's institution. He learned that the man whom he looked upon as the antichrist was to hold a review in that town, and he at once took his leave and returned to his father. When questioned as to his reasons for taking that step, he replied:

"Because I could not stay in the same town with Napoleon without trying to kill him, and my hand is not steady enough for that as yet."

This was in 1809, and Sand was fourteen years old.

The treaty of peace, which was signed on the fifteenth of October gave Germany some little respite, and made it possible for the young fanatic to resume his studies.

undisturbed by politics; he was still engaged in improving his mind, when he learned, in 1811, that the academy was to be abandoned and replaced by an elementary school. Professor Salfranck was to be connected with the new institution, but his salary was reduced from one thousand to five hundred florins.

It was useless for Karl to remain at a primary school, where he could not continue his education. He wrote to his mother, telling her of the change, and with what equanimity the old philosopher had accepted it. It seems to us worth while to quote his mother's reply; it will enable our readers to form an estimate of the character of this woman, whose stout heart never faltered under the most crushing sorrow. The letter bears the stamp of that German mysticism of which we in France have no idea.

"MY DEAR KARL:

"You could send me no more painful news than that of the misfortune which has befallen your teacher and adopted father; however, terrible as it is, do not doubt that he will make the best of it, in order to afford his pupils a striking example of the submission which every subject owes to the king whom God has placed over him. Be assured that there is no other straightforward, upright manner of life than that which is founded on this time-worn maxim: 'Respect God, be just, and fear not.'

"Reflect too, that when the just man is subjected to notoriously unjust treatment, the public voice makes itself heard, and lifts up those who are cast down.

"But if contrary to all probability, it should happen otherwise in this case; if God has chosen to put our friend's virtue to the supreme test of subjecting him to the contemptuous treatment of his fellow-men, if Providence has put him in its debt to that extent, believe

me when I say that Providence has the highest reward in store for him. All the objects that we see around us, and all the events which influence our lives, are mere machines set in motion by a more cunning hand than ours, to complete our education for a better world, in which we shall for the first time take our proper place. Keep careful and constant watch upon yourself therefore, my dear child, so that you may not take isolated grand and noble deeds for real virtue, and that you may be ready at any moment to do whatever your duty demands of you. In reality, you see, nothing is great and nothing is small, when one looks at things apart from one another; only by looking at the things as a whole, can we judge of their good or bad character.

"Furthermore, God puts to the test only those hearts which He has endowed with strength to endure it, and the way in which you tell me that your good friend the professor bore his misfortune is a fresh proof of that great and immortal truth. Do you take pattern by him, my dear son, and if you must leave Hof for Bamberg, accept the situation courageously. There are three different kinds of education for a man; the education he receives from his parents, the one circumstances force upon him, and the one he procures for himself; if ill-fortune pursues you, pray God to give you strength to complete this last-named education worthily, for it is the most important of all.

"I also commend to you as a model the life and conduct of my father, of whom you have heard me say but little, because he died before you were born, but whom you alone resemble in mind among all your brothers and sisters. The disastrous fire which reduced his native town to ashes destroyed his fortune and his parents. Grief at the loss of his little all for the fire began in

the house next his, killed his father; and while his mother, who had been confined to her bed for six years by a painful disease, attended with frequent terrible convulsions, supported three little girls by working with her needle in the intervals between her paroxysms, he entered one of the largest business houses in Augsburg as a simple clerk. There his energetic nature and even disposition made him very useful; he learned a business, for which, by the way, he had little inclination, and returned to the house where he was born with a pure, unspoiled heart, to be the stay of his mother and sisters.

"Man can do much when he is determined to do much; add your efforts to my prayers, and leave the rest to God."

The prediction of the pious Puritan was fulfilled. A short time after, Professor Salfranck was appointed to a chair at Richemburg, whither Sand followed him; and there the events of 1813 found him. In March of that year he wrote to his mother:

"It is hard for me to find words to tell you, dear mother, how peaceful and happy I am beginning to feel, since it has been possible for me to believe in the enfranchisement of my fatherland, which, from what I hear on all sides, is so near at hand—my fatherland, which, in my trust in God, I already see, free and powerful—the fatherland, in a word, whose welfare, I would gladly undergo the greatest of ills, even death itself, to promote. Summon all your strength for the approaching crisis. If by chance it should extend to our beloved province, raise your eyes to the Omnipotent, then let them rest upon the lovely and luxuriant work of Nature. God's mercy, which saved and protected so many men during the disastrous Thirty Years' War, can and will do to-day all that it could and would do then."

Leipsic justified Sand's presentiments; then came 1814, and he believed that Germany was free.

On the tenth of December, 1814, he left Richemburg, armed with this testimonial from one of his instructors:

"Karl Sand is one of the few elect young men, who are distinguished at once by intellectual gifts and noble qualities of the heart. In application and capacity for work he surpasses all his fellow-students, which explains his rapid and thorough progress in all the philosophical and philological branches; in mathematics alone he requires some further study. He carries with him the heartfelt good-wishes of all his professors.

"Richemburg, fifteenth of September, 1814.

"J. A. KEYN,

"Director and Professor of the first class."

But this fertile soil, in which the professors sowed the seeds of knowledge, was really prepared by Sand's parents, especially by his mother. Sand was well aware of it, too, for on the eve of his departure for the University of Tubingen, where he was to finish the theological studies requisite for the clerical profession, which he proposed to adopt, he wrote to them:

"I freely confess that I, in common with all my brothers and sisters owe to you that important part of my education which I have noticed the lack of in most of those around me. Heaven alone can repay you for it, by the consciousness of having fulfilled your parental duties so nobly and so thoroughly."

After paying a visit to his brother at St. Gall, Sand went on to Tubuegen, drawn thither in great measure by the reputation of Eschenmaïer; he passed the winter quietly, and the only noteworthy incident in his life was his admission to a society of students, called "Teutonia."

Then came Easter, 1815, and with it the terrible news of Napoleon's debarkation at Gulf Juan. Immediately all the German youth capable of bearing arms rallied around the standards of 1813 and 1814. Sand followed the general example; but this action, which with others was the result of a moment of excitement and enthusiasm, was in his case the fruit of a calm and deliberate determination.

On this occasion he wrote thus to Wonsiedel:

"22d of April, 1815.

"MY DEAR PARENTS:

"Hitherto you have found me always ready to submit to your precepts, and to follow the advice of my excellent professors; hitherto I have striven to render myself worthy of the education which God has bestowed upon me through you; I have diligently sought to acquire the power to spread God's word through my fatherland. For these reasons I am able to-day to inform you frankly of the step I have taken, feeling certain that as fond and indulgent parents you will consider the matter calmly, and as patriotic German parents will applaud my resolution rather than try to turn me from it.

"Again the fatherland calls for aid, and this time the call is addressed to me with the rest, for now I have the strength and the courage. It was only after a stubborn battle within my own breast, believe me, that I held aloof in 1813 when the first summons came, and nothing could have held me back then save the conviction that thousands of others would take the field and triumph for the well-being of Germany, and that I ought to live to practice the peaceful profession for which I was destined. But now the contest is for the preservation of our newly-won liberty, which in some

places has already borne such abundant fruit. God the Omnipotent and Merciful imposes this severe test upon us, which will surely be the last. It is for us to show that we are worthy of the priceless boon he has given us, and that we are capable of maintaining it with strength and resolution.

"The fatherland's danger has never been so great as at this moment, and therefore among the German youth, the strong should support the faltering, so that all may rise together. Already our gallant brothers of the north are flocking from all directions to their banners; the States of Wurtemburg are calling upon all the citizens to rise in a body, and from all sides volunteers are coming in, asking only an opportunity to die for their country.

"I, too, look upon it as my duty to fight for my country, and for all I hold dear. If I were not thoroughly convinced of this truth, I would not inform you of my determination; but my family is German to the heart's core, and would deem me a coward, an unworthy son, if I did not follow my impulse. I certainly feel that I am making a great sacrifice; it costs me a pang, believe me, to leave my studies, and put myself under the orders of vulgar, uneducated men, but the sacrifice increases my courage to help to ensure the freedom of my brothers; and then, too, I may, if God will deign to permit, return and preach His word, when the battle is won.

"I therefore take leave of you for a time, my revered parents, and of my brothers and sisters, and all who are dear to me. After careful deliberation it seems to me most fitting that I should serve with the Bavarians, and I propose to enlist for so long as the war lasts in a company of sharpshooters of that nation. Farewell, and God be with you; though far away, I shall always abide

by your pious exhortations. In my new path I trust that I shall remain pure in God's sight, and I shall try always to walk in the path which rises above earthly things and leads to heavenly things; and perhaps, in that career, the unspeakable bliss of saving some souls from falling may be reserved for me.

"Your dear image will abide with me always; I mean to keep God always before my eyes and in my heart, so that I may be able to endure joyfully the suffering and weariness of this holy war. Include me in your prayers; God will send you the hope of better times to come to assist you to endure the evil times in which we are living. We shall not meet again soon, unless we are victorious; and if we are conquered (which God forbid!) then my last wish—and I beg you, I conjure you to gratify it—my last, supreme wish is that you, my dear *German* parents, should leave an enslaved country for some other which is not under the yoke.

"But why harbor such saddening thoughts? Is not our cause a just and holy one, and is not God just and holy? Why, then, should we not be victorious? You see that I sometimes doubt; and so in your letters, which I await with the utmost impatience, have pity upon me and do not cast terror into my heart, for in any event we shall meet again in another country, where freedom and happiness will be ours.

"I am, until death, your grateful and obedient son,

"KARL SAND."

These two lines of Körner's were written by way of postscript:

"Perhaps we may see the star of liberty appear above the dead bodies of the enemy."

With this farewell to his parents, and Korner's verses on his lips, Sand laid aside his books, and on the tenth

of May we find him among the volunteer chasseurs under the command of Major Falkenhausen, who was then at Mannheim; he found his second brother already there, and they learned the manual of arms together.

Sand endured the great bodily fatigue of the campaign with marvelous courage, although he was unaccustomed to anything of the kind; he declined all the offers of his superiors to relieve him, for he was determined that no one should surpass him in the sacrifice he made for his country's good. In every march he shared all that he possessed with his comrades in true brotherly fashion, helping those who were weaker than he to carry their baggage, and sustaining them with helpful and encouraging words, when he could do naught else—priest and soldier at once.

At eight o'clock in the evening of June 18 he reached the battlefield of Waterloo. On the fourteenth of July he entered Paris.

On December 18, 1815, Karl Sand and his brother returned to Wonseidel to the great delight of their family. He passed the Christmas holidays and the New Year at home, but his zeal for his new calling would not permit him to remain longer inactive, and by January 7 he was at Erlangen.

In order to make up for the time he had lost he then determined to parcel out his days according to fixed and uniform rules, and to set down every evening all that he had done since morning. With the assistance of this journal we are able not only to follow the young enthusiast through every act of his life, but to read his every thought and detect every struggle of his conscience. In these pages he appears just as he really was, as simple-minded and innocent as a child, enthusiastic almost to madness, kind to others to the point of weakness, and

harsh to austerity to himself. One great source of sorrow to him was the expense of his education to his parents, and he was sure to regret every useless and costly pleasure in which he indulged.

For instance, he wrote on the ninth of February, 1816:

"I intended to visit my parents to-day. Consequently I went to the office, and I was much entertained there. N. and T. began joking with me about Wonsiedel, as they are eternally doing, and kept it up until eleven o'clock. After that they began to torment me to go to the *weinhaus* with them; I refused as long as I could, but as they finally seemed to think that I was putting on airs because I would not go and drink a glass of Rhine wine with them, I did not dare to refuse any longer. Unfortunately we did not stop with the Braunberger. As my glass was still half full, N. ordered a bottle of champagne. When that bottle had disappeared, T. ordered a second; and before that was all gone, they both ordered a third for me, regardless of my remonstrances. I returned to the house well fuddled, and tumbled on to the sofa, where I slept for an hour or more before I went to bed.

"Thus have I passed this shameful day, thinking far too little of my kind, hard-working parents, who find it hard to make both ends meet, and allowing myself to be tempted, by the example of those who have plenty of money, to spend four florins; they would have kept my whole family for two days, and I derived absolutely no benefit from my extravagance. Forgive me, Lord; forgive me, I beseech Thee, and hearken unto my oath that I will never be so led astray again. I mean to live henceforth a soberer life than I have done heretofore, to efface the traces of extravagance in my impoverished

treasury, so that I need not ask my mother for money before she is ready to send it to me of her own motion."

At the same time that the poor fellow was reproaching himself for having spent four florins, as if it were a crime, one of his cousins, a widow, died, leaving three small children. He at once hurried off to be the first to console the unfortunate orphans, begged his mother to take charge of the youngest, and, in his delight at her reply, wrote to her as follows:

"Heaven bless you, mother mine, for the keen joy your letter gave me, and for the endearing tone in which your heart speaks to me. As I hoped, and ought to have known, you will take little Julius; it fills my heart anew with the most profound gratitude to you, especially as my confidence in your never-failing goodness of heart, led me to make our little cousin, before she died, the promise which you are now fulfilling for me."

In March, Sand, without being actually sick, had a slight indisposition, which compelled him to go to Redwitz to take the waters. It was some three or four leagues from Wonsiedel, and his mother was there at the time. Notwithstanding his desire to keep on with his studies without interruption, the baths and dinner-parties, and even the daily rides which his health required, interfered sadly with the wonted regularity of his life, and caused him many a pang of remorse. We find these lines in his journal under date of April 13:

"Life is empty and profitless without some lofty aim to which all one's thoughts and actions tend. The way I have passed this day is a striking proof of what I have written; I passed it with my own kin, and it certainly was a great pleasure to me; but how did I pass it? in eating from morning till night; so that when I tried to work I could do nothing at all. This evening I dragged

myself lazily around to two or three societies, and came out feeling no better than when I went in."

For his riding, Sand used a small sorrel horse belonging to his brother, which he was much attached to. The purchase of the horse was a very serious matter, for, as we have said, the whole family were poor. The following entry, relating to this animal, will convey an idea of Sand's essential innocence of heart:

"19th April.

"I had a very happy day to-day, working beside my good mother. In the evening I returned to the house with the little sorrel. Since day before yesterday, when he stumbled and hurt his foot, he has been very restive and skittish. When we reached home he refused to eat. I thought at first that his food did not agree with him, and I gave him some lumps of sugar, and some sticks of cinnamon, which he is very fond of; he tasted them, but would not eat them. The poor little creature seemed to have some internal trouble in addition to his wounded foot. If he is foundered or sick, everybody, even my father and mother, will blame me for it, although I have taken the best of care of him and used him very moderately. Oh, Lord God! Thou who dost govern small things no less than great, turn aside this misfortune from me, and cure him as soon as possible. However, if Thou hast decided otherwise, and if this new disaster is to be visited upon us, I will try to endure it bravely, and as an expiation of some sin; I leave the matter in Thy hands, O God! as I leave my life and my soul."

On the twentieth he wrote:

"The little horse has recovered. God came to my aid."

German manners and customs are so different from ours, and strange contradictions in the same man are so

common across the Rhine, that nothing less than all the citations we have made, would enable our readers to form an idea of the mixture of innocence and good sense, of childishness and manliness, of depression and enthusiasm, of poetic conceptions and fondness for material details, which makes Sand's character well-nigh incomprehensible to us. We will proceed with the portrait, for the finishing touches are still lacking.

On his return to Erlangen, completely cured, Sand read "Faust" for the first time. At first he marveled at the great work, which he looked upon as the production of genius gone mad; but when he had read it through to the last word, he reconsidered his first impression, and wrote:

"4th of May.

"O fearful struggle between man and devil! I never knew until this moment what form Mephistopheles takes in me, and the knowledge terrifies me, O my God!

"About eleven o'clock at night I finished reading this tragedy, and I both saw and felt the demon in me, so that before midnight, with tears and despair, I reached the point of being afraid of myself."

Gradually Sand fell into a state of deep melancholy, from which nothing seemed to rouse him save his desire to preach morality to the students about him, and cleanse their minds. To anyone who has any knowledge of life at the universities such an undertaking will seem to be beyond mere human strength. But Sand did not recoil from it, and if he was unable to exert a beneficial influence over all of them, he did succeed in gathering about him a considerable number of the most intelligent and most desirable. And yet, in the midst of his engrossing missionary labors, he frequently felt an inexplicable longing to die. He seemed to remember the joys

of heaven and to feel the need of returning thither. He called his temptation "the homesickness of the soul."

His favorite authors were Lessing, Schiller, Herder and Gœthe; listen to what he wrote in his journal after reading the two last named for the twentieth time.

"There are certain points at which good and evil touch; the sorrows of young Werther and the seduction of Weisslingen are almost the same story. But no matter; we must not attempt to judge of the good and evil in others, for God will do that. I have passed much time in thought hereon, and I am firm in the conviction that one ought not under any circumstances to look for the devil in another, and that we have no right to judge. The only creature whom any man has received the power to try and condemn, is himself, and we have quite enough trouble and perplexity over that.

"Again to-day I have felt a strong desire to leave this world for a better; but it was the result of depression rather than of strength, weariness rather than an eager impulse."

Sand passed the year 1816 in earnest endeavors to turn his young companions in the right direction, in unceasing searching of his own conscience, and in the perpetual struggle against the longing for death which beset him. Every day he grew to doubt himself more and more, and on January 1, 1817, he wrote this prayer in his journal:

"O Lord, grant to me, to whom Thou didst give free will when Thou didst send me into the world, the favor, that during the year on which we are now entering I may not relax my constant watch upon myself, and that I may not shamelessly abandon the hourly examination of my conscience which I have made hitherto. Give me

strength to pay more and more attention to my own manner of life, and less and less to that of others; increase my strength of will so that it may have the power to overcome the desires of the body, and the vagaries of the mind; give me a devout heart, intent upon thy heavenly kingdom, so that I may always belong to Thee, or having gone astray, may return again to Thee."

Sand was well advised to pray for guidance in the year of grace 1817, and his dread was prophetic. The sky of Germany, from which the clouds were driven away by Leipsic and Waterloo, was dark once more. The colossal, world-embracing despotism of Napoleon gave place to the oppression of the petty princes who formed the Germanic Diet, and all that the people had gained by overthrowing the giant was the privilege of being governed by dwarfs.

This was the period of the organization of secret societies throughout Germany. Let us say a few words concerning them, for we are writing the story of nations as well as of individuals, and whenever opportunity offers we will enlarge the horizon of our little picture.

The secret societies of Germany, of which we have all heard so much, without really knowing anything about them, seem, when we follow them back to their source, to have sprung from a sort of amalgamation of the famous clubs of *illuminés* with the free-masons, who made so much stir in France toward the close of the eighteenth century. At the time of the French Revolution the different sects, religious, philosophical and political, enthusiastically accepted the republican propaganda, and the early successes of our generals were often ascribed to the secret efforts of these affiliated societies.

When Bonaparte, who knew of them, and had even,

so it was said, been a member of one or more, laid aside his general's uniform for the imperial mantle, all these sects, who looked upon him as a renegade and a traitor, not only rose against him in the interior of France, but sought alliances with his enemies in other lands. As they appealed only to noble and generous passions, they met with a hearty response, and the princes, who might hope to profit by their efforts, seemed for a time to encourage them. Prince Louis of Prussia, among others, was Grand-Master of one of the societies.

The futile attempt of Staps at assassination, to which we have already referred, was one of the peals of thunder in this storm; but shortly after came the Peace of Vienna, and the Humiliation of Austria completed the dissolution of the old Germanic body. These societies, which received their death-blow in 1806, and were under close surveillance by the French police, instead of continuing their public organizations, were compelled to drum up recruits in secret.

In 1811 several agents of these societies were arrested at Berlin; but the Prussian authorities protected them by order of Queen Louise, so that it was easy for them to put the French police on the wrong scent regarding their objects.

In February, 1813, the disasters of the French arms renewed the courage of the societies, for it was evident that God was on their side. The students were especially enthusiastic and prominent in their new activity; several schools joined one or the other of them almost in a body, and chose their own professors for their officers. The poet Korner, who was killed at Leipsic on the eighteenth of October, was the hero of this campaign.

The triumph of this national movement, which twice carried the Prussian army, largely composed of volunteers,

to Paris, was followed by a terrible reaction in Germany, when the treaties of 1815 and the new Germanic constitution were promulgated. The hosts of young men who had taken up arms at the instance of their princes in the name of liberty, soon perceived that they were simply the instruments which European despotism had made use of to solidify its own power. They tried to obtain the fulfillment of the promises made to them, but the heavy hand of Talleyrand and Metternich was upon them, silencing them at the first words they uttered, and they were forced to hide their discontent and their hopes in the universities, which had certain privileges secured to them by their constitutions, and thereby more easily eluded the prying eyes of the spies of the Holy Alliance. But, forced into hiding as they were, the societies none the less continued to exist, and corresponded with one another through the medium of Italian travelers, who went out about from mountain to mountain and from town to town, pretending to be naturalists, and sowed on all sides the glowing hopeful words which the people were always greedy to hear, and which carried terror to the hearts of kings.

We have seen that Sand was carried away by the universal enthusiasm, and made the campaign of 1815 as a volunteer, although he was then but nineteen. On his return he, like the rest, found that his golden hopes were mere delusions, and that was the period at which the entries in his journal began to take on the mystic, melancholy tone which our readers will have noticed. Before long he joined one of the societies, the *Teutonia;* thenceforth the sacred cause he had embraced became as a religion to him, and he sought to make the conspirators worthy of their undertaking; hence his attempts to inculcate the principles of true morality,

attempts which succeeded admirably with some, but failed dismally with the greater number.

However he succeeded in forming a circle of Puritans, comprising from three to four score students, all belonging to the *Burschenschaft*, which, in the face of the pleasantry and satire of the rival association, the *Landmannschaft*, pursued the even tenor of its political and religious way. One of his friends, named Dittmar, and himself, were practically the leaders of it; and although they owed their authority to no election, the influence which they exerted upon its decisions was a sufficient proof that, in any emergency, their fellows would spontaneously follow in whatever direction it might please them to lead. The meetings of the *Burschen* were held in an old castle on top of a hill not far from Erlangen, which Sand and Dittmar called the *Ruttli*, in memory of the spot where Walther Fürst, Melchthal and Stauffacher swore to make their country free. There, upon the pretext of indulging in athletic exercises, they busied themselves in building a new structure with the old materials, an occupation which was a fit symbol of the greater work they had on hand.

The association made such great strides throughout Germany, that the great European powers began to take alarm, as well as the kings and princes of the Germanic confederation. France sent secret agents to report concerning it, Russia maintained spies in its midst, and it frequently happened that the prosecution of a professor, which stirred a whole university to bitter wrath, was the result of a communication from the cabinet of the Tuileries or of St. Petersburg.

Under the shadow of this general condition of affairs Sand, having commended himself to the protection of God, began the year 1817 in the depressed frame of

mind reflected in his journal, and which his disgust with his surroundings rather than with life tended to perpetuate. On the eighth of May, in an excess of melancholy which he could not overcome, and which had its source in the overthrow of all his hopes, he wrote in his journal:

"It is still impossible for me to set seriously to work, and this slothful disposition, this atrabilious humor which casts its black veil over everything, increases from hour to hour, in spite of the moral shaking-up which I gave myself yesterday."

In vacation, he abstained from going home to his parents for fear of burdening them by the additional expense, and went on a walking tour with his friends. There is little doubt that this tour had a political purpose, aside from the pleasure to be derived from it. However that may be, Sand's journal contains nothing more than the names of the towns at which he stopped. It is a significant fact, bearing upon his respect for his parents, that he did not set out on the excursion until he had obtained his mother's permission.

On their return, Sand and Dittmar, and the other *Burschen* found their *Ruttli* pillaged by their enemies of the *Landmannschaft;* the structure they had built was demolished, and its ruins scattered to the winds.

Sand looked upon this as an evil omen, and was wofully cast down by it.

"It seems to me, O my God!" he says in his journal, "that everything is whirling confusedly around me. The darkness in my soul grows denser and denser; my moral strength diminishes instead of increasing; I work, but I can accomplish nothing; I struggle toward my goal, but cannot reach it; I wear myself out, but no grand result flows from my endeavors. The days of

my life are passing rapidly away; my care and anxiety grow greater; I can nowhere descry a haven of refuge for our sacred German cause. In the end we shall fall, for I myself am tottering even now. O my Lord and Father! protect me, save me, and lead me to that haven from which we are continually thrust back by the indifference of wavering minds."

About this time a terrible catastrophe dealt Sand a crushing blow; his friend Dittmar was drowned.

This is what he wrote in his journal on the very morning that it happened:

"O Almighty God! what is going to happen to me? For a fortnight my brain has been in a whirl, and I have been unable to make up my mind to look forward or backward, so that my journal is a blank from June fourth to this hour. And yet I might have found reason to praise Thee, O God, every day, but my soul is in hell. Lord, turn not away from me; the more numerous the obstacles, the more strength do I need."

In the evening he added these few words to what he wrote in the morning:

"Desolation, despair and death have befallen my friend, my dearly loved friend, Dittmar."

This letter to his family contains an account of the tragic occurrence:

"You know that when my best friends, U., C. and Z. went away, I became very intimate with my beloved Dittmar of Anspach. Dittmar was a true-hearted, devoted German, a Christian of Christians, more than a man! An angelic soul, always foremost in doing good, serene, devout, and ready for action. He occupied a room adjoining mine at Professor Grunler's; we were very fond of each other, we sustained each other in our efforts, and we shared everything in common, pain and

pleasure, good and bad fortune. On that last evening of spring, after working together in his room, and seeking new strength against the vexations of life, and courage to struggle on toward the goal we are striving to reach, we started about seven o'clock for the baths of Redwitz. A heavy storm seemed to be gathering, but the clouds had hardly risen above the horizon. E., who was with us, suggested that we should return, but Dittmar insisted upon going on, saying that the canal was only a few steps away. God be praised that it was not I who made that disastrous reply. So we kept on. The sunset was superb; I can still see the violet clouds with their fringe of gold; for I remember the smallest details of that fatal evening.

"Dittmar went down first into the water; he was the only one who could swim, so he went on ahead to keep us informed as to the depth. We had the water about up to our waists, and it was up to his shoulders, when he called to us to come no farther, as he had lost his footing. As he spoke he began to swim, but had taken hardly ten strokes, and was just at the point where the river forks, when he gave a shriek, tried to regain his footing, and disappeared. We hurried ashore, thinking that we could help him better from there; but we had neither poles nor ropes at hand, and, as I told you, neither of us could swim. We called for help with all our strength. Just then Dittmar came to the surface again, and with a super-human effort succeeded in grasping the end of a willow branch which hung out over the water. But the branch was not strong enough to hold his weight, and the poor fellow sank again, as if he had burst a blood-vessel. Imagine the state we were in, we, his dear friends, leaning over the stream with staring haggard eyes, seeking to pierce the dark

depths! My God! my God! how did we escape going mad?

"Meanwhile a great crowd had been attracted by our cries. For two hours they dragged the stream, and succeeded at last in recovering his body. Yesterday we bore him in solemn procession to his last resting-place.

"Thus the spring has closed, and the momentous summer of my life has begun. I greet its coming in a sad and serious frame of mind, and he who writes these words to you is, if not comforted, certainly made strong, by the religious faith, which, by virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, gives him the assurance of meeting his friend again in heaven. From his home on high, he will so inspire me that I shall find the strength to endure the trials of this life; and now I desire nothing more than to know that you are no longer anxious concerning me."

This grievous calamity, instead of bringing the two student associations together in virtue of a common sorrow, seemed, on the other hand, to embitter their mutual hatred. Among the first who responded to the cries for help of Sand and his companion was a member of the *Landmannschaft* who was an accomplished swimmer; but instead of trying to rescue Dittmar, he exclaimed: "I verily believe we are to be rid of one of those dogs of *Burschen;* God be praised!"

Notwithstanding this venomous exhibition, which might, after all, have represented simply his individual opinion, and not that of the whole body, the *Burschen* invited their foes to attend Dittmar's funeral. A contemptuous refusal, accompanied by threats of disturbing the procession by heaping insults upon the corpse, was their only reply. The *Burschen* thereupon appealed to

the authorities, who took the proper precautions, and all Dittmar's friends attended his body to the grave with drawn swords. In the face of this calm, but determined demonstration, the *Landmannschaft* did not venture to carry out their threats, and contented themselves with insulting the procession with songs and sneering laughter.

Sand wrote in his journal:

"Dittmar is a great loss to all of us, and to me more than all the rest; he gave me strength and life from his super-abundance of both, and checked, as with a dike, all my wavering and indecision. From him I learned not to fear the storm that is approaching, and how to struggle and die."

Some days after the funeral, Sand had a quarrel concerning Dittmar, with one of his former friends who had gone over from the *Burschen* to the *Landmannschaft* and had made himself very conspicuous at the time of the funeral by his unseemly hilarity. It was decided that they should fight on the following day. We quote once more from the journal, under date of August seventeenth, the day on which the quarrel took place:

"To-morrow I am to fight with P. G.; Thou, O God, knowest what good friends we once were, although his coldness always made me somewhat suspicious of him; but his odious conduct on this occasion has changed the pity which I have lately felt for him to the bitterest hatred.

"O Lord, do not withdraw Thy hand either from him or from me since we both fight like men! But do Thou judge of our respective causes, and give the victory to him whose cause is the more righteous. If Thou dost summon me before Thy supreme tribunal, I am well aware that I shall appear there burdened with an everlasting malediction; therefore I do not rely upon myself, but upon the merits of our Saviour Jesus.

"Whatever happens, be Thou praised and blessed, O my God! Amen.

"My dear parents, brothers and friends, I commend you to God's holy keeping."

On the following day Sand waited in vain for two hours; his adversary did not appear at the rendezvous.

However, the loss of Dittmar was a long way from producing the effect upon Sand which might have been expected, and which he himself seemed to foreshadow in the regrets which he poured forth. Being bereft of the forceful nature upon which he was wont to depend, he realized that it was for him to render Dittmar's death less disastrous to his party, by redoubling his own exertions. Consequently he continued alone the work which they had been doing together, and the patriotic conspiracy was not hampered or delayed for an instant.

The vacation season arrived, and Sand left Erlangen never to return. From Wonsiedel he was to go to Jena to continue his theological studies; and after a few days passed with his family, and noted in his journal as days of absolute happiness, he set out for his new place of residence, and arrived there a short time before the festival at the famous old castle of Wartburg.

This festival, which was instituted to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic was looked upon by all Germany as a most momentous and solemn function; and although the princes were well aware that it was made the pretext for a gathering at which the bonds of affiliation were renewed year after year, they dared not proscribe it. As a matter of fact the articles of association of the *Teutonia* were signed at that festival by more than two thousand deputies from the different universities of Germany. It was a red-letter day for

Sand; for he found a host of his old friends there among his friends of more recent date.

The government, however, not daring to attack this assemblage with a strong hand, determined to undermine it by force of logic. Herr von Stauren put forth a terrible arraignment of the associations, based, so it was said, upon information furnished by Kotzebue. It caused great excitement, not at Jena alone, but throughout Germany. It was the first blow aimed at the liberty of the students. We find this mention of the occurrence in Sand's journal:

"24th of November.

"To-day after a long and painstaking day's work, I went out with E. about four in the afternoon. As we crossed the market-place we heard somebody reading Kotzebue's latest envenomed insult. What frenzy against the *Burschen* and everybody else who loves Germany has taken possession of the man?"

This is the first mention in Sand's journal of the name of the man whom he was destined to assassinate eighteen months later.

In the evening of the twenty-ninth he wrote:

'To-morrow I mean to set out, bravely and with a glad heart, for a pilgrimage to Wonsiedel; there I shall find my noble-hearted mother, and my dear sister Julia; there I shall give my brain a chance to cool, and my heart to grow warmer. Probably I shall be present at the wedding of my good brother Fritz and Louisa, and at the baptism of my dear friend Durchmith's first-born. O God, my Father! as Thou wast with me when my heart was sad, so be Thou with me still when my heart is glad!"

This journey had, as a matter of fact, a marvelous effect upon Sand's spirits. Since Dittmar's death his fits

of depression had disappeared. While Dittmar was alive he could afford to die; but with Dittmar dead, the world had need of his life.

He left Wonsiedel December 11th to return to Jena, and on the thirty-first of that month, he closed his journal for the year with this invocation:

"O Merciful God, I began this year with prayer, and of late I have been sore distraught, and ill at ease. When I look back, alas! it is but too evident that I have become no better; but I have acquired a deeper knowledge of life, and when the occasion presents itself, I feel that I have now the strength to act.

"Thou hast always been with me, O Lord, even when I was not with Thee."

If our readers have followed carefully the various extracts from the journal which we have set before them, they will have seen how Sand's resolution gradually gained strength, and the fever of fanaticism mounted to his brain. From the beginning of the year 1818, we feel that his gaze, which had long been timid and wandering, embraced a wider horizon, and was fixed on a more noble goal. His ambition was no longer content with the simple life of the pastor, nor the limited influence which he might exert in a small community, although such a destiny had seemed to his youthful modesty the very acme of good-fortune and happiness; no, the gigantic plans of his political regeneration embraced his fatherland, the German people, and all humanity. And so upon the fly-leaf of his journal for the year 1818, he wrote the following prayer:

"O Lord, deign I beseech Thee to confirm and strengthen me in the idea I have conceived of setting humanity free by the blessed sacrifice of Thy Son. Let me be a Christ to suffering Germany, and make me, like

Jesus and by His example, strong and patient under suffering."

Meanwhile the anti-republican pamphlets of Kotzebue were becoming very numerous, and acquiring a fatal influence over the minds of the governing classes. Almost all those who were attacked therein were known and esteemed at Jena, and we can imagine the effect such insults were likely to produce upon the hot young heads and noble hearts, which carried conviction to the point of blindness, and enthusiasm to madness.

Read what Sand wrote in his journal on the fifth of May:

"O Lord, why has this agonizing melancholy again taken possession of me? But over it all my will is firm and unwavering, and the thought of fatherland brings pleasure and courage to the saddest and the weakest. When I reflect on the matter, I marvel that there is no one among us with sufficient courage to bury a knife in the throat of Kotzebue or any other traitor."

Still possessed by the same thought, he continues, under date of the eighteenth of May:

"One man is nothing compared with a whole people; it is as if one compared a single unit to tens of thousands of units, a minute to a century. Man, whom nothing precedes and nothing follows, is born, lives and dies, within a longer or shorter period, which, in comparison with eternity, is of less duration than a flash of lightning. A nation, on the other hand, is immortal."

And yet, now and then amid such gloomy reflections as these, which bear the imprint of the fatalism that impelled him to accomplish the deed of blood, the joyous, noble youth reappears.

On June 24th he writes his mother:

"I received your long, lovely letter accompanying

the very complete, and carefully selected outfit you sent me. The sight of the exquisite linen brought back to my mind one of my childish pleasures. This adds to my debt of gratitude to you. My prayers never pass unnoticed, and I am never without reason to thank both you and God. I received the shirts and two pairs of fine sheets, a specimen of your handiwork and of Julia's and Caroline's, together with the sweetmeats and dainties; I am still leaping for very pleasure, and I turned three times on my heel when I opened the little package. Accept my heartfelt thanks, and, as giver, share with me the joy of receiving.

"But to-day is a very solemn day, the last day of spring, and the anniversary of that on which I lost my dear, noble Dittmar. I am perplexed by a thousand confused, incongruous emotions; but I have but two real passions left in my heart; there they stand like two pillars of brass, sustaining all this chaos; the thought of God, and the love of my country."

During all this time, Sand's life was apparently calm and untroubled; the interior storm was allayed; he rejoiced in his power of application to his work, and in his joyous disposition. From time to time he complains bitterly of his fondness for good living, which he was not always able to overcome. At such times in his self-contempt he calls himself hard names.

But through all, his politico-religious frenzy did not abate. With certain of his friends he made a sort of missionary trip to Leipsic, Wittemberg and Berlin, and visited all the battlefields near which they passed. On the eighteenth of October he returned to Jena, and resumed his studies with more zest than ever. He was busily engaged in his work at the university when the year 1818 came to a close, and one would hardly suspect

the terrible resolution he had formed, were it not for this passage in his journal under date of December 31st.

"The closing hours of this last day of the year 1818 find me in a very serious and solemn frame of mind, and I have decided that the Christmas festival that has just passed was the last Christmas festival that I shall ever celebrate. If any result is to spring from my efforts, if the cause of humanity is to triumph in this country of ours; if, in this faithless age, some generous sentiments are destined to see the light, it cannot be until the villain, the traitor, the seducer of youth, the infamous Kotzebue has fallen! I am thoroughly convinced of this, and I can never rest until I have accomplished the work I have resolved to accomplish. At Thy hands, O Lord, who knowest that I have devoted my life to this great deed, I have but to ask, now that I have irrevocably determined to attempt it, the gift of true manliness and a stout heart."

Here Sand's journal comes to an end. He began it to strengthen his determination and his courage; he had accomplished his purpose, and he needed nothing more. From that moment he was entirely absorbed in the one thought, and he continued to mature his plans deliberately, so as to be perfectly familiar beforehand with the method of their execution; but there was no indication on the surface of the nature of his preoccupation. To all the world he was the same; except that for some time his friends had remarked the perfect serenity and equableness of his demeanor, accompanied by a very noticeable inclination to take life joyously once more. He made no change in the hours or the length of his lessons, but he suddenly became very assiduous in his attendance upon the courses in anatomy. One day he was observed to be even more engrossed than usual in a

lecture in which the professor pointed out the different functions of the heart; he examined with the greatest care its position in the breast, requesting that several of the demonstrations be repeated two or three times; and when they left the lecture-room he questioned several of the young men who were taking the courses in medicine, as to the sensitiveness of that organ, which bears so close a relation to life that the slightest blow which reaches it is inevitably followed by death; and all this with such perfectly assumed calmness and indifference, that no one conceived the least suspicion.

Another day A. S., one of his friends, came to his room; Sand heard him coming up the stairs, and was waiting for him, standing against a table with a paper-knife in his hand. As soon as he appeared in the doorway Sand rushed at him, dealt him a light blow on the forehead, and as he involuntarily put up his hands to ward it off, struck him with a little more force on the chest.

"You see," he said, apparently satisfied with his experiment, "when you want to kill a man, you must do as I did then; make a feint at his face, he will put up his hands, and meanwhile you bury a dagger in his heart."

The two young men had a hearty laugh over this demonstration of murderous possibilities, and in the evening A. S. told the story at the *weinhaus*, as an instance of his friend's numerous peculiarities. After the event, this pantomime was sufficiently explained.

The month of March arrived; Sand became day by day more tranquil, more affectionate in his manner, and more devout; it was as if, being on the point of leaving his friends forever, he wished to leave an ineffaceable impression upon their hearts. At last he announced his purpose to take a short journey to attend to several

family matters, and made his preparations therefor with his usual care, but with such absolute serenity as he had never been known to display before. Up to that time he had not remitted his regular work for an instant; for it was among the possibilities that Kotzebue might die, or be killed by somebody else before the time which Sand had fixed in his own mind for the deed, and in that case did not wish to have wasted his time.

On the seventh of March, Sand invited all his friends to pass the evening at his rooms, and told them that he proposed to start two days later, on the ninth. They unanimously agreed to bear him company for a few leagues; but Sand declined; he feared that such a demonstration, although perfectly innocent in its purpose, might compromise them later. He set out therefore quite alone, having first hired his lodgings for another term, in order to avert suspicion. He went by Erfurth and Isenach, in order to visit Wartenburg.

Thence he went to Frankfort where he lay the night of the seventeenth, and the next day kept on to Darmstadt, and on the twenty-third at nine o'clock in the morning he reached the summit of the hill where we saw him at the beginning of this narrative. Throughout the journey, he was always the same winning, light-hearted youth, whom no one could meet without loving him.

At Mannheim he took up his quarters at the Weinberg, and registered there under the name of Heinrich. He at once inquired where he could find Kotzebue. The counsellor lived near the Jesuit church; his house was at the corner of a street, and although they could not tell him the exact letter, it was impossible to mistake it. *

Sand went to the house without delay; it was about ten o'clock; he was told that the counsellor was accustomed

* At Mannheim the houses are lettered, not numbered.

to walk for an hour or two every morning on a certain avenue in the public park. He inquired as to the location of the avenue, and as to the counsellor's dress, for as he had never seen him he could not recognize him without a description. It chanced that Kotzebue had taken a different avenue. Sand walked in the park an hour, but as he met no one to whom the description seemed to apply, he returned to the house. Kotzebue was at home, but was lunching, and could not receive visitors.

Sand returned to the Weinberg and took his place at the noon table d'hote, where he dined without the least trace of excitement, and apparently in the best of spirits; his simple, yet animated and lofty conversation, attracted the notice of all the guests.

At five in the afternoon he called a third time at Kotzebue's house. He was giving a grand dinner-party that day, but had given orders that Sand should be admitted. He was shown into a little study adjoining the reception room, and a moment later Kotzebue made his appearance.

Thereupon Sand enacted the tragedy which he rehearsed with his friend A. S. He made a feint at Kotzebue's face, and the counsellor put up his hands to ward it off, and so left his breast unprotected; in an instant Sand's dagger was buried in his heart.

Kotzebue gave but one cry and fell heavily backward upon a chair. He was dead.

In answer to the cry a little girl of some six years came running in; a fascinating child of the true German type, with the head of a cherubim, blue eyes, and long waving hair. She threw herself upon Kotzebue's body with heart-rending shrieks, calling him father. Sand, who was standing by the door, could not bear the sight,

KARL LUDWIG SAND

The assassination of Kotzebue by Sand.

and without attempting to fly, drove the dagger, still dripping with Kotzebue's blood, up to the hilt in his own breast.

When he found, to his amazement, that notwithstanding the terrible wound he had inflicted upon himself, death did not come, he determined not to be taken alive by the servants who were hurrying to the spot, so he rushed out to the stairs. At that moment, the counsellor's guests were coming in, and when they caught sight of a young man with colorless cheeks, covered with blood, and with a dagger in his breast, they shrieked in dismay, and stood aside instead of stopping him. Sand therefore rushed down the stairs to the street door; a patrol was passing not ten feet away, on its way to change the sentinels at the castle. Sand supposed that they had come in response to the shouts which he heard behind him, and dropped on his knees in the middle of the street, saying: "Father, receive my soul." With that, he drew the dagger from the wound, dealt himself a second blow just above the first, and fainted.

He was taken to the hospital, where he was watched with the greatest care. His wounds were very severe; but, thanks to the skill of the physicians who attended him, they were not fatal. One of them indeed was entirely cured; but the other was so located between the pleural cavity and the ribs that an empyema was formed there, and was kept carefully open, so that the secretions of the night could be pumped out in the morning. For three months Sand hovered between life and death.

When the news of the assassination of Kotzebue reached Jena on the twenty-sixth of March, the Senate of the university ordered Sand's apartment to be searched, and found two letters there, one addressed to his friends of the *Burschenschaft*, in which he said that he no

longer considered himself a member of the society, as he did not propose that they should have for their brother a man who was to die upon the scaffold.

The other, which bore this superscription:

"To my dearest and most intimate friends," was a detailed statement of what he proposed to do, and of the motives which led him to do it. Although the letter is somewhat long, it is so serious in tone and old-fashioned, that we do not hesitate to put it before our readers as it was written.

"To all my dear ones, loyal hearts, whom I shall cherish forever.

"Why add to your sorrow? I asked myself; and I hesitated to write to you. But the religion of the heart would be outraged by my silence, and the deeper the grief, the greater the need, in order to assuage it, of draining one's cup of gall to the dregs. Come forth, then, from my anguish-laden bosom—come forth, O thou long, cruel torture of a last interview, which, however, when it is unreserved, is the only thing that can soothe the pain of parting!

"This letter brings to you the last farewells of your son and brother.

"The greatest sorrow in life for every generous heart is to see the development of God's purposes arrested by our fault; and there could be nothing so infamous, nothing so dishonorable as to suffer the glorious privileges, won by the devoted gallantry of thousands of men, and for which thousands of men have joyfully laid down their lives, to pass away like a fleeting vision without any real, definite results. The regeneration of the German nation was begun during the last twenty years, notably in the sacred year 1813, with God-inspired courage. But lo! the paternal mansion is tottering from turret to foundation-

stone! Forward! Let us raise it aloft again, new and fair to see, and a fitting temple of the true God.

"They are but few in number who resist, and seek to dam with their bodies the torrent of the progress of the highest humanity among the German people. Why do great masses bend as one man beneath the yoke of a perverse minority? And why, almost before we are cured, do we voluntarily contract a worse disease than that from which we are convalescing?

"Several of these suborners of crime, and they are the most infamous of the lot, are playing the game of corruption with us; among these is Kotzebue, the shrewdest and most villainous of all, a veritable talking machine, which vomits forth detestable suggestions without number, and unlimited pernicious advice. His voice is very skillful in removing from our hearts every spark of indignation or bitterness against the most unjust measures; just such a voice as our kings need to lull us to sleep—the old-time sluggish sleep which is the death of nations. Every day he shamefully betrays the country, and yet, despite his treason, he is the idol of half the people of Germany, who are dazed by his flow of words, and swallow without resistance the poison which he pours out for them in his periodic pamphlets, protected and sheltered as he is by the seductive glamour of his reputation as a great poet. Under his influence, the German princes have forgotten their promises, and will not allow themselves to be guilty of any generous or noble action; or if any such action is performed in spite of them, they combine with the French to make it of no effect. To prevent the history of our time from being tainted with everlasting infamy, he must die.

"I have always maintained that if we wish to find a certain and conclusive remedy for our present state of

abasement, it is absolutely essential that no one shall fear to fight or to suffer, and the true freedom of the German people will not be assured until every gallant burgher shall have wagered his own life, and every son of the fatherland, girded for the struggle for the right, shall despise the good things of this world, and think with longing of naught but the blessings of heaven, which are under the guard of death.

"Who, then, will strike down this hired villain, this venal traitor?

"I have been long waiting in fear and trembling, I who was not born for murder, praying that some other would anticipate me, and so set me free to go on in the pleasant, peaceful path I have selected. Ah, well! notwithstanding my prayers and my tears, he who should strike the blow does not appear; in good sooth, every man has the same right that I have to rely upon another, and meanwhile every hour's delay tends to make our situation worse. For at any moment (and how unutterably shameful it would be for us!) Kotzebue may leave Germany, and return to Russia to live upon the ill-gotten fortune for which he has bartered his conscience, his honor and his name of German. Who will be our guaranty against this shame, if there is no one, neither myself nor any other, who feels irresistibly called upon to save his beloved country, by making himself the chosen instrument of God's justice? And so again I say, forward! I will rush bravely upon him (do not be afraid), upon the unclean tempter; I will kill the traitor, so that his corrupting voice may no longer make us deaf to the teachings of history and the voice of God. An irresistible sense of a grave duty to be performed impels me to this deed, since I have come to realize to what a lofty destiny the German people may properly aspire in

this enlightened age; and since I know who the cowardly hypocrite is, who alone prevents them from attaining it, the desire to remove him from the path has become to me, as to every German who has the public good at heart, a stern necessity. May I succeed, by thus avenging my people, in pointing out to all upright and loyal hearts where the real danger lies, and in saving our vilified, slandered associations from the great and imminent peril which is hanging over them! May I succeed, too, in striking terror to the hearts of all cowards and villains, and in imparting courage and faith to all true men! Talking and writing lead to nothing; deeds alone bring forth results.

"So then, I propose to *act;* and although I am obliged to say farewell to all my delightful dreams of the future, I am none the less filled with confidence in God; indeed I have felt a joy like unto the joys of heaven since I have seen, like the Hebrews in search of the promised land, the path marked out before me, at the end of which I shall have paid my debt to my fatherland.

"And so, farewell, faithful hearts; doubtless this sudden separation is hard to bear; doubtless your hopes as well as my own longings are disappointed; but let us take comfort, first of all, in the thought that we have done what our country's voice demanded at our hands; that, as you know, is the principle upon which I have lived my life. You will say among yourselves no doubt: 'He had learned to know life, and to relish the good things of earth, thanks to our sacrifices for him, and he seemed to be deeply attached to his home and the humble station to which he was called.' Alas! yes, that is most true; under your protection, and by virtue of your countless acts of self-sacrifice, my native land and life itself have become very dear to me. Yes, thanks to

you, I have made my way into the Eden of knowledge, and have lived the free life of a thinker; thanks to you, I have searched the pages of history, and have then looked into my own conscience, only to strengthen the bonds which bind me to the solid pillars of faith in the Eternal God.

"It is true that I would have liked to glide peacefully through life as a preacher of the gospel; it is true that I might, by clinging to my profession, shelter myself against the storms of this earthly existence. But would such a course turn aside the danger by which Germany is threatened; on the contrary, would not you yourselves in your infinite love, urge me to risk my life for the welfare of all? Hosts of the Greeks of to-day have already fallen in the struggle to free their country from the Turkish yoke, and their death has had almost no result, even as they were almost without hope; and yet other hosts have not lost their courage, and are ready to lay down their lives in their turn; and can I hesitate to die? Unless I misjudge your love, and it is really a paltry, selfish sentiment, you will not think so. What could impel me to seek death in this way, except my devotion to you and to Germany, and my feeling that I must demonstrate it to my family and my native province?

"You, mother, may say: 'Why did I rear a son, whom I loved dearly, and who loved me the same, upon whom I have lavished the most devoted care, and for whom I have made sacrifices innumerable, a son, who, by virtue of my prayers and my example, was quick to respond to every good influence, and from whom, after my long and wearisome life, I might expect a return of the care I have lavished upon him—why, I say, did I rear such a son, to be abandoned by him now?'

"Oh! my dear, good mother! perhaps you will say

that; but could not the mother of any other man say as much? And how be content with words, when action is demanded! and if no one chose to act, what would become of the common mother of us all, whom we call Germany?

"But, no; such lamentation is not for you, noble-hearted woman! Once before I heard and understood your summons; and if, at the present moment, no one else comes forward to serve the cause of Germany, you would yourself be the first to bid me God-speed. I have in my mind my two brothers and two sisters, loyal, devoted hearts all. They will remain with you, mother, dear; and in addition you will have for a son every child of Germany who loves his fatherland.

"Every man has a destiny which must be worked out; mine requires me to do the deed I am about to undertake; were I to live fifty years I could be no happier than I have been since my resolution was taken.

"Farewell, mother; I leave you in God's care; may He raise you to a height of happiness, where misfortune cannot reach you! Ere long go with your grandchildren, to whom I would have liked so well to be a loving uncle, to the summit of some one of our noble mountains. There, upon the altar erected by God Himself in the heart of Germany, let them swear a solemn oath to take up the sword as soon as they are able to lift it, and not to lay it down again until our brethren are free and united; until all Germans, living under a liberal constitution, shall be great in the sight of the Lord, strong against their neighbors, and one in heart and spirit.

"May my country keep her joyous gaze turned ever toward Thee, O Father Almighty! May Thy blessing fall abundantly upon her harvests all ready for the

reaper, upon her swords all ready to fight valiantly in her behalf, and may the German people, humbly grateful for the favors Thou hast heaped upon them, stand always among the nations as the first who rose to uphold the cause of humanity, which is Thy image upon earth!

"Forever your devoted son, brother and friend.

"KARL LUDWIG SAND.

"Jena, at the beginning of March, 1819."

From the hospital, where he was at first taken, as we have seen, Sand was transferred after three months to the Mannheim penitentiary, where a cell had been prepared for him. He remained there two months, still in a state of extreme debility. His left arm was completely paralyzed, his voice was almost inaudible, and every movement that he made caused him horrible suffering. Not until the eleventh of August, five months after the event we have described, was he able to write. He then indited the following letter to his family:

"MY VERY DEAR PARENTS:

"The Grand Duke's court of inquiry informed me yesterday that I would be permitted the very great joy of having a visit from you, and that I might perhaps see you and embrace you, dear mother, and some of my brothers and sisters as well.

"I was not in the least surprised at this fresh proof of your mother's love, but the hope of seeing you awoke in me anew a most vivid remembrance of the happy peaceful days we passed together. Joy and sorrow, desire and sacrifice, struggled violently in my heart, and in order to regain my self-control, and reach a rational decision, I had to weigh all these divers sentiments side by side, with reason holding the scales.

"Sacrifice outweighed desire.

"You know, mother, how much happiness and courage I should derive from one glance from your eyes, from seeing you day after day, and from your pious and elevated discourse, during the very brief time that remains. But you also realize my position, and you know too well the natural course of these judicial inquiries, not to feel as I do, that the intolerable annoyance of being interrupted every few moments would greatly interfere with the pleasure of our being together, even if it did not succeed in destroying it altogether. And then too, dear mother, think of the terrible grief of parting when the moment arrives for us to part forever, especially after the long and wearisome journey you will be compelled to take in order to see me once more. Let us then abide by God's will, and be reconciled to the sacrifice, contenting ourselves with that sweet communion of thought, which distance cannot interrupt, in which I find my only happiness, and which the Lord our Father will allow us to enjoy, in spite of all that man can do.

"As to my physical condition, I know absolutely nothing about it; but you can see from my being able at last to write you myself, that I am better than I was. I know too little, however, of the structure of my own body to form an opinion as to what my wounds will decide to do with it. Aside from a little strength which I have gained, I seem to be about the same, and I try to endure my suffering calmly and patiently. God has come to my assistance, and He gives me courage and steadfastness; He will help me, never fear, to find cause of rejoicing in everything, and to be stout of heart. Amen.

"Farewell.

"I am, with deep respect, your son,

"KARL LUDWIG SAND.

"Mannheim, eleventh of August, 1819."

A month later Sand received replies from all the members of his family; we quote his mother's in full, because it fitly rounds out the conception our readers must already have formed of this noble-hearted woman, as her son always called her.

"MY DEAR, MY INEXPRESSIBLY DEAR KARL:

"How sweet it was to me to see your dear handwriting again after such a long time! No journey could be long enough or hard enough to deter me from coming to see you, and I would go with a heart full of infinite love to the ends of the world with no other hope than that of simply letting my eyes rest upon you.

"But as I know well how dearly you love me, and how anxious you are for my well-being, and as you give me reasons against which I have nothing to urge, and which I can only respect, and give them too with such manly firmness and conviction, it shall be as you wish and have decided, my beloved Karl. We will continue to talk with our thoughts, without speaking; but do not fear that aught can part us; I wrap my heart around you, and my loving thoughts stand guard over you.

"May this infinite love which sustains us, makes us strong, and guides us all to a better life, help to maintain your courage and resolution, my dear Karl.

"Farewell; and let nothing disturb your assurance that I shall never cease to love you with a deep, strong love.

"Your faithful mother, who will love you through eternity."

Sand replied as follows:

"From my Isle of Patmos.
"January, 1820.

"MY DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

"About the middle of September last I received from the Grand Duke's special court of inquiry, whose kindness you have already experienced, your dear letters of the end of August and beginning of September, and they acted like magic upon me, flooding me with joy by transporting me to the midst of the circle of your loving hearts.

"You, my dear father, wrote me on your sixty-seventh birthday, and you gave me your blessing in the outflow of your paternal love.

"You, my beloved mother, promise me that your mother's love, which I have always believed to be unchangeable, shall be mine forever. With a full heart do I welcome your blessings, which, in my present position, have done and are doing me more good than everything that all the kings in the world together could do. Yes, you pour out your sacred love upon me in abundant showers, and I thank you for it, my dear parents, with the humble submission which my heart will always present to me as a son's first duty.

"But the greater your love, and the more affectionate your letters, the greater has been my suffering, I frankly confess, on account of the voluntary sacrifice we made of our inclinations by not seeing one another again; and my reason for delaying my reply so long, my dear parents, was to give myself time to recover the strength I had lost.

"And you, my dear sister and brother-in-law, also assure me of your sincere and uninterrupted affection. And yet you seem not to know just what you ought to think of me, after the fright I have given you all. But my heart, which is filled with gratitude for your past kindness, does not take alarm; for your actions speak, and tell me that, even if you did not wish to love me any longer as I love you, you could not do otherwise. Your actions, indeed, are worth more to me at this moment than any protestations you could possibly make, even though they were couched in most loving words.

"And you, my good brother, would have been willing to bear our beloved mother company to the banks of the Rhine, where our hearts first came really to know each other, and we became brothers twice over.* But tell me, am I not right in saying that you are really here in thought and in mind when I think on the blessed consolation that your cordial and affectionate letter has afforded me?

"And you, my kind sister-in-law, who, with touching tact and delicacy, greeted me as my own sister the first time we met—you I find the same to-day. You still make use of the same affectionate, sisterly tone; your words of consolation, which have their origin in pious humility, have carried solace to the very bottom of my heart. But I must say to you, dear sister-in-law, as to the others, that you are too lavish of your esteem and praise for me, and your exaggeration has brought me face to face with my internal judge, who shows me in the mirror of my conscience the real extent of my weakness.

* It was in the neighborhood of Mannheim that Karl and his brother met under the same flag in 1815.

"You, my dearest Julia, can think of nothing except to find some means of saving me from the fate that awaits me, and you assure me in your own name, and in the name of all the others, that you, as well as they, would be only too happy to suffer in my stead. That is entirely characteristic of you, and I am reminded by it of the pleasant, loving companionship in which our childhood was passed. Oh! dear Julia, have no fear! I promise you, that, with God's help, it will be very easy for me, much easier than I had supposed, to endure what lies before me.

"Pray accept my sincere and heartfelt thanks for having thus made glad my heart.

"Now that I have learned from these invigorating letters that, like the Prodigal Son, I am blessed with greater love and kindness at my return than at my departure, it is my wish to describe to you as carefully as I can my mental and physical condition, and I pray God that He will give strength to my words, so that my letter may contain the equivalent of what yours brought to me, and may help you to reach that state of calmness and serenity which I myself have succeeded in attaining.

"You already know that by dint of exerting my self-control, I became absolutely indifferent to earthly pleasure or pain, and that of late years I have lived only for true moral enjoyment; and I ought to say that the Lord, the blessed source of all good, was doubtless moved by my efforts, and has deigned to equip me to seek that form of enjoyment, and to enjoy it to the full. God is always with me, as of old, and I find in Him, the gracious sovereign of all creation, in Him, our blessed Father, not only comfort and strength, but an unchangeable friend, filled with the most holy love, who will go with me wherever I may need His consoling presence.

Certainly, if He had abandoned me, or if I had turned my eyes away from Him, I should be now a pitiable, wretched creature; but, on the other hand, by His grace He has made me, weak and humble worm that I am, strong and brave to meet whatever may befall me.

"What I have hitherto revered as sacred I still revere, what I have desired as being good I still desire, what I have aspired to as celestial I still aspire to. And I thank God for it, for my despair would know no bounds if I had now to acknowledge that my heart had followed after strange gods, and had fed upon vain illusions. And so my confidence in these ideas, and my unselfish love for them, as the guardian angels of my mind, increases from one moment to another, and will continue to increase until the end, and I shall for that reason the more easily find my way, I trust, from this world to eternity. I pass my silent days in meditation and in schooling myself to Christian humility, and sometimes I have those visions from on high, by means of which I have, ever since I was born, had glimpses of heaven upon earth, and which enable me to soar aloft to the Lord, on the wings of my prayers. My illness, although very long and painful, has been always sufficiently subject to my will, to allow me to devote myself with some system to the study of history, the positive sciences and the best parts of a religious education; and even when the pain became more violent and interrupted my studies for a while, I nevertheless struggled successfully against ennui; for my memories of the past, my resignation to the present, and my faith in the future were sufficiently strong within me and round about me to keep me from falling from my earthly paradise. In my present position, which is due to myself alone, my principles would forbid my asking anything for my own comfort; and yet

I have been in every respect so overwhelmed with kindness and attentions by all those with whom I have come in contact, and that too with a delicacy and humanity, for which, alas! I can never show my gratitude, that wishes which I would never have dared to form in the most secret corner of my heart have been anticipated and much more than gratified. I have never been so overcome by bodily pain that I have been unable to say in my heart, turning my thoughts heavenward, 'What matters it what becomes of this bundle of rags?' And excruciating as the pain has been at times, it is not to be compared with the deep and poignant anguish of the soul which we feel when we contemplate our weaknesses and our errors.

"It really happens now that the pain is so great that it makes me swoon; the swelling and inflammation have never increased much, and the fever has been kept down, although for almost ten months I have been obliged to lie flat on my back, unable to rise, and during that time more than forty pints of matter have been drawn from my breast in the neighborhood of my heart. But the wound, although still open, is in excellent condition, and this I owe not only to the devoted care and attendance I have received, but to the pure blood which I got from you, dear mother. Thus, you see, I have not lacked either earthly care or heavenly comfort. And so, on the anniversary of my birth I had every reason—oh! not to curse the hour I was born, but, on the other hand, after serious contemplation, to thank God, and you, my dearest parents, for the life you gave me. I celebrated my birthday last October by renewing my humble, fervent submission to God's will. On Christmas Day I tried to put myself in the frame of mind of a young child whose life is devoted to the Lord's service, and

with His aid the new year will pass like the last, in bodily suffering perhaps, but certainly with joy in my soul. With that wish in my heart, the only one that I have formed, I write these words to you, my dear parents, and to you and yours, my dear brothers and sisters.

"I can not hope to see my twenty-fifth birthday; and so may my prayer be granted! may this sketch of my present life bring you peace of mind! and may this letter, which I write from the bottom of my heart, not only prove to you that I am not unworthy of your priceless love, but assure the continuance of that love through eternity!

"A short time ago I received your letter of December 2d, dear mother, and the Grand Duke's commissioners were also obliging enough to allow me to read my good brother's letter, which was enclosed in yours. You give me the best of news of the health of all of you, and send me some preserved fruits from the dear old home. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. The source of my greatest joy in all this is the fact that your anxious thoughts are with me winter and summer alike; I know that you and my good Julia cooked them and prepared them for me in the house, and I give myself up to the enjoyment of them with all my soul.

"I am sincerely glad to hear of the arrival in the world of my little cousin; I offer my heartfelt congratulations to its good parents and grandparents; in my imagination I attend its baptism in our beloved village, whither I bear him my affection as his brother in Christ, and call down all the blessings of heaven upon his head.

"In order not to presume too much upon the kindness of the Grand Duke's commissioners, we shall be obliged, I think, to abandon our correspondence. I close therefore

by assuring you once more, perhaps for the last time, of my deep filial respect and veneration, and my brotherly love.

"Yours with deepest affection,

"KARL LUDWIG SAND."

After that all correspondence between Karl and his family did actually cease, and he wrote but once more, and that after his doom was sealed—a letter which we shall find in its proper place.

We have seen in the letter last quoted how kindly and thoughtfully Sand was treated, and the state of things there described by him never varied. It may fairly be said, too, that no one looked upon him as an ordinary assassin; that many pitied him in undertones, and some few made excuses for him openly. The court of inquiry appointed by the Grand Duke prolonged their investigations as far as they possibly could, for the serious nature of Sand's wound led the members of the court to think at first that there would be no necessity of resorting to the executioner, and they would have been only too happy if God had taken it upon Himself to anticipate their sentence. But their hopes were not realized; the physician's skill triumphed, not over the wound, but over death. Sand was not cured, but he remained alive, and it began to be evident that they would be compelled to put him to death.

As a matter of fact the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who had appointed Kotzebue a Councillor of State, and who was under no delusion as to the motive of the assassination, was most persistent in his demands that the law should take its course. The court of inquiry therefore was compelled to set to work; but, inasmuch as they were sincerely desirous to prolong the proceedings to the utmost, they ordered that a physician from Heidelberg

should examine Sand, and make an exact report of his condition; as he was still bedridden, and could not of course be executed in bed, they hoped that the report of the physician by formally stating that it was impossible for him to rise, would come to their aid and give them an excuse for farther delay.

The Heidelberg physician accordingly went to Mannheim, and called upon Sand, pretending that he had no other motive than the interest aroused by his position; he asked him whether he felt at all better, and whether it would be possible for him to leave his bed. Sand looked earnestly at him for a moment, then said with a smile:

"I understand, mein Herr; they wish to know whether I am strong enough to mount the scaffold. I have no idea myself; but we will make the trial together."

With that he rose, and with superhuman courage attempted something he had not done for fourteen months; he walked twice around his cell, and then sat down on the bed.

"You see that I am strong enough, mein Herr," he said; "so it would be a mere waste of precious time for my judges to hold my affair in abeyance any longer. Let them pronounce their sentence, for there is nothing to hinder its being executed."

The physician made his report, and there was no way of evading the issue. Russia was more and more clamorous, and on the fifth of May the supreme court of judicature pronounced this decree, which was ratified on the twelfth by his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden:

"Be it known that after due examination by the proper tribunal, and after hearing the proffered plea in justification, in consideration of the unanimous opinion

of the court of Mannheim, and the final judgment of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which declares the prisoner, Karl Sand of Wonsiedel, guilty by his own confession of the murder of the Russian Imperial Councillor of State, Kotzebue; in consideration of the above, to provide for his just punishment, and to deter others by his example, it is ordered that he be put out of life into death* by the sword.

"All the expenses of the judicial inquiry, including those attendant upon his public execution will be charged upon the funds of the department of justice, in view of the poverty of the accused."

It will be seen that, although the accused was condemned to death, which, indeed, it would have been difficult to avoid, the sentence was as mild in form and substance as it could be made; and it did not complete the ruin of Sand's family by compelling them to pay the costs of a long and costly prosecution.

The tenor of the decree was not made known to Sand until the seventeenth, five days after it was pronounced.

When he was told that two members of the council of justice were at his door, he suspected that they had come to read the sentence; he asked for a moment's delay to give him time to get up, which he had done but once, on the occasion we have described, in fourteen months. He was so weak, however, that he could not stand to listen to the reading, and after saluting the deputation who came to him in the name of Death, he asked leave to sit down, saying that he made the request on account of his bodily weakness, and not because he was faint-hearted.

"You are most welcome, gentlemen," he added, "for

*This may be changed to "put to death," if the literal rendering of the quaint German form seems awkward.

I have suffered so much these fourteen months, that you are angels of deliverance in my eyes."

He listened to the sentence without the least bravado, with a winning smile upon his lips; and when the reading was done, he said:

"I expected no different fate, gentlemen; and when, more than a year ago, I halted on the summit of the little hill which overlooks the town, I knew that I was looking upon my tomb. I ought therefore to thank God and my fellow-men for having prolonged my life until to-day."

The councillors withdrew, Sand rising a second time to salute them as they left the cell; then he sat down, apparently deep in thought, upon a chair, beside which stood the director of the prison. In a moment a tear crept out from each of the condemned man's eyes, and rolled silently down his cheeks. He turned abruptly to the director, to whom he was deeply attached.

"I hope," he said, "that my parents would rather have me die this violent death, than of a lingering, shameful illness; for myself, I am very glad that I am soon to hear the clock strike the hour, at which my death will send joy to the hearts of those who hate me, and whom, according to my principles, I ought myself to hate."

Then he wrote to his family:

"MANNHEIM,

"The 17th of the month of spring, 1820.

"MY DEAR PARENTS, AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

"You must have received my last letters by favor of the Grand Duke's commissioners; they were written in reply to yours, and I sought to console you for my position by describing the condition of my soul, and my

contempt for everything trivial and worldly which one has of necessity to endure, when weighed in the balance with the development of matured thought, and with the intellectual freedom, which alone can furnish food to the soul; in a word, I sought to console you with the assurance that the sentiments, the principles and the convictions of which I used to chatter in the old days, are still steadfastly maintained by me, and have remained absolutely unchanged. But I need not have been to such pains in that regard, I am sure, for at no time have you ever asked anything more of me than *to keep God always before my eyes, and in my heart;* and you have seen for yourselves how, under your guidance, this precept was so graven on my heart, that it became my sole conception of happiness in this world and the next. Doubtless, as God has been in me and by my side, so will He be in you and by your side when you read in this letter that my sentence has just been read to me. I die without a pang, and the Lord will give me strength to face death as a man should face it.

"I write in perfect tranquillity and serenity upon every subject, and I hope that your lives will be as tranquil and serene from now until the moment when our hearts meet again, filled with new strength, to love each other as before, and to enjoy together everlasting bliss.

"For my own part, as I have lived since I first knew what living meant, serenely with a heart filled with longing for the things of heaven and overflowing with courageous and indomitable love of liberty, so do I hope to die.

"May God be with you, and with me,

"Your son, brother and friend,

"KARL LUDWIG SAND."

From that moment nothing seemed to interfere with his tranquillity; all day long he talked, with more animation than usual; he slept well, and did not wake until half-past seven, when he said that he felt invigorated, and thanked God for His presence with him.

The tenor of the sentence had been generally known since the day before, and it was soon announced that the execution was fixed for May 20, that is to say three full days after the sentence was read to the prisoner.

In the interval, with Sand's permission, all persons who wished to speak with him were admitted to his cell, except such ones as he was disinclined to see; among those who availed themselves of the permission were three who stayed longer than the others, and talked with him more privately.

One was Major Holzungen of the Baden army, who was in command of the patrol which arrested him, or rather picked him up in a dying condition, and carried him to the hospital. He asked Sand if he recognized him; it appeared that he was so entirely in possession of his faculties when he stabbed himself, that although he saw the major but an instant, and had never seen him since, he remembered the most minute details of the full uniform he wore at the time, fourteen months before. The conversation turned upon Sand's youth, and the major condoled with him for having to die with his whole life before him; but Sand replied, with a smile:

"There is just this difference between you and me, Herr Major: I die for my own convictions, and you die for those of somebody else."

After the major came a young student from Jena whom Sand had known at the university. He happened to be passing through the Duchy of Baden, and took the opportunity to call upon him. Their meeting was

touching in the extreme, and the student wept freely, but Sand comforted him with his habitual serenity.

A mechanic then asked to be admitted to Sand's cell, stating that he had been a schoolmate of his at Wonsiedel; although Karl did not remember his name, he told them to let him in. The visitor reminded him that he was one of the little army under Sand's orders on the day of the assault on St. Catherine's Tower. With that hint Sand at once recognized him, and went on to talk with him in the most affectionate way of his native province and his beloved mountains; he begged him to carry news of him to his family, and to renew his entreaties to his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, not to grieve for him, for that the messenger who brought them his last words would bear witness to the calm and joyous frame of mind in which he awaited the coming of death.

This mechanic was followed by one of Kotzebue's guests whom he encountered on the staircase immediately after the assassination. He inquired whether he realized the enormity of his crime, and repented having committed it.

Sand replied:

"I meditated it a whole year before I did it; I have meditated upon it fourteen months since, and my opinion has not changed in the least degree. I did what it was my duty to do."

After the last-mentioned visitor took his leave, Sand sent for the director, and told him that he would be very glad to talk with the executioner before the time arrived, as he wished to ask him certain questions as to how he should hold himself in order to make the operation more easy of accomplishment, and more certain of its effect. The director made some objection, but Sand

insisted with his usual sweetness of manner, and Herr G. finally promised to ask the individual in question to come to the prison immediately upon his arrival from Heidelberg, where he lived.

The rest of the day was passed in receiving other visitors, and in philosophical and edifying conversation, in the course of which Sand set forth his social and religious theories with a clearness of expression, and an elevation of thought, which surpassed any former performances of his. Herr G., to whom I am indebted for these details, told me that he should regret as long as he lived that his stenographer was not on hand to take down his thoughts, which would have made a fit pendant to the Phaedon.

Night came. Sand passed part of the evening writing; it was believed that he was composing a poem, but he must have burned it, for no trace of it could be found. At eleven he retired, and slept until six in the morning. He endured the pumping out of his wound, which was always very painful, with extraordinary nerve; he not only did not swoon as he sometimes did, but he did not utter a single moan. As he truly said, when death was staring him in the face, by God's grace his strength returned.

The operation came to an end, and Sand lay down as usual. Herr G. was sitting at the foot of his bed, when the door was thrown open, and a man came in, and bowed to them both. Herr G. at once rose, and said, in a voice whose trembling he could not control:

"This is Herr Widemann of Heidelberg, with whom you wished to speak."

Sand's face at once lighted up with a strange joy.

"Welcome, mein Herr," he said, as he sat up in bed, requested the new-comer to sit by him, and took his

hand in his. He then began to thank him for his courtesy with such heartfelt sincerity, and in such melting tones, that Herr Widemann was too deeply moved to reply. Sand urged him to speak and give him the details he desired, saying to reassure him:

"Take heart, mein Herr, for I will not fail you; I will not move a muscle; and even if, as sometimes happens, it takes two or three blows to sever the head from the body, have no fear on my account."

Thereupon Sand stood up leaning upon Herr G. and with the executioner went through a ghastly rehearsal of the drama in which he was to play the leading part on the following day. Widemann seated him in a chair, placed him in the proper position, and entered with him into all the details of the execution. When Sand was thoroughly posted, he begged him not to hurry the operation at all, but to take his time. Then he thanked him in advance; "for," said he, "after it's all over, I shall not be able to." When he went back to his bed the executioner was paler and more unsteady than he. All these details were borne in mind by Herr G., for Herr Widemann was so profoundly affected, that he remembered nothing at all.

After Herr Widemann came three ministers, with whom Sand entered into conversation upon religious matters; one of them remained with him six hours, and told him as he was taking his leave that he had it in charge to secure his promise not to speak to the people at the place of execution. Sand gave his word, and added:

"Even if I wanted to speak, my voice is so weak that the people could not hear me."

Meanwhile the scaffold was being erected on the level tract which lies to the left of the Heidelberg road.

It was a platform five or six feet high and ten feet square. As it was expected that an enormous crowd would attend the execution, both on account of the universal interest in the sufferer, and the approach of Pentecost, and as they feared some demonstration on the part of the universities, the guard at the prison was tripled, and General Neustein was sent to Mannheim from Carlsruhe with twelve hundred foot, three hundred and fifty horse, and a battery of artillery.

On the nineteenth, in the afternoon, the students arrived in even greater numbers than was anticipated, and found lodgings in the surrounding villages. It was decided, in order to avoid the possibility of disturbance, that the execution, instead of taking place at eleven in the morning as proposed, should be put forward and take place at five. But Sand's consent was necessary to the carrying out of that arrangement; for he was not to be executed until three full days had elapsed after the reading of the sentence, and as it was not read to him until half-past ten or later, he was entitled to live until eleven.

Before four in the morning they entered his cell; he was sleeping so soundly that they had to awaken him. He opened his eyes, smiling as always, and with some suspicion of their motive for so early a visit.

"Can I have slept so well that it is already eleven o'clock?" he asked. They told him no, but that they had come to ask his consent to have the hour of the execution changed; for, they said, they feared that there might be a collision between the troops and the students, and as the military preparations were thorough in every respect, such a collision could not fail to be disastrous to his friends.

Sand replied that he was ready at that moment, and

that he asked only for time to take a bath, as the ancients used to do when preparing for battle. As his verbal consent was not sufficient, a pen was handed him, and a sheet of paper, and he wrote with a steady hand in his ordinary handwriting:

"I thank the authorities of Mannheim for anticipating my most earnest desire by putting forward my execution six hours.

"*Sit nomen Domini benedictum.* (Blessed be the name of the Lord.) From my prison cell, in the morning of the twentieth of May, the day of my deliverance.

"KARL LUDWIG SAND."

When he had given the paper back to the clerk, with these lines written upon it, the doctor came forward to drain the wound as usual.

"Is it worth while?" Sand asked him.

"You will be the stronger for it."

"Do it then," said Sand.

A bath was brought, and he lay down in it, while his beautiful, long hair was arranged with the greatest care. When this part of his toilette was completed he donned a coat cut in the regular German fashion, short, that is to say, with the shirt collar turned over it down to the shoulders, tight-fitting white trousers and top-boots. He then sat down on his bed and prayed for some time in a low voice with the priests, and afterwards repeated these lines of Körner's:

"All that is earthly is done
And the heavenly life begins."

He bade farewell to the doctor and the priests.

"Do not ascribe the trembling of my voice to weakness," he said, "but to gratitude."

When the priests suggested that they should go with him to the scaffold, he told them that there was no need.

"I am thoroughly prepared," he said, "both as regards God, and my own conscience. And then, too, am I not almost a priest myself?"

One of them asked him if he was conscious of any feeling of hatred for anyone.

"God knows that I never had any such feeling," he replied.

The noise in the street increased every moment, and Sand said again that he was entirely at their service. At that moment the headsman came in with his two assistants; he wore a long white surtout, which concealed his sword. Sand held out his hand to him affectionately, but Herr Widemann was embarrassed by the sword, which he did not wish Sand to see, and so he did not venture to go toward him. Sand at once understood his hesitation.

"Pray, come and show me your sword," he said; "I have never seen such a one, and am very curious to know how it is made."

Herr Widemann, pale and trembling with emotion, held out his weapon. Sand examined it very carefully, and drew his finger along the edge.

"It's a good blade," he observed; "do not tremble, and all will be well. You will do me the favor, will you not," he said to Herr G. who was weeping, "of accompanying me to the scaffold."

Herr G. nodded his head affirmatively, for he was not able to reply in words.

Sand thereupon took his arm, and repeated a third time:

"I am ready, gentlemen, what are you waiting for?"

When they reached the courtyard all the other prisoners were at their windows weeping. Although Sand had never seen them they were like old friends to

him; for whenever they passed his door, knowing that the student who killed Kotzebue was lying dangerously ill behind it, they would lift their chains so that the noise should not disturb him.

All Mannheim was in the streets leading to the place of execution, and detachments of soldiers were numerous. On the day the sentence was read, the whole town was ransacked for a vehicle to take the condemned man to the scaffold; but not a soul could be found, even among the carriage-builders, who would let or sell one; they were obliged finally to purchase one at Heidelberg, without saying for what purpose it was to be used.

The vehicle in question was standing in the courtyard, and Sand and Herr G. at once got in.

"Mein Herr," said the prisoner, "if you notice that my cheeks grow pale, just call my name, nothing more, do you understand? That will be all I shall need."

The gate was thrown open, and the wagon appeared in the street. Every voice, as if by a single impulse, shouted: "Farewell, Sand, farewell!" and at the same moment the dense crowd in the street, and the spectators at the windows threw bunches of flowers at him, some of which fell into the vehicle itself. These friendly shouts, and the whole scene, brought tears to Sand's eyes, do what he would to keep them back. He returned the salutations which were showered upon him from all sides, muttering beneath his breath: "Oh God! give me courage!"

After this first burst of enthusiasm the procession started amid the most profound silence; from time to time a single voice might cry: "Farewell, Sand!"—and a handkerchief, waving above the heads of the crowd, would serve to show the condemned man whence the cry came. On each side of the conveyance were

two of the prison guards with crepe on their arms, and following it was another carriage containing the authorities of the town.

The air was very sharp; it had rained throughout the night, and the gloomy overcast sky seemed to share the universal sadness. Sand was too weak to maintain a sitting position, and was half reclining against Herr G.'s shoulder; his expression was calm and sweet, but his face bore the marks of his intense suffering; his noble, manly brow, and his features, which were most attractive, although not strictly handsome, seemed to have aged several years during the fourteen months of agony he had lived through.

The procession finally arrived at the place of execution, which was surrounded by a battalion of infantry. Sand looked down from the sky to the earth, and spied the scaffold. He smiled softly at the sight, and said as he alighted from the carriage:

"Well, God has endowed me with courage thus far."

The director of the prison and the prison guards held him erect so that he could mount the steps. During that short ascent, the pain made him bend double, but he drew himself up again as he reached the top.

"And so this is the spot where I am to die!" he exclaimed.

Before he sat down upon the chair in which he was to be beheaded, he looked back toward Mannheim, and ran his eyes over the crowd which surrounded the scaffold on all sides. At that moment a ray of sunshine pierced the clouds, Sand smiled by way of saluting it, and sat down.

As the orders that had been issued for the occasion required that the sentence should be read to him a second time, he was asked if he felt strong enough to listen to the reading on his feet. He replied that he would try,

and that he hoped that moral courage would supply the lack of physical strength. He at once rose from the chair of death, begging Herr G. to stand near him to support him if he staggered. It was a needless precaution, for he did not stagger.

At the conclusion of the reading he took his seat again, and began in a loud voice:

"I die, trusting in God——"

But at that point Herr G. interrupted him.

"Sand, what did you promise?"

"You are right," he replied, "I had forgotten."

He said nothing more for the ears of the multitude; but he did say, with his right hand solemnly uplifted, and in a tone which could be heard only by those immediately about him:

"I call God to witness that I die for the liberty of Germany."

With that he threw his handkerchief rolled into a ball over the heads of the hedge of soldiers into the midst of the people.

The headsman then approached him to cut off his hair; but Sand at first made some objection.

"It's for your mother," said Herr Widemann.

"Upon your honor, Mein Herr?" Sand asked.

"Upon my honor."

"Then proceed," said Sand.

He cut off only a few locks from among those which fell down over his shoulders, and tied the rest with a ribbon on top of his head. Next the executioner tied his hands across his breast; but that was a painful position, and his wound forced him to keep his head bent forward, so they placed his hands flat upon his thighs, and bound them so. After that they proceeded to bandage his eyes and he begged Herr Widemann to

arrange the bandage so that he could see the light until the last moment. His request was complied with.

A deep, death-like silence now descended upon the great throng about the scaffold. The headsman drew his sword, which gleamed in the air like a flash of lightning, and descended with the full force of his arm. At once a cry of horror went up from twenty thousand throats; the head had not fallen, but was still hanging by the muscles of the neck. The sword fell a second time, and struck off the head, and with it a part of one hand.

In a twinkling, despite the efforts of the soldiers, the hedge was broken through, and men and women rushed to the scaffold. They wiped up the blood with their handkerchiefs to the last drop; they broke up the chair in which Sand was sitting, and divided the fragments; and those who failed to secure them cut off pieces of blood-soaked wood from the scaffold itself.

The head and the trunk were placed in a coffin draped with black, and taken back to the prison under a large military escort. At midnight the body was transferred silently, and without lights of any kind, to the Protestant cemetery where Kotzebue was buried fourteen months before. A grave was already dug; the coffin was lowered into it, and those who were present were made to swear upon the gospel that they would never disclose the place where Sand was buried, until they were relieved from their oath by the same authority which imposed it. The grave was then filled in and covered over with the turf, which was so skillfully removed and put back, that no one could see that it had been disturbed. Then the nocturnal grave-diggers went away, leaving a guard at the entrance.

In that spot, within twenty paces of one another, lie

Sand and Kotzebue; Kotzebue opposite the gate in the most prominent part of the cemetery, beneath a tombstone bearing this inscription:

The World persecuted him pitilessly.
Calumny was his wearisome portion.
He found happiness only in the arms of his wife.
And repose only in the bosom of death.
Jealousy was always on the watch to sow his path with thorns.
Love strewed his roses upon it.
May Heaven pardon him
As he pardoned earth.

In striking contrast to this stately monument, which stands, as we said, in the most prominent part of the cemetery, is Sand's modest grave, which you must seek in the corner at the extreme left of the cemetery gate; only a wild acacia tree, from which every traveler plucks a leaf or two in passing, stands guard over that grave which is entirely without inscription.

The plain where Sand was executed is still called by the people: *Sand's Himmelfartswiese*, which signifies:

THE PLAIN WHENCE SAND ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

In the latter part of 1838 I was at Mannheim, where I stayed three days to gather all the facts I could concerning the life and death of Karl Ludwig Sand. But when the three days were at an end, notwithstanding that I had pursued my investigations with the utmost activity, my store of information was very incomplete, either because I applied to the wrong persons, or because, being a stranger, my questions aroused suspicion of my motives.

I was leaving Mannheim, therefore, considerably disappointed, and after paying a visit to the little Protestant cemetery, where Sand and Kotzebue lie buried within twenty paces of each other, I gave orders to my coachman to take the Heidelberg road. After driving a few yards, he drew rein of his own accord, knowing the object of my visit to Mannheim, and asked me if I would not like to see the place where Sand was executed. At the same time he pointed to a little eminence in the midst of a plain, and a short distance from a small stream. I welcomed the suggestion eagerly, and, although the coachman remained in the road with my traveling companions, I soon recognized the spot by a few withered branches of cypress, immortelles, and forget-me-nots, which were scattered about.

The reader will understand that this sight increased rather than diminished my desire to investigate. I was feeling even more dissatisfied than before at having to go away with so little knowledge of the subject, when I spied a man of some forty-five or fifty years walking near by, and looking at me with interest, doubtless because he suspected why I came thither. I resolved to make one last attempt, so I walked to meet him.

"I am a total stranger here, Monsieur," I said; "I am traveling with the view of making a collection of the innumerable poetic traditions of this Germany of yours. From the way in which you look at me, I fancy that you guess my reason for coming to this spot. Can you give me any information as to Sand's life or death?"

"For what purpose do you wish it, Monsieur?" he inquired, in almost unintelligible French.

"For a very German purpose, Monsieur, never fear," I replied. "From the little I have been able to learn of him, Sand is in my eyes one of those figures which

appear the nobler and more poetic because their winding sheet is stained with blood. But he is hardly known in France; they might look upon him as another Fieschi or Meunier, and I would like to enlighten my countrymen concerning him, so far as in me lies."

"I would be very glad to help you accomplish that object, Monsieur; but you see that I speak French very badly and you do not speak German at all; so that it will be very hard for us to understand each other.

"That difficulty is easily overcome," I replied; "I have an interpreter in my carriage, with whom you can find no fault, I promise you. She speaks German like Gœthe himself, and when you have once begun to talk with her, I defy you not to tell her everything."

"Very well, then, Monsieur; I ask nothing better than to gratify you."

We walked out to the carriage together, and I presented my new recruit to my traveling companions. After exchanging the usual greetings, they began to converse in the purest Saxon.

Although I did not understand a word of what they were saying, it was easy for me to see by the eager questions and the length of the replies that the conversation was most interesting. At last, after it had lasted half an hour my curiosity got the better of me.

"Well?" I said, inquiringly.

"Well!" replied my interpreter; "you were in luck this time, and you could not have applied to a better source."

"Did Monsieur know Sand?"

"Monsieur is the warden of the prison in which he was confined."

"Really?"

"For nine months, that is to say from the time he left the hospital, Monsieur saw him every day."

"Splendid!"

"But that is not all; Monsieur was with him in the carriage in which he rode to the scaffold; Monsieur was with him on the scaffold; there is but one portrait of Sand in all Mannheim, and that Monsieur has."

I devoured every word; it was as if I were an alchemist of thought, and found gold within my crucible when I opened it.

"Pray ask Monsieur," I said eagerly, "if he will permit me to reduce such information as he can give me to writing."

My interpreter put the question.

"He says yes," she said.

Herr G. entered our carriage, and instead of going on to Heidelberg we turned back to Mannheim, and got down at the prison.

Herr G. did not relax his courtesy for an instant. With the utmost good-nature, the most untiring patience, and the most extraordinary memory, he related every detail, placing all that he knew at my disposal, as a cicerone might have done. At last, when we had exhausted his knowledge of Sand, I asked him some questions as to the methods of execution.

"As to that," he said, "I can give you a letter of introduction to a person at Heidelberg who will give you all the information on that subject you can possibly desire."

I accepted his offer gratefully, and as I was taking leave of him with a thousand thanks, he handed me the promised letter. It bore this superscription:

"To Dr. Widemann,
"High St., No. 111,
"Heidelberg."

I turned to Herr G.

"Is he a relative of the man who executed Sand?" I asked.

"He is his son, and was with him when Sand's head fell."

"What is his business?"

"The same as his father's before him; he took his place."

"But you call him doctor."

"Of course; with us executioners bear that title."

"But doctors in what are they, pray?"

"Doctors in surgery."

"Ah! it's just the other way with us," said I, "we call surgeons executioners."

"You will find him a very distinguished young man," said Herr G. "Although he was very young at the time, he has a very vivid remembrance of the transaction. As for his poor father, I verily believe he would sooner have cut off his right hand than put Sand to death; but if he had refused, they would have found someone else; so he had to do as he was ordered to do, and he did it as mercifully as he could."

I thanked Herr G. once more, and with my mind made up to use his letter, started once more for Heidelberg, where we arrived at eleven in the evening.

My first call the next day was upon Herr Widemann.

It was not without deep emotion, which I saw reflected upon the faces of my companions, that we rang at the door of the "last judge," as the Germans call him. The door was opened by an old woman, who showed us into an inviting little office, on the left hand side of the hall, at the foot of a staircase. There we waited for Herr Widemann to finish dressing. The room was filled with curiosities, corals, shells, stuffed birds and dried plants.

There were also a double-barreled shot-gun, powder-horn and game-bag, indicating that Herr Widemann was something of a Nimrod.

In a moment we heard his step in the hall, and the door opened.

Herr Widemann was a very handsome man of some thirty years, with a black beard which completely encircled his strong, virile face; he was dressed in morning costume, and with some rustic elegance.

He seemed at first not only embarrassed, but offended by our visit. The motiveless curiosity, of which he seemed to be the object, evidently did not please him. I made haste to hand him Herr G.'s letter, and to tell him what brought me to his house. Thereupon he gradually softened, and in the end proved to be as hospitable and good-natured as we had found the gentleman who gave us the letter to him.

His recollection of all that he had known of Sand was most vivid, and he told us among other things that his father, at the risk of compromising himself, asked permission to have another scaffold built at his own expense, so that no common criminal should be put to death upon the altar where the martyr died. The permission was granted, and Herr Widemann used the wood of which the scaffold was built for the doors and window-frames of a small country house. For three or four years that house was a sort of Mecca for pilgrims; but their number grew rapidly less, and to-day, when some of the very men who soaked their handkerchiefs in Sand's blood are salaried officers under the government, only now and then a stranger asks to see these interesting relics.

Herr Widemann furnished me with a guide, for after hearing all there was to hear, I was determined to see all there was to see.

The house is about half a league from Heidelberg, on the left hand side of the Carlsruhe road, and half-way up the hill. It is probably the only monument of the sort in the world.

Our readers will be able to judge better by this anecdote than by anything we could possibly add to it, what sort of a man he must have been who made such a deep and lasting impression upon the hearts of his gaoler and his executioner.

URBAIN GRANDIER.

URBAIN GRANDIER.

1634.

On Sunday, November 26, 1631, there was great excitement in the little town of Loudun, notably in those streets which led to the church of Saint-Pierre du Marché, from the gate through which those who came from the abbey of Saint-Jouin du Marché entered the town. This excitement was due to the anticipated arrival of a personage, who had been for some time discussed both favorably and unfavorably by the good people of Loudun with truly provincial bitterness. And it was easy to see by the faces of those who gathered in improvised clubs on every door-sill, with what divergent sentiments they were prepared to welcome the man, who had himself taken pains to announce his return on that day to friends and enemies alike.

About nine o'clock a shiver ran through the crowd, and the words: "There he is! there he is!" passed with the rapidity of lightning from group to group. Thereupon some entered their houses and closed their doors and windows, as on occasion of public mourning; others, on the contrary, joyously opened every means of entrance to their house, as if to let joy in. In a few moments a death-like silence, induced by curiosity, succeeded the uproar and confusion evoked by the news.

Soon, the silence still continuing, there came in sight, bearing in his hand a twig of laurel, as a token of triumph, a young man of thirty-two to thirty-four years,

of graceful and well-proportioned form, noble bearing, and with a face of faultless beauty, although its expression was somewhat arrogant. He wore the garb of an ecclesiastic, and although he had walked three leagues to reach the town, his clothes were remarkably neat and clean. He traversed thus, at a slow and solemn pace, the various streets leading to the church on the market-place of Loudun, with his eyes gazing heavenward, and singing hymns of thanksgiving to the Lord; nor did he vouchsafe a look or a word or a gesture to any person although the whole concourse fell in behind him as he walked along, and followed him, and joined in his song, and although the songstresses—for we forgot to say that the crowd was composed almost entirely of females —were the prettiest girls in the town of Loudun.

The cause of all this commotion arrived at last in front of the door of the Church of Saint-Pierre. When he reached the topmost step, he knelt down, and prayed in an undertone; then he rose and with his laurel twig touched the doors, which flew open instantly, as if by enchantment, disclosing to view the choir, decked out and illuminated as for one of the four great festivals of the year, and with all the vergers, beadles, choristers, and choir-boys in their places. Thereupon he whom they were awaiting, passed up the nave to the choir, prayed again at the foot of the altar, laid his laurel twig upon the tabernacle, donned a robe as white as snow, threw the stole over his shoulders, and, in the presence of a congregation composed of all who had followed him, began the celebration of the mass, which he brought to a close with a *Te Deum*.

The man who thus rendered thanks to God for his own triumph, in such manner as thanks are commonly rendered him for the triumphs of the king, was the priest

Urbain Grandier, who had been two days before, by virtue of a decree rendered by M. d'Escoubleau de Sourdis, Archbishop of Bordeaux, declared guiltless of an accusation made against him, which said accusation had caused him to be sentenced by the ecclesiastical magistrate to fast on bread and water every Friday for three months, and to be forbidden to exercise his clerical functions in the diocese of Poitiers for five months, and in the town of Loudun forever.

The circumstances under which the charge was made and the sentence imposed were these:

Urbain Grandier was born at the village of Rovère, near Sablé, a town in Bas-Maine. After studying the sciences with his father, Pierre, and his uncle, Claude Grandier, who dabbled in astrology and alchemy, he entered the Jesuit college at Bordeaux, at the age of twelve, having already received the ordinary education of a young man. There his professors observed in him, in addition to what he knew, a great aptitude for languages and for oratory; they therefore instructed him thoroughly in Latin and Greek, and made him practice preaching, in order to develop his oratorical talent; and having become very fond of a pupil who was likely to do them great credit, they bestowed upon him, as soon as he was old enough to undertake the duties of a priest, the curacy of Saint-Pierre du Marché at Loudun, which was in their gift. In addition to the curacy, he was, thanks to his kind patrons, made a prebendacy of the collegiate church of Sainte-Croix, only a few months after his installation.

It will readily be understood that the union of these two benefices in the person of a young man who was not of the province, and hence seemed in a measure to usurp

the rights and privileges of the people of the neighborhood, created a great sensation in the little town of Loudun, and exposed the incumbent to the jealousy of the other ecclesiastics there. There were, morever, a number of other excellent reasons why that sentiment should attach to him; Urbain was, as we have said, extremely handsome; the education he had received from his father had disclosed to him many of the secrets of science, and thus had given him the key to a multitude of things, which were still mysteries for the ignorant, and which he explained with remarkable facility. Furthermore the broad course of study he pursued at the Jesuit college raised him above a multitude of prejudices, of great sanctity in the eyes of the vulgar, but for which he did not conceal his contempt. Lastly, his eloquence drew away almost all the regular congregations from the other religious communities, especially those of the mendicant orders, who up to that time had carried off the palm at Loudun in the matter of preaching. All these considerations were, as we have said, more than enough to furnish a pretext for jealousy, and to change that jealousy very shortly to hatred. That was what happened.

Everyone is familiar with the idle gossip of small towns, and the angry contempt of the common people for everything that outstrips and towers above them. Urbain's superior gifts made him fit to act upon a greater stage; but he found himself closely hemmed in, lacking air and space, so that everything which would have contributed to his glory at Paris, became at Loudun a cause of his ruin.

Unfortunately for Urbain, his disposition, far from winning him forgiveness for his excess of genius, increased even more the hatred he inspired. With his

friends he was affable and agreeable; to his enemies he was sarcastic, cold and haughty; immovable in whatever resolution he had made, jealous of the position he had attained, and which he defended as if it were a conquest, unreasonably insistent upon his own interests when he had right on his side, he repelled attacks and insults with an austere demeanor which soon made enemies for life of his adversaries of a moment.

The first demonstration of the inflexibility of his character occurred in 1620, in connection with a suit which he won, when he had just taken orders, against a priest named Meunier; the judgment pronounced therein he caused to be executed with such rigor that the victim conceived a rambling hatred for him which burst out on every opportunity.

A second lawsuit in which he was involved with the chapter of Sainte-Croix, in relation to a house which both claimed, was likewise won by him, and gave him an opportunity to exhibit further his determination to insist upon a rigid enforcement of his rights. Unfortunately the agent for the vanquished chapter, who will play a prominent part in this narrative, was canon of the collegiate church of Sainte-Croix, and director of the Ursuline convent; he was a man of violent passions, ambitious and revengeful; of too moderate parts ever to reach a high position, and yet for all his mediocrity too far above his surroundings to be content with the inferior position he occupied; he was as hypocritical as Urbain was straightforward; he laid claim, wherever his name was known, to the reputation of a man of exemplary piety, and in order to maintain his claim he affected the asceticism of an anchorite, and the austerity of a saint. Being thoroughly at home in all matters pertaining to the benefice, he took as a personal affront and humiliation the

loss of a lawsuit, which was placed in his hands, and the successful issue of which he had in some sort guaranteed; so that when Urbain took advantage of his triumph with the same rigorous measures to which he resorted in the case of Meunier, he made a second foe, not only more bitter, but much more dangerous, in Mignon.

About this time, and apropos of this same lawsuit, it happened that an individual named Barot, Mignon's uncle and partner, fell into a dispute with Urbain. As he was a man of less than mediocre talent, Urbain had no difficulty in crushing him by letting fell from his lofty position, two or three contemptuous rejoinders which left scars like those made by red-hot iron. But this man of small parts was very rich, had no children, but was blessed with a large number of kindred in Loudun, all of whom thought of nothing but paying their court to him, in order to find a place in his will; so that the insulting sarcasms which were poured out upon Barot spattered many others, who joined in the quarrel, and thus increased the number of Urbain's adversaries.

Meanwhile a more serious thing happened. Among Urbain's most devoted penitents was a lovely girl, the daughter of the *procureur du roi*, one Trinquant, who was also Mignon's uncle. Now it came to pass that this girl fell into a state of nervous debility which compelled her to keep her room. She was nursed during her illness by one of her friends named Marthe Pelletier, who suddenly renounced society, and carried her devotion so far as to shut herself up with the sick girl. But when Julie Trinquant was cured, and reappeared in society, it became known that, during her retirement, Marthe Pelletier had been brought to bed with a child which had been put out to nurse after being baptized. But in one of those freaks of fancy, in which the public so frequently indulges, it

was asserted that the child's real mother was not she who claimed the honor, and the report was industriously circulated that Marthe Pelletier had sold her reputation to her friend for hard cash. As to the father of the child there was still less doubt, and the public finger, skillfully directed, pointed at Urbain.

Thereupon Trinquant, being advised of the reports that had gone abroad concerning his daughter, took upon himself, as *procureur du roi*, to cause the arrest and imprisonment of Marthe Pelletier; she was interrogated touching the child, insisted that she was its mother, and undertook to rear it herself; as it was possible after all that she might have been guilty of the fault of unchastity, and not of the crime of perjury, Trinquant was compelled to release her, and this abuse of his authority had no other result than to increase the scandal of the affair, and to confirm the public in the opinion they had formed.

Thus it was that up to that time, whether because he was protected by a higher power, or because of his greater cleverness and ability, everybody who had measured swords with Urbain Grandier had been vanquished; but every victory that he won increased the number of his enemies, and they soon became so numerous that any other than Urbain would have been alarmed, and have taken measures either to pacify them, or to protect himself against their vengeance; but he, in his pride, in his innocence perhaps, disdained the advice which his most devoted friends gave him, and continued to follow the same path he had followed in the past.

Hitherto all the blows aimed at him had been by individuals and disconnected with one another; his enemies attributed their ill-success to this cause, and resolved to join forces to crush him. To that end a conference was

held at Barot's house; Meunier, Trinquant and Mignon were present; the last named brought with him one Menuan, an advocate, who was his intimate friend, but had other motives than his friendship for taking part in the cabal. Menuan was in love with a woman upon whom he had failed to make any impression, and he chose to believe that the contemptuous indifference which she displayed for him was due to the passion inspired by Urbain. The purpose of the assemblage was to devise means for hunting the common enemy out of the Loudenois.

Urbain, however, was so extremely circumspect in his conduct, that they really could find no pretext for finding fault with him except for the pleasure he seemed to take in female society; and the ladies, for their part, with the tact which the least clever of them possess, seized the opportunity to select so young and handsome and eloquent a priest for their spiritual director. As their marked preference for him had already given umbrage to a great many fathers and husbands, it was agreed that Grandier should be attacked on that point, the only one on which he was vulnerable.

On the day following this decision all the vague rumors which had been in the air for a long while began to assume definite shape; people began to talk, without naming her, of a certain young woman of the town, who was, so they said, his principal mistress, notwithstanding his frequent infidelities; soon it was said that this young person's conscience troubled her on account of this liaison and that Grandier allayed her scruples by an act of sacrilege; the sacrilege consisting in going through the marriage ceremony with her during the night, whereby he became at the same time a priest and a married man. The more absurd the tales were, the more credence they

seemed to gain; it was not long before everybody in Loudun believed that it was true, and yet no one was able to name this mysterious spouse who had not feared to contract a marriage with one of God's ministers—a most extraordinary thing in so small a town.

Stout-hearted and strong-willed as Grandier was, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that his feet were set upon shifting sand; he felt that calumny was crouching in the shadow all about him, and was well aware that when it had thoroughly enveloped him in its folds, it would raise its infernal head some day, and that then the real struggle between it and himself would begin. But, according to his views, to take a step backward was equivalent to an admission of guilt; and, furthermore, perhaps it was already too late to retrace his steps; he therefore continued to go forward, as unbending and haughty and sarcastic as ever.

Among those who had been most active in spreading the reports most damaging to Urbain's reputation was one Duthibaut, a man of consideration in the province, the village oracle, and mouthpiece of the middle and lower classes. His remarks concerning Urbain reached his ears; he learned that at the Marquis de Bellay's this man spoke of him in unmeasured terms, and one day, as he was about entering the church of Sainte-Croix, clad in his priestly robes, to take part in a service there, he fell in with Duthibaut in the vestibule, and reproved him for his slanderous statements with his accustomed arrogance and scorn. Thereupon Duthibaut, who was in the habit of saying and doing whatever he chose with impunity, by virtue of his wealth and the influence he had acquired over the common herd, in whose eyes he was a superior creature—Duthibaut could not

endure this public reprimand, and struck Urbain across the back with his cane.

The opportunity thus afforded Grandier of taking vengeance on his foes was too good to be lost; but, judging rightly that he could not obtain justice by applying to the provincial authorities, although the respect due to the Church and its servants was involved in the affair, he determined to lay his case at the feet of King Louis XIII., who deigned to listen to him, and, being desirous that the insult put upon a minister of the Catholic religion, while dressed in the priestly garb, should be avenged, turned the affair over to the Parliament of Paris for investigation and decision.

Thereupon Urbain's enemies concluded that there was no time to be lost, and they took advantage of his absence to prefer charges against him in their turn. Two miserable creatures, named Cherbonneau and Bugrean, consented to appear as accusers before the ecclesiastical magistrate at Poitiers. They accused Grandier of having debauched women and girls, of being impious and profane, of neglecting constantly to tell his beads, and of transforming the sanctuary to a place of debauchery and prostitution. The magistrate received the complaint, and appointed the civil-lieutenant, Louis Chauvet, and with him the arch-presbyter of Saint-Marcel, and the Loudenois, to ascertain the facts. Thus it came about that while Urbain was instituting proceedings at Paris against Duthibaut, proceedings were being instituted against himself at Loudun.

These latter proceedings were pushed with all the zeal of religious hatred. Trinquant appeared as a witness, and his deposition was followed by several others; such as did not come up to the expectation or wishes of the officials were either changed or omitted. The

result of the examination was that a report embodying grave charges was transmitted to the Bishop of Poitiers, whose ear was open to divers very powerful friends of Grandier's foes. Moreover the bishop had a personal grievance of his own against him, for Urbain had, in an urgent case, granted permission to dispense with publication of a projected marriage; so that, being already prejudiced, he found in the report, superficial as it was, charges of sufficient gravity to lead him to order Urbain's arrest by a decree in the following words:

"Henri Louis Chataignier de la Rochepezai, by the divine will Bishop of Poitiers, in view of the accusations and evidence submitted to us by the arch-presbyter of Loudun, in the matter of Urbain Grandier, curate of Saint-Pierre du Marché at Loudun, by virtue of a commission emanating from us and directed to said arch-presbyter, and in his absence to the Prior of Chassaignes; in view also of the conclusions of our representative thereupon; we have ordered and do hereby order that Urbain Grandier, the accused, be conducted quietly to the prison in our Episcopal mansion at Poitiers, if he can be taken and apprehended, and if not that he be summoned at his domicile to appear three days hence, by the first apparitor, priest or tonsured clerk, and for greater certainty by the first royal sergeant, upon this order with a request for the concurrence of the secular arm; and to them or to anyone of them we hereby give full power and authority to carry out this order, notwithstanding any possible opposition or appeal; and, the said Grandier having been heard, such decree will be made in this behalf by our representative, as the facts seem to require.

"Given at Dissai the twenty-second day of October, 1629; thus signed on the original.

"HENRI-LOUIS, Bishop of Poitiers."

Grandier, as we have said, was at Paris when this decree was pronounced against him. He was pursuing his accusation against Duthebaut before the parliament, when that worthy, who had received the decree before Grandier knew of its existence, after supporting his defence by a sketch of the curate's scandalous morals, produced in aid of his assertions the terrible document which he held in reserve. The court, not knowing what to think of this extraordinary state of things, ordered that, before they decided that Grandier's charges were sustained, he must go before his bishop and purge himself of the charges preferred against himself. Grandier at once left Paris for Loudun, remained there just long enough to learn something of the affair, and then hastened to Poitiers to prepare his defence. But he had no sooner arrived than he was arrested by an usher named Chatry, and taken to the prison of the bishopric.

It was the middle of November, and the cell in which he was placed was cold and damp, but he could not obtain the privilege of being transferred to another; he at once realized that his enemies were more powerful than he had supposed, and possessed his soul in patience. He remained in this situation two months, during which his best friends thought him lost. Duthibaut made sport of the prosecution of which he believed that he should hear no more, and Barot had already brought forward one of his heirs, named Ismaël Bonlieau, to succeed Urbain in his livings.

The proceedings were carried on at the common expense, the rich paying for the poor. The expense was

by no means trifling, for the proceedings were had at Poitiers, and the witnesses lived in Loudun, so that a large number of persons had to be transported some distance; but the desire for vengeance triumphed over avarice; each was assessed according to his means, and paid his assessment, and the examination was concluded at the end of two months.

However, despite the great pains that were taken to make the result as damning as possible for the person compromised thereby, the principal charge could not be proved. Urbain was accused of having debauched women and girls, but neither the one nor the other were named; they produced no parties who complained that such had been their fate; in short the whole thing was founded upon common report, and no facts were shown to sustain it. It was one of the most extraordinary performances ever seen. Nevertheless judgment was rendered on January 3, 1630. By that judgment Grandier was sentenced to fast on bread and water, by way of penance, every Wednesday for three months, was inhibited from exercising his clerical functions in the diocese of Poitiers for five years, and in the town of Loudun forever.

An appeal was taken from this sentence by both parties; Grandier appealed to the Archbishops of Bordeaux, and his adversaries, using the name of the *promoteur* of the diocese, appealed to the Parliament of Paris. This last appeal was taken in order to crush Grandier and break his spirit. But he had within him a strength of will proportioned to the attack; he put on a bold face, and employed counsel to argue the appeal before the parliament, while he remained upon the ground to prosecute in person his own appeal to the Archbishop of Bordeaux. But as there were very many witnesses to

be heard, and it was almost impossible to transport them so great a distance, the archi-Episcopal court transferred the cause to the Presidial Court of Poitiers. The criminal lieutenant of Poitiers therefore began a new investigation; but being conducted impartially it was not favorable to the accusers. Many contradictory statements were made by some witnesses who attempted to persist in them; there were others who frankly confessed that they had been bought; and others again declared that their depositions had been changed, and among these last were a priest named Méchin, and the same Ismaël Bonlieau whom Barot was in such haste to put forward as a candidate for Grandier's livings. Bonlieau's declaration has been lost, but Méchin's, which is preserved intact, and just as it came from his pen, is as follows:

"I, Gervais Méchin, vicar of the Church of Saint-Pierre du Marché at Loudun, do certify by these presents, signed by my hand, to relieve my conscience as to a certain report which is being spread that in the complaint made by Gilles Robert, arch-presbyter, against Urbain Grandier, curate of Saint-Pierre, on which complaint said Robert solicited me to testify that I had found said Grandier lying with women and girls in the Church of Saint-Pierre, the doors being closed.

"Item, that at several different times, at unseasonable hours of the day and night, I had seen women and girls seek said Grandier in his own room, and that some of said women remained from one o'clock after noon until two or three o'clock, after midnight, and had their suppers brought to them there by their servants, who hastily went away again.

"Item, that I have seen said Grandier in the church, the doors being open, and that, several women having

gone in, he closed them—desiring that these reports should cease, I hereby declare that I never saw or found said Grandier with women and girls in the church when the doors were closed, or alone with them there; that when he has spoken to them, others have been present and the doors all open; and as to their position, I think that I made it sufficiently clear by my oral testimony that said Grandier was seated, and the women in different places; likewise I have never seen women or girls enter said Grandier's room by day or night; it is true that I have heard much going and coming late in the evening, but I can not say who they were, for a brother of said Grandier always sleeps close by his room; and I have no knowledge that either women or girls ever had their suppers taken there; I did not depose either that I had never seen him tell his beads, because that would be contrary to the truth, forasmuch as he has asked me for mine divers times, and has taken them and told his beads; and I in like manner declare that I never saw him close the doors of the church, and that in all the interviews I have seen him have with women, I have never seen any improper action, I have not even seen him touch them in any way, but they simply talked together, and if anything contrary to the above appears in my deposition, it is there without my knowledge, and was never read to me, for I would not have signed it; which I say and affirm to do homage to the truth.

"Done the last day of October, 1630.

"*Signed,* G. MÉCHIN."

In the face of such proofs of innocence, no accusation could be deemed to be established; and so, by judgment of the Presidial Court of Poitiers, dated May 25, 1631, Grandier was discharged, absolved for the time being from the charges against him. However, he still had to

appear before the court of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, which had taken jurisdiction of his appeal, in order to have his discharge ratified there. Grandier took advantage of a visit paid by that prelate to his abbey of Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, which was only three leagues from Loudun, to bring the matter before him. His enemies, disheartened by the result of the proceedings in the presidial court made almost no opposition, and the archbishop, after another examination, which threw a still brighter and more certain light upon the innocence of the accused, rendered a decree, absolving him completely.

This rehabilitation, secured by Grandier under his bishop's eyes, had two results of importance to him: the first, was that it made manifest his innocence, and the second, that it demonstrated his extensive learning, and the eminent qualities which made him so superior a man. So it was that the archbishop, who, when he saw how cruelly he was persecuted, had taken a great liking for him, advised him to dispose of his livings, and take his leave of a town, whose principal inhabitants seemed to have sworn such relentless hatred against him. But such trifling with his rights was not consistent with Urbain's character; he declared to his superior that he would remain in the spot where God had placed him, strong in his grace's protection, and in the approval of his own conscience. Thereupon Monseigneur de Sourdis thought that he was not called upon to urge him any farther; but as he saw plainly that if Urbain should fall some day, he would fall, like Satan, through his pride, he inserted in the judgment a clause in which he enjoined him to conduct himself discreetly and modestly in the discharge of his duties, *according to the blessed decrees, and canonical constitutions.* We have seen, by

Urbain's triumphal entry into the town of Loudun, how closely he conformed to this injunction.

Urbain, however, did not confine himself to that arrogant demonstration, for which he was blamed, even by his friends, and instead of allowing the hatred of which he was the object to die out, or at least to sink to sleep, by not recurring to the past, he followed up the prosecution of Duthibaut with renewed vigor, and carried it so far as to procure a decree from the Chamber of the Tournelle, where Duthibaut was compelled to attend, bareheaded, and was there reprimanded, and sentenced to undergo divers penalties, to make an apology and to pay the costs of the prosecution.

Having floored this adversary, Urbain turned his attention at once to the others, more untiring in the assertion of his rights than they in the pursuit of vengeance. The judgment rendered by the Archbishop of Bordeaux gave him a claim against his accusers for damages and interest, and for restitution of the avails of his livings; he made it known publicly that he proposed to carry the reparation to the full length of the offence, and set to work to collect such proofs as he required to ensure success in the new suit which he proposed to institute. In vain did his friends impress upon him that the reparation he had already secured was adequate in every respect, in vain did they lay stress upon the risks he would incur by driving his beaten foes to despair. Urbain replied that he was ready to sustain whatever persecution they were able to inflict upon him; but that they would seek in vain to awaken his fears when he had right on his side.

His enemies therefore had notice of the storm that was brewing over their heads, and as they realized that it was a question of life and death between Grandier

and themselves, they held another conclave at the village of Pendardane in a house belonging to Trinquant, to discuss the blow by which they were threatened. Mignon, Barot, Meunier, Duthibaut, Trinquant and Menuan were present. Mignon had already laid the plan of a new intrigue, which he unfolded to his confederates. His plan was adopted, and we shall watch its development, step by step; for it is the basis of our narrative.

When we first spoke of Mignon, we stated that he was the director of the Ursuline Convent at Loudun. The historical controversy which inevitably began anew whenever the story of the death of Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins was mentioned had prevented the foundation of the Ursuline order until a comparatively recent date; but Madame Angèle de Bresse in 1560 founded in Italy an order of nuns after the model of the Augustinian order, in honor of that blessed martyr, and her action was approved by Pope Gregory XIII. Afterwards, in 1614, Madeleine Shuillier introduced the order in France with the approval of Pope Paul V., by founding a monastery in Paris, whence it spread throughout the kingdom; so that, in 1626, only five or six years before the period of which we are writing, a convent of this sisterhood was established at Loudun.

Although the community was composed at first of girls of good family, daughters of noblemen, officers, gentlemen of the robe and substantial citizens, and numbered among its founders Jeanne de Belfield, daughter of the deceased Marquis of Cose and a relative of M. de Laubardemont, Mademoiselle de Fazili, cousin of the cardinal-duke, two Mesdames de Barbenis of the Nogaret family, a Madame de Lamothe, daughter of the Marquis

de Lamothe Baracé in Anjou, and Madame d'Escoubleau de Soublis, of the same family as the then Archbishop of Bordeaux,—nevertheless, as almost all of these ladies adopted the monastic state because of lack of fortune, the community, rich as it was in noble names, was so poor in cash, that it was compelled, in the beginning, to take up its quarters in a private house. This house belonged to a certain Moussant du Frène, whose brother was a priest; this brother naturally became the spiritual director of these godly females; but in little more than a year he died, leaving his position vacant.

The house occupied by the Ursulines was sold to them at a price below its real value, because it was generally believed to be haunted. Its owner thought, and rightly, that nothing was more likely to drive the ghosts away than to confront them with a community of pious and godly women, who, passing their days in fasting and prayer, could hardly be exposed to demoniacal visits at night; indeed, during the year that they had occupied the house, when their director died, the ghosts had entirely disappeared, which fact contributed not a little to establish their reputation for sanctity in the town.

The decease of the director was an opportunity, ready-made, for the younger inmates to amuse themselves at the expense of the old nuns, who were generally detested because they were more rigid in their adherence to the rules. They determined therefore to evoke the ghosts who were supposed to be relegated to obscurity forever. It was not long before loud noises, as of persons groaning in distress, began to be heard on the roof of the house; soon the spirits ventured to make their way into the garrets and attics, where they made known their presence by a great clanking of chains; at last they became so bold that they extended their investigations to the dormitories,

where they pulled the sheets off the beds, and carried away the nuns' petticoats.

This state of things caused so much alarm in the convent and made so much talk in the town, that the lady superior assembled the most sensible nuns in council, and asked their advice as to the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed. The unanimous opinion was that the defunct director must be replaced by an even more godly man than he, if such a one could be found; and, whether because of his reputation for sanctity, or from some other motive, they cast their eyes upon Urbain Grandier, and made certain propositions to him. But he replied that, as he was already the incumbent of two benefices, he could not find sufficient time to watch properly over the snow-white flock, of which they invited him to be the shepherd, and he advised the superior to apply to some other, more worthy and less occupied than he.

This reply, as may well be imagined, wounded the self-esteem of the community, who at once began to look with favor upon Mignon, canon at the collegiate church of Sainte-Croix; and he, although deeply wounded that the position was offered to him only because Urbain Grandier refused it, accepted it none the less; but he cherished for the one who had been in the first instance deemed more worthy than he a sullen hatred of the sort which is aggravated rather than allayed by time. The reader has seen by what has gone before how this hatred of his had gradually made itself manifest.

Immediately upon his installation the new director received from the superior information as to the species of adversaries he would have to contend against. Instead of consoling her by denying the existence of the

phantoms which were disturbing the peace of the community, Mignon, who at once saw that to cause them to disappear, which he hoped to succeed in doing, would be an excellent means of helping to form the reputation for sanctity to which he aspired, replied that the Holy Scripture recognized the existence of ghosts, for the ghost of Samuel appeared to Saul by virtue of the supernatural power of the Witch of Endor. He added that the ritual provided an infallible means of expelling them, however persistent they might be, provided that he who attacked them was pure in thought and in heart, and that he earnestly hoped, with God's help to rid the community of its nocturnal visitants. As preliminary to their expulsion he at once ordered a three days' fast to be followed by a general confession.

It goes without saying that the questions he put to the culprits made it an easy matter for Mignon to discover the truth; those who personated the ghosts confessed, and named as their accomplice a young novice of sixteen or seventeen years, one Marie Aubin. She likewise made a full avowal, and said that it was she who got up in the night and opened the dormitory door, which the most timid of the occupants of the room were very careful to fasten on the inside every night, which precaution, to the terror of them all, did not prevent the spirits from finding their way in.

Mignon, making a pretence of unwillingness to betray them to the superior, who might suspect something if the apparitions ceased on the day following the confession, authorized them to renew their nocturnal uproar from time to time, but ordered them to give it up gradually; then he returned to the superior and informed her that he had found the thoughts of the whole community so chaste and pure that he had strong hopes that with the

assistance of his prayers the convent would forthwith be rid of the phantoms which beset it.

Affairs turned out as the director predicted, and the reputation of the holy man who had watched and prayed for the deliverance of the pious Ursulines was tremendously advanced in the town of Loudun.

Thus tranquillity was perfectly restored at the convent when the events occurred which we have narrated, and Mignon, Duthibaut, Menuan, Meunier and Barot, having lost their suit before the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and finding themselves threatened by Grandier with prosecution as forgers and slanderers, joined forces to resist this man with the inflexible will, who would inevitably destroy them if they did not destroy him.

The result of their conference was seen in a strange rumor which after a little time gained currency in the town. People said beneath their breath that the ghosts, after the godly director banished them, returned to the charge in an invisible, impalpable shape, and that several nuns had afforded unmistakable evidence, either by their words or their acts, that they were possessed. These reports were mentioned to Mignon, who did not contradict them but looked piously skyward, saying that God was certainly very mighty and very merciful, but that Satan also was very clever, especially when he was seconded by that false human science called magic; that, although these reports were not entirely unfounded, there was as yet no certain evidence of possession, and that time alone could disclose the truth in that regard.

Imagine the effect produced by such replies as these upon minds that were prepared to give credence to the strangest reports. Mignon allowed these to go from mouth to mouth for some months without adding to them. At last he went one day to the curate of Saint-Jacques

at Chinon, told him that affairs at the Ursuline convent had reached a point where he could no longer assume the sole responsibility for the welfare of his flock, and requested him to return with him and pay them a visit. This curate, whose name was Pierre Barré, was in every respect the man whom Mignon needed to carry on an affair of this sort successfully; he was an exalted, melancholy dreamer, ready to undertake anything likely to increase his fame for asceticism and piety. He determined at once to invest his visit with all the solemnity, befitting so momentous a crisis, and to that end, he betook himself to Loudun at the head of his parishioners, whom he led thither in procession, making the journey on foot in order to create a greater sensation; but it was quite unnecessary; the town would have been in a ferment for less than that.

Mignon and Barré entered the convent, while the faithful scattered among the churches, praying that the exorcisms might accomplish their purpose. They remained six hours closeted with the nuns; then Barré came out and informed his parishioners that they might return to Chinon without him, for that he proposed to remain at Loudun to assist the worshipful director of the convent in the pious task he had undertaken. He then enjoined upon them to pray morning and evening with all the fervor at their command, that in this affair, God's cause, which was so seriously compromised therein, might triumph.

This injunction, which was unaccompanied by any further explanation, redoubled the universal curiosity; it was whispered from one to another that it was not one or two nuns only, but the whole convent, that were possessed. And now the name of the magician who had cast the spell upon them began to be spoken aloud; it

was Urbain Grandier they said, whom Satan had won over by playing upon his pride, and who had, in order to become the most learned man on earth, entered into a compact whereby he had sold his soul. In fact Urbain's knowledge was so far above that of the average citizen of Loudun, that many had no difficulty in believing what was rumored on this subject; some, however, shrugged their shoulders at all these absurdities, and laughed at the mummery, of which they saw only the ridiculous side.

Mignon and Barré repeated their visit to the nuns for ten or twelve days, and remained with them always from four to six hours, sometimes the whole day. At last, on Monday, October 11, 1632, they wrote to the curate of Venier, to Messire Guillaume Cerisay of La Guerinière, bailiff of the Loudenois, and to Messire Louis Chauvet, civil lieutenant, begging them to pay a visit to the Ursuline convent, to examine two nuns possessed of evil spirits, and to certify to the extraordinary and almost incredible effects of such possession. Being appealed to in this way the two magistrates could not avoid complying with the request; moreover they shared the general curiosity, and were not sorry of the opportunity to ascertain for themselves how much to believe of the reports which had been for some time current in the town. They therefore went to the convent to be present at the exorcisms, and to authorize them if they deemed the possession genuine, or stop the performance of the comedy if they deemed the possession spurious.

As they reached the door Mignon came forward to meet them, arrayed in alb and stole, and said that the nuns had been tormented by spectres and frightful visions for a fortnight, and that as a result the mother

superior and two other nuns had been visibly possessed by evil spirits for eight or ten days; that these evil spirits had finally been expelled from their bodies by the united efforts of Barré and himself, and several Carmelites, who had volunteered to lend a hand against the common enemy; but that during the preceding night, Sunday, the tenth of the month, the superior, Jeanne de Belfield, and a lay sister named Jeanne Dumagnoux were tormented afresh, and their bodies re-occupied by the same devils. Thereupon his exorcisms had disclosed that this was caused by a new compact, of which the symbol and token was a bouquet of roses, as the symbol and token of the first was three black thorns. He added that the devils did not choose to give their names during the first possession, but that they were at last forced to do so by his exorcisms, and the one who had resumed possession of the mother superior was Astaroth, one of God's most powerful enemies; the one whose dealings were with the lay sister was a devil of a lower order called Sabulon. Unfortunately, said Mignon, the two victims were at rest at that moment, and he therefore requested the bailiff and the civil lieutenant to postpone their visit to some future time. They were about to withdraw when a nun came to inform them that the torments had begun anew; consequently they ascended with Mignon and the curate of Venier to an upper room provided with seven beds, only two of which were occupied, one by the superior and one by the lay sister. The superior, whose affliction was deemed to be of the greater importance, was surrounded by several Carmelites, by the inmates of the convent, Mathurin Rousseau, priest and canon of Sainte-Croix, and Mannouri, a surgeon of the town.

The two magistrates had no sooner joined the company

than the superior was seized with violent convulsions, performed strange contortions, and uttered cries exactly like those made by a sucking-pig. The two magistrates were gazing at her in profound astonishment, when she increased their stupefaction tenfold by burying herself in her bed and then leaping out of it entirely, with gestures and grimaces so diabolical, that, if they did not believe in the possession they must have admired the way it was feigned. Thereupon Mignon said to them that although the superior had no knowledge of Latin, she would, if they wished, reply in that tongue to the questions he put to her. The magistrates replied that they were there to examine into the fact of the possession, and that they therefore looked to the exorcist to furnish them with all possible proofs thereof. Mignon then approached the superior, and having commanded absolute silence, he first put his two fingers in his mouth, and after going through all the forms of exorcism set out in the ritual, proceeded to propound his questions: we give them here word for word.

Q. Propter quam causam ingressus es in corpus hujus virginis? (Why did you enter the body of this maiden?)

R. Causa animos itates. (Because of enmity to her.)

Q. Per quod pactum? (By what compact?)

R. Per flores. (By flowers.)

Q. Quales? (What flowers?)

R. Rosas. (Roses.)

Q. Quis misit? (Who sent you?)

At this question the magistrates noticed a hesitating movement on the part of the superior; twice she opened her mouth to reply, but not till the third time did she say in a weak voice:

R. Urbanus. (Urbain.)

Q. Dic cognomen? (Tell his surname.)

Here the possessed hesitated again; but, as if compelled by the exorcist, she answered:

R. Grandier.

Q. Dic qualitatem? (What is his profession?)

R. Sacerdos. (He is a priest.)

Q. Cujus ecclesiae? (At what church?)

R. Sancti-Petri. (Saint-Pierre.)

Q. Quae persona attulit flores? (Who brought the flowers?)

R. Diabolica. (One sent by the devil.)

These last words were hardly out of her mouth when the possessed returned to her senses, fell a praying, and tried to eat a bit of bread which was handed her, but rejected it at once, saying that she could not swallow it, it was so dry. They then brought her liquid food, and she ate some of it, but very little, being in a constant state of dread of a return of the convulsions.

Thereupon the bailiff and the civil lieutenant, seeing that nothing more was to be expected from her withdrew to a window-recess, and began to talk together in undertones. Mignon, who feared that they were not sufficiently enlightened, at once went to them, and observed that there was something in the present case which resembled the case of Gaufredi, who had been executed a few years before by virtue of a decree of the parliament of Aix in Provence. This remark disclosed Mignon's real object so clearly and so bunglingly, that neither the bailiff nor the civil lieutenant made any reply; the latter simply said to the exorcist that he was surprised that he did not question the superior closely as to the cause of the *enmity*, of which she spoke in her replies, and which it was so important to understand; but Mignon excused himself by saying that he was forbidden to ask questions

from mere curiosity. The civil lieutenant was on the point of insisting when the lay sister relieved Mignon from his embarrassment by going into convulsions in her turn. The magistrates at once went to her bedside, and directed Mignon to put to her the same questions as to the superior. But the exorcist questioned her in vain; he could get nothing from her but these words: "To the other! to the other!"

Mignon explained her refusal to reply by saying that the devil in her body was of an inferior order, and referred exorcists to Astaroth, who was his superior. As this explanation, good or bad, was all they could obtain from Mignon, they withdrew, prepared a report of what they had seen and heard, and signed it without indulging in any comments thereon.

But there were few people in the town who showed as much circumspection in that regard as the magistrates. The pious folk believed, and the hypocrites pretended to believe; but the more worldly people, and there were many of them, looked at the matter of possession from all sides, and did not hesitate to express their utter incredulity. They wondered, and, it must be confessed, with good reason, that the devils were expelled for two days only, and pretended to yield their ground, only to resume possession of it, to the confusion of the exorcists. They wondered why it was that the superior's devil spoke Latin, while the lay sister's seemed entirely ignorant of that language, for the higher rank which he occupied in the diabolic hierarchy did not seem to afford a sufficient explanation of his more advanced education. Lastly Mignon's disinclination to pursue the examination as to the cause of hatred, made them suspicious that Astaroth, for all his apparent learning, had got to the end of his

Latin, and was not anxious to continue the dialogue in the Ciceronian idiom. Moreover, it was well known that, as we have said, a conference of Urbain's bitterest enemies had taken place at the village of Puidardane; it was considered, too, that Mignon was altogether too hasty in speaking of the priest Gaufredi who was executed at Aix; lastly it seemed desirable that monks of some other order than the Carmelite, which had a private cause of quarrel with Grandier, should have been summoned to attend the exorcising exercises. All this reasoning, we must admit, seemed very plausible.

On the following day, October 12, the bailiff and the civil lieutenant, having learned that the exorcisms had begun again without notice to them, sent for the canon Rousseau, and returned to the convent, accompanied by him and by their clerk. They summoned Mignon, and pointed out to him that the matter was of such urgent importance, that it must in no event be carried any farther except in the presence of the authorities, and that they must be summoned thereafter to attend every *séance*. They added that his position as spiritual director of pious nuns might draw upon him, Mignon, whose hatred of Grandier was so notorious, suspicions of suggestions ill-befitting his cloth, suspicions which he, first of all, should desire to see dispelled as soon as possible; and that, for these reasons, exorcists would be designated by the court to continue the work he had so piously begun.

Mignon informed the magistrates that he would never object to their presence at the exorcisms, but that he could not promise them that the devils would reply to any others than himself and Barré. As it happened, Barré himself appeared at that moment, even more pale and gloomy than usual, and announced to the magistrates, with the air of a man who expects to be believed, that

some most extraordinary things had occurred before they arrived. They inquired what these things were, and Barré replied that he had learned from the superior that she had, not one, but seven devils in her body, of whom Astaroth was the chief; that Grandier had given the pact made between him and the devil under the symbol of a bunch of roses, to one Jean Pivart, who put it in the hands of a maiden, and she threw it over the wall into the garden of the convent; that this took place during the night of Saturday to Sunday, *hora secunda nocturna*, that is to say, two hours after midnight. Those were the very words she had used; but, although she named Jean Pivart, she absolutely refused to give the name of the girl. Being questioned as to who this Pivart was, she replied: "*Pauper magus*," that is, a poor sorcerer; he then pressed her as to the word *magus*, and she replied: "*Magicianus et civis*,"—magician and citizen. Just at that point the magistrates arrived and the *séance* came to an end.

The civil lieutenant and the bailiff listened to this narrative with the gravity befitting men entrusted with high judicial functions, and declared to Mignon and Barré their purpose to visit the possessed women, so that they might judge with their own eyes of the miraculous things that were taking place. The two exorcists offered no opposition, but said that they feared the devils were fatigued, and that it was possible that they would refuse to reply. Indeed, when they entered the room, the two victims seemed to have recovered their calmness in some degree. Mignon took advantage of the fact to say mass, to which the magistrates listened devoutly and tranquilly; for the devils would not dare to stir while the ceremony was in progress. It was thought that they might give some signs of opposition at the elevation of the host, but,

on the contrary, it all passed off as quietly as possible, the lay sister, it is true, experienced a violent trembling of the feet and hands, but this was the only thing that was observed that morning, worthy of mention in the report. Barré and Mignon promised, however, that if the magistrates would return about three o'clock, the devils would have renewed their vigor in the interval, and would probably give a second performance.

As it was the purpose of the judges to see the end of the affair they returned to the convent at the hour named, accompanied by Messire Irénée de Sainte-Marthe, and Monsieur Deshumeaux, and found the room filled with spectators. The exorcists kept their word; the devils were at work.

The superior, as always, was the more afflicted of the two, and it was very natural that it should be so, as she had according to her own statement, seven devils in her body; she was in terrible convulsions, writhing, and foaming at the mouth as if she had gone mad. Such a state of things could not endure without very real danger to her health; Barré therefore asked the devil when he would take his departure.

"*Cras manè*" (to-morrow morning) he replied.

The exorcist thereupon insisted upon knowing why he would not go at once.

"*Pactum,*" (because of the compact,) muttered the superior. "*Sacerdos,*" (a priest,) she added, and lastly, "*finis*" or "*finit*;" even those who were nearest her could not hear distinctly; the devil, doubtless from fear of perpetrating a barbarism spoke between the nun's tightly closed teeth.

These were decidedly unsatisfactory explanations, and the magistrates demanded that the examination should go on, but the devils were done, and refused to say anything

more; in vain did they seek to open their mouths by the most powerful exorcisms; they obstinately persisted in their silence. The blessed pyx was then held over the superior's head, and they accompanied the act with prayers and litanies, but all to no purpose; some of those present claimed, however, that the superior's excitement seemed to increase whenever they uttered the names of certain saints, as for instance those of Saint-Augustin, Saint-Jerôme, Saint-Antoine and Sainte Marie-Madeleine. When the prayers and litanies were concluded Barré bade the superior to say that she gave her heart and soul to God, which she did without difficulty; but it was different when he bade her say that she gave Him her body also; for at that moment the devil that possessed her indicated by renewed convulsions that he would not be driven from his abode unresistingly, which augmented the curiosity of those who had heard him say, against his will no doubt, that he would take his departure the next morning. However, in spite of the devil's stubborn resistance, the superior ended by giving her body to God, as she had already given her heart and soul; and having emerged victorious from this last struggle, she resumed her ordinary expression, and said smilingly to Barré, as if nothing had happened, "that there was no more Satan left in her."

The civil lieutenant then asked her if she remembered the questions that had been put to her, and her replies, but she replied that she remembered nothing. Soon after, having in the meantime taken some nourishment, she told all who were present that she remembered perfectly how the first spell, over which Mignon had already triumphed, came upon her; it was when she was in bed, about ten in the evening and at a moment when there were several nuns in her room; she felt someone take

one of her hands, place something therein, and close her fingers upon it; at the same instant she felt something like three sharp pin-pricks; she shrieked, and when the nuns came to her, she held out her hand to them, and they found in it three black thorns, each of which had made a little wound.

At that moment, as if to preclude all hostile comment, the lay sister went into convulsions. Barré began his prayers and exorcisms, but had uttered only a word or two when a loud shriek was heard among the bystanders; one of them had seen a black cat come down the chimney and disappear. No one had any doubt that it was the devil, and they all set out in pursuit of him. They found great difficulty in getting their hands on him, however, as the poor beast, terrified by the great number of people and the noise, had taken refuge on top of a canopy. He was caught at last and taken to the superior's bed, where Barré began to exorcise him, covering him with signs of the cross, and addressing divers obtestations to him, but one of the attendants opportunely came forward and declared that the alleged devil was no other than her cat, and she at once took possession of him for fear that he might come to harm.

The assemblage was on the point of dispersing, and Barré, realizing that this last incident might bring ridicule upon the presence of the devils, determined to renew the wholesome terror of that presence by announcing his purpose to burn the flowers through which the second spell was cast upon the nuns. He took a bunch of withered roses, and, calling for a chafing-dish, threw the bouquet into the fire. To the great astonishment of all the onlookers the flowers were consumed without any of the portents which ordinarily accompany an operation of that sort; the sky remained clear, there was

no thunder or lightning, and no bad odor was diffused through the room. As this commonplace destruction of the compact seemed to produce a bad effect, Barré promised miraculous things for the next day; he said that the devil would speak more plainly than he had yet done, that he would come out of the superior's body, and would give such indubitable signs of his coming out, that no one could entertain any farther doubt of the reality of the possession. Thereupon the criminal lieutenant, Réné Hervê, who was present at this last performance, said to Barré, that he ought to take advantage of the opportunity to question the demon in reference to Pivart, who was quite unknown at Loudun, where everybody knew everybody else.

Barré replied in Latin: "*Et hoc dicet et puellam nominabit,*" which, being interpreted, means: "He will tell that and will also name the maiden."

The maiden whom the devil was to name was, as the reader will remember, the one who brought the roses, and whose identity he had hitherto obstinately declined to divulge. Upon the strength of these promises, everyone returned home, there to wait impatiently for the morrow.

That same evening Grandier called upon the bailiff. At first he had laughed at the exorcisms, for the fable seemed to him so ill-constructed, and the accusation so monstrous, that he was not at all disturbed. But when he saw what importance the affair was assuming, and what a wealth of hatred his enemies were expending upon it, the example of the priest Gaufredi, cited by Mignon, came to his mind also, and he resolved to meet his adversaries halfway. He called upon the, bailiff, in consequence of his determination, to lodge a complaint. It was founded upon the fact that Mignon had

exorcised the nuns in presence of the civil lieutenant, the bailiff, and a great number of others, and had, before them all, caused the pretended demoniacs to name him as the author of their possession by devils; all of which was rank imposture and a slanderous imputation upon his honor. He therefore begged the bailiff, whose jurisdiction extended to such matters, to remove the nuns who were said to be possessed, and cause them to be interrogated separately. If any evidence that they were possessed should then appear, he would request the magistrate to appoint ecclesiastics of rank and of undoubted probity, who, having no reason for wishing ill to him, the petitioner, would be less open to suspicion than Mignon and his adherents; the persons so appointed to exorcise the nuns if need were. He also called upon the bailiff to prepare an accurate report of whatever might take place at the exorcisms, so that he, the petitioner, could take such steps thereafter as he thought proper.

The bailiff gave Grandier a statement of his conclusions, and informed him that it was Barré who conducted the exorcisms that day, being directed so to do, as he claimed, by the Bishop of Poitiers himself. As he was a man of good sense, as we have seen, and bore Grandier no ill-will, he advised him to apply to his bishop, who unluckily was the same Bishop of Poitiers, who was already prejudiced against him, and bore him a bitter grudge for having procured the reversal of his judgment by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Grandier was not deceived as to the probability that the prelate would be unfavorable to him, and he resolved to wait until the next day to see what occurred.

The day so impatiently awaited by everybody arrived at last. The bailiff, the civil lieutenant, the criminal

lieutenant, the *procureur du roi*, and the lieutenant of the provost's court, followed by the clerks of both jurisdictions, presented themselves at the convent about eight o'clock in the morning; they found the outer door open, but the second one closed. After a few moments Mignon opened the door, and escorted them into a parlor. He told them that the nuns were preparing to attend communion, and begged them to withdraw to a house across the way, promising to send for them when it should be time for them to return. They did as he asked, after advising him of Urbain's request.

An hour passed, and as Mignon, apparently forgetful of his promise, did not send for them, they went in a body to the chapel of the convent, where they understood that the exorcising was to take place on that day. The nuns had left the choir, and Barré appeared at the grating with Mignon, and informed them that they had exorcised the two afflicted women, who, by virtue of their adjurations, were now delivered from the evil spirits. They added that they had been working in concert since seven in the morning, and that marvelous things had come to pass, of which they had prepared a certificate, but that they did not think it best to admit any others than the exorcists themselves to the performance.

The bailiff reminded them not only that this mode of procedure was illegal, but that, in the eyes of those who were prejudiced in favor of neither side, it laid them open to suspicion of falsehood and collusion; for, inasmuch as the superior accused Grandier publicly, she should be obliged to renew her accusation, and fortify it publicly, not in secret; and it was extremely impertinent on their part to request the attendance of persons of their character and station, and then keep them waiting

an hour, only to say to them at the end of that time that they did not deem them worthy to be present at the exorcism at which they had requested their presence. He said, further, that he should draw up a report of this strange discrepancy between their promises and their performance, as had been done on the two preceding days.

Mignon replied that Barré and he had no other object than the expulsion of the demons; that they had succeeded in effecting it, and that the result would redound to the good of the holy Catholic religion, because, seizing the opportunity afforded by the power they had obtained over the demons, they had ordered them to bring to pass within the week some striking, miraculous event, which would throw so brilliant a light upon the sorcery of Urbain Grandier, and the deliverance of the nuns, that no one henceforth would cast doubt upon the genuineness of the possession.

The magistrates prepared a report of what had taken place, and of the remarks of Barré and Mignon, and it was signed by all save the criminal lieutenant, who declared that he had perfect confidence in the truth of what the exorcists said, and did not wish to contribute to increase the doubts which were already too prevalent among worldly people.

On the same day the bailiff secretly notified Urbain of the criminal lieutenant's refusal to sign the report with the others. This intelligence reached him just as he learned that his adversaries had enlisted a new recruit, a certain Monsieur Réné Memen, Seigneur de Silly, and major of the town. This gentleman had much influence, as well by reason of his wealth, as of several offices that he held, and most of all through his friends, among whom was the cardinal-duke himself, to

whom he had formerly rendered some service when he was only a prior.

Thus the conspiracy began to wear an alarming aspect, and Grandier could no longer postpone his preparations to meet and fight it. Recalling his conversation with the bailiff the night before, and looking upon what that functionary said as a suggestion to him to apply to the Bishop of Poitiers, he left Loudun to seek that prelate in his country house at Dissay, whither he was accompanied by a priest of Loudun named Jean Buron. But the bishop, anticipating his visit, had already taken his measures, and his *maître d'hôtel*, one Dupuis, informed Grandier that his eminence was ill. Grandier thereupon applied to his almoner, and begged him to inform the prelate that his purpose in coming was to present the reports prepared by the magistrates of the recent occurrences at the Ursuline convent, and to enter a complaint of the slanders and accusations against him, which were in circulation.

The almoner when appealed to so urgently could not refuse to deliver Grandier's message; but he returned an instant later to say, by the bishop's direction, and in presence of Dupuis, Buron and Monsieur Labrasse, that his eminence requested him to make his application to the king's judges, and most earnestly wished that he might obtain justice in the premises.

Grandier saw that he had been forewarned, and became more conscious than ever that the plot was closing around him; but he was not the man to take a step backward on that account. He went directly back to Loudun, and applied again to the bailiff; he told him the result of his journey to Dissay, reiterated his complaints of the slanderous statements that were constantly being made concerning him, and besought him to bring

the affair before the king's courts, demanding to be placed under the protection of the king and the safeguard of the law, because such charges affected his honor and his life at the same time. The bailiff readily gave him a certificate of his protest, together with a document prohibiting every person from speaking ill of him, or doing aught to injure him.

By virtue of this document, the rôles were changed; from being the accuser Mignon became the accused. With audacity born of the feeling that he was powerfully supported, he called upon the bailiff the same day, in order to say to him, that, although denying his jurisdiction—since Grandier and he, as priests within the diocese of Poitiers, were answerable to their bishop alone—he protested against Grandier's complaint, which charged him with being a slanderer, and declared that he was ready to go to prison, so that all the world might know that he had no fear of an investigation. He went on to say that he took a solemn oath the day before on the holy sacrament, in the presence of his parishioners who were present at the blessed sacrifice of the mass, that what he had done up to that moment, he had not been influenced to do by hatred of Grandier, but by love for the truth, and for the greater glory of the Catholic faith, all of which he caused the bailiff to furnish him with a certificate, and served notice upon Grandier the same day.

Since October 13, the day on which the demons were driven forth by the exorcists, everything had been quiet at the convent. But Grandier did not allow himself to be thrown off his guard by this deceptive tranquillity; he knew his enemies too well to believe that they would stop there, and when the bailiff spoke of this interval of repose, he replied that the nuns were learning new

parts, with a view to resuming their performances with more assurance than ever. And so it proved. On November 22, Mannouri, the surgeon of the convent, was sent to one of his professional brethren, Gaspard Joubert, to request him to come to the convent with the other physicians in the town, to visit two nuns who were still afflicted by evil spirits. This time Mannouri made an injudicious selection; Doctor Joubert was a loyal, outspoken man, incapable of fraud; he was determined not to have any connection with the affair except in a lawful, open way, and he went at once to the bailiff to inquire if he had ordered him to be summoned. The bailiff replied in the negative and sent for Mannouri to learn who sent him to Joubert. Mannouri said that the doorkeeper of the convent came to his house in a great fright, and told him that the possessed nuns had never been so afflicted as they then were, and that Mignon, then director, desired his immediate presence at the convent with as many of the physicians and surgeons of the town as he could get together.

The bailiff, who saw in this event fresh machinations against Grandier, at once sent for him, and informed him that Barré had returned from Chinon the day before to renew his exorcisms, and that rumors were already current in the town that the superior and Sister Claire were again beset by evil spirits.

This information neither astonished nor discouraged Grandier. He replied with his customary disdainful smile, that he saw that it was some new scheme of his enemies, that he had already complained of the first at court, and should at once take the same course in regard to this; but that, as he recognized the bailiff's impartiality, he urged him again to go to the convent with physicians and officers of the law, and attend the

exorcisms, so that if they should see any indications of genuine possession, they might sequester the nuns, and cause them to be questioned by others than Mignon and Barré, whose good faith he had such legitimate grounds for suspecting.

The bailiff wrote to the *procureur du roi*, who, notwithstanding his ill-will to Grandier, was unable to come to any other conclusion than the bailiff; and, having reduced his conclusions to writing, he at once sent his clerk to the convent to inquire of Mignon and Barré whether the superior was still possessed by a devil. If they replied in the affirmative, he was instructed to warn them that they were forbidden to proceed with their exorcisms in secret, that they were ordered to notify the bailiff when they proposed so to do, in order that he might be present with such officers and physicians as he chose to bring with him; that they would disobey at their peril, and that Grandier's demand for the sequestration of the nuns and for the employment of other exorcists would then be granted.

Mignon and Barré listened while the clerk read his instructions, and replied that they did not recognize the bailiff's jurisdiction in the affair; that they had been summoned by the superior and Sister Claire to help them when their strange disease returned upon them—a disease which they deemed to be possession by evil spirits—and that they had performed their exorcisms hitherto by virtue of the Bishop of Poitiers' commission, and that, as that commission had not yet expired, they would continue to do so at such times and as often as they pleased; that they had, however, advised the worthy prelate of the state of affairs, so that he might come himself, or send such other exorcists as he thought best, to decide formally the fact of the possession, which the

ungodly and incredulous dared to treat as knavery and delusion, to the great scorn of the glory of God and the Catholic religion. They added that they would offer no obstacle to the bailiff and other officers, accompanied by physicians, seeing the nuns, pending the bishop's reply, which they hoped to receive the next day; that it was for the nuns themselves to open their doors to them if they thought best, but that, for their own part, they renewed their protest, declaring that they did not recognize the bailiff as their judge, and did not consider that he was within his right to oppose the execution of an order of their superiors, either in the matter of exorcisms, or in any other matter properly cognizable by the ecclesiastical tribunals.

The clerk reported this reply to the bailiff, who chose to await the arrival of the bishop, or of such new orders as he might send, and so postponed his visit to the convent until the morrow.

The morrow arrived and nothing was heard of the arrival of the bishop or of any one sent by him. In the morning the bailiff presented himself at the convent, but was refused admission. He waited patiently until midday, and at that hour, no word having arrived from Dissay, and the doors still remaining closed to him, he granted another of Grandier's requests, to this effect—that Barré and Mignon should be forbidden to put questions to the superior and the other nuns, tending to defame the petitioner or any other person.

This order was served upon Barré and upon one nun for all the others. Barré, declining to be intimidated by this proceeding, continued to reply that the bailiff had no power to prevent the execution of his bishop's orders, and declared that he would thenceforth go on with his exorcisms according to the advice of ecclesiastica,

and would summon no laymen to attend them, as their incredulity and impatience continually interfered with the solemnity essential for functions of that sort.

Three-fourths of the day having elapsed without a sign of the bishop or of any messenger from him, Grandier in the evening presented a new petition to the bailiff. He immediately summoned the officers of the bailiwick, and the crown attorneys, in order to communicate it to them. But these last refused to take cognizance of it, declaring upon their honor, that, while they did not charge Grandier with the responsibility for the sad fact, they believed that the nuns were really possessed, being forced to that belief by the testimony of the pious churchmen who were present at the exorcisms. Such was the ostensible reason for their refusal; the true reason was that the advocate was a kinsman of Mignon, and the *procureur* the son-in-law of Trinquant, whom he succeeded in that office. Thus Grandier, with all the ecclesiastical magistrates against him, began to feel that he was half-convicted in advance by the royal judges, who had but one step more to take, from recognizing the fact of possession, to recognizing the magician.

Nevertheless, the declarations of the advocate and *procureur du roi* being duly drawn up and signed, the bailiff ordered the superior and lay sister to be removed from the convent to the houses of citizens, each of them to be accompanied by a nun, and to be attended during their attacks by their exorcists and by women of honesty and good repute, as well as by such physicians and other persons as he should himself assign to that duty, forbidding all others to go near them without permission.

The clerk was sent to the convent with instructions to communicate this order to the nuns. But the superior,

when it was read to her, replied for the whole community as well as for herself, that she did not recognize the bailiff's jurisdiction; that there was a commission from the Bishop of Poitiers, dated November 18, setting forth his commands in this affair, and that she was ready to place a copy of it in the bailiff's hands, so that he could not plead ignorance of it; that, as to being removed from the convent, she would never consent to it, because it would violate the vow of perpetual seclusion she had made, and which no one but the bishop could relieve her from. She made this protest in the presence of Madame de Charnisay, maternal aunt of two nuns, and of the surgeon Mannouri, who was related to another, and they both joined her in it, protesting against any attempt of the bailiff to proceed as a crime, and declaring that they would in that case bring an action against him as an individual. This protest was drawn up and signed on the spot, and taken by the clerk to the bailiff, who ordered preparations to be made to carry out the sequestration, and announced that on the next day, November 25, he would go to the convent to be present at the exorcism.

At the appointed hour on the following morning, he summoned Daniel Roger, Vincent de Faux, Gaspard Joubert, and Matthieu Fansou, physicians all, and after telling them for what purpose he had called them together, he requested them to observe with great care the two nuns he should point out to them, and seek to determine with absolute impartiality, whether their affliction was feigned, or whether it was due to natural or supernatural causes. That said, he went with them to the convent.

They were taken into the chapel, and stationed near the altar, separated by a grating from the choir in which

the nuns sang; the superior was brought in a moment later upon a little bed, and set down in front of the grating.

Barré thereupon said mass, and during all the time that it lasted the superior was in violent convulsions. She twisted her arms and her hands, her fingers were tightly clenched, her cheeks swollen beyond measure, and she rolled her eyes so that only the whites could be seen.

When the mass was at an end, Barré approached her to administer communion, and exorcise the devil within her. Holding the sacrament in his hand, he said:

"*Adora Deum tuum, creatorem tuum.*" (Adore thy God, thy Creator.)

For an instant the superior did not reply as if she experienced great difficulty in uttering this declaration of love. At last she replied:

"*Adoro te.*" (I adore Thee.)

"*Quem adoras?*" (Whom dost thou adore?)

"*Jesus Christus*" (Jesus Christ) replied the superior, who was not aware that the verb *adoro* governs the accusative.

At this blunder, which no sixth-form boy would have made, shouts of laughter arose in the choir, and Daniel Douin, the provost's assessor could not resist the temptation to say aloud:

"That devil isn't very strong on his active verbs."

But Barré noticed the bad effect produced by the superior's nominative, and at once asked her:

"*Quis est iste quem adoras?*" (Who is it whom thou adorest?)

He hoped that the sufferer would say *Jesus Christus* again, as she did the first time; but he was disappointed.

"*Jesu Christe,*" she replied.

At this second infraction of the first rules of syntax, the laughter was louder than ever, and several voices cried:

"Ah! Monsieur l'Exorciste, that's wretched Latin!"

Barré pretended not to hear, and asked her the name of the demon who had taken possession of her. But the poor superior, alarmed on her own account by the unexpected effect of her last two replies, was dumb for a long while, and at last with great difficulty, uttered the name *Asmodeus*, not venturing to latinize it. The exorcist then inquired as to the number of devils she had in her body. She readily replied: "*Sex*" (six).

The bailiff thereupon ordered Barré to ask the devil how many companions he had; this question had been anticipated, and the nun quickly answered: "*Quinque*" (five), which rehabilitated Asmodeus somewhat in the opinion of the spectators. But when the bailiff adjured the superior to repeat in Greek what she had just said in Latin she made no reply, and upon a repetition of the demand she at once resumed her natural state.

The superior had concluded her performance for the moment, and a little nun was brought forward, it being her first appearance in public. She began by pronouncing Grandier's name twice, laughing uproariously, and then said, turning to the spectators:

"All of you together can do nothing of any consequence."

It was very clear that not much of value was to be gleaned from this new subject, so she was spirited away at once, and in her place Sister Claire was produced, the lay sister who had previously made her début in the superior's apartment.

She was no sooner in the choir than she groaned

URBAIN GRANDIER

The exorcism of the nuns at the convent of Saint-Ursula.

aloud; but when they placed her on the little bed, on which the superior was exorcised, and the other sister, she too seemed to be overcome with laughter, and cried:

"Grandier, Grandier! you must buy them at the market!"

Barré at once declared that these unmeaning words were proof positive that she was possessed, and he went up to her to exorcise her; but Sister Claire was rebellious, she was apparently inclined to spit it in the exorcists' face, put out her tongue at him, and accompanied these demonstrations with divers immodest gestures and a verb to correspond with them; which said verb being French, everyone could understand it, and no interpretation was necessary.

The exorcist thereupon bade her name the demon who was in her, and she said: "Grandier." He repeated his question to show her that she had made a mistake, and she then named the demon Elimi; but nothing he could say would induce her to tell how many devils bore him company. When he saw that she would not furnish that information, Barré asked her:

"*Quo pacto ingressus est dæmon?*" (By what compact did the demon gain entrance?)

"*Duplex*" (double), Claire replied.

This horror of the oblative, although the oblative in that connection was a necessity, provoked a fresh explosion of mirth throughout the audience, proving as it did that Sister Claire's demon was as poor a latinist as the superior's. Barré, fearing some further blunders on the part of the demons, thereupon declared the *séance* closed, to be resumed at a later day.

The hesitating replies of the nuns, demonstrating as they did to every well-meaning person the utter absurdity of the comedy that was being played, encouraged

the bailiff to go on with the affair to the end. Consequently, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he presented himself at the superior's room, accompanied by his clerk, by several judges, and by a considerable number of the leading citizens of Loudun. He informed Barré that his purpose in coming was to separate the superior from Sister Claire, and so that each of them should be dealt with by herself. Barré dared not make any opposition before so many witnesses; so the superior was put by herself, and the exorcisms were renewed, the result being that she was at once attacked by convulsions similar to those of the morning, except that her feet were twisted into the shape of hooks, which had not happened before. The exorcist after several invocations made her say her prayers, and then asked her again the number and names of the demons who possessed her; she replied three times that there was one named Achaos. The bailiff then required Barré to inquire whether she was possessed *ex pacto magi, aut ex purâ voluntate Dei*, that is to say by reason of a compact with a sorcerer, or purely because God so willed. The superior replied:

"*Non est voluntas Dei*" (it is not God's will); but Barré, apprehensive of what he might be required to ask next, at once went on with his own questions, and asked her who the sorcerer was.

"*Urbanus*," was the reply.

"*Estne Urbanus papa?*" (Is it Pope Urbain?) the exorcist asked.

"*Grandier*," the superior replied.

"*Quare ingressus es in corpus hujus puellæ?*" (Why did you enter this woman's body?) continued Barré.

"*Propter præsentiam tuam.*" (Because of thy presence).

At this point the bailiff interposed, seeing that there was no reason to anticipate any end to the dialogue if it were allowed to continue between Barré and the superior; he demanded that she should be asked certain questions to be suggested by himself and the other officers, promising, if she would reply fairly to three or four of them, he and they who were with him would be ready to believe in the presence of the demon, and to attest their belief in writing. Barré accepted the challenge; but unluckily the superior came to her senses at that moment, and as it was getting late, they all withdrew.

On the following day, November 25, the bailiff with the majority of the officers of the two jurisdictions repaired once more to the convent, and was admitted with his companions to the choir. They had been there some moments when the curtains at the grating were drawn aside, and disclosed the superior lying on her bed. Barré began as usual by saying mass; during the ceremony the victim was in violent convulsions, and said two or three times: "Grandier! Grandier! false priest!"

When the mass was finished the exorcist passed behind the grating with the pyx, placed it above his head, and, holding it in that position, solemnly declared that he acted from motives of the purest integrity, and that he had no purpose to injure any person on earth; and he adjured God to bring him to confusion if he had been guilty of any bad action, collusion, or undue persuasion toward the nuns during the whole inquiry.

Behind him came the Prior of the Carmelites, who made the same declaration and swore the same oath, with the pyx held over his head; he went on to say, that in his own name and in the names of all his brethren, he invoked the curse of Dathan and Abiram upon

their heads if they had committed any sin throughout the affair.

This action did not produce the salutary effect anticipated by the exorcists, and some of those present said aloud that such invocations strongly resembled sacrilege.

Barré, hearing the muttering, made haste to go on with his exorcisms.

This time he began by approaching the superior in order to administer communion to her; but when she saw him coming she went into terrible convulsions, and tried to snatch the pyx from his hands. Barré, however, succeeded, with the assistance of blessed words, in overcoming her apparent repulsion for him, and put the host in her mouth, but she at once put it away with her tongue. He held it with his fingers, and forbade the demon to make the superior vomit; she then tried to swallow the consecrated bread, but complained that it stuck in her palate or her throat. At last, in order to force it down, Barré made her take a swallow of water three times, and then began to question the demon, as he had done on the preceding occasions.

"*Per quod pactum, ingressus es in corpus hujis puellæ?*" (In pursuance of what compact didst thou enter into the body of this maiden?)

"*Aqua*" (water), the superior replied.

The bailiff had with him a Scotchman named Strahan, who was the principal of the Reformed college at Loudun. When he heard this reply he suggested to the demon to say the word *aqua* in the Scotch language, declaring that if he would afford that proof of the knowledge of languages, which is the principal prerogative of evil spirits, he and all the other spectators would be convinced that there was no collusion, and that the possession was genuine.

Barré seemed not at all embarrassed, and replied that he would do it if God chose to permit it; at the same time he ordered the demon to reply in Scotch, but the order, although twice repeated, was not obeyed, and at the third repetition the superior rejoined:

"*Nimia curiositas.*" (Too much curiosity).

The question being asked again, she added:

"*Deus non volo.*"

Here again the poor devil went astray in his conjugation, using the first person instead of the third, and said, "God I do not wish," which makes no sense at all, instead of "God does not wish," which he meant to say.

The principal of the college was much amused by this nonsense, and proposed to Barré to put his devil to construing with his seventh-form scholars. Barré, instead of accepting the challenge in the devil's behalf, said in substance that they carried their curiosity so far that he thought the devil was justified in declining to reply.

"But you ought to know, Monsieur," said the civil lieutenant, "and if you don't know it, you can learn it from the ritual you hold in your hand, that the ability to speak unfamiliar foreign languages is one of the signs by which genuine possession by a devil is to be recognized, and the power to tell what is happening at a distance is another."

"Monsieur," retorted Barré, "the devil knows this language perfectly well, but doesn't choose to speak it; just as he knows all your sins," he added, "so well, that if you wish me to order him to tell you what they are he will do so."

"You will do me a great favor," said the civil lieutenant, "and with all my heart I beg you to make the experiment."

Thereupon Barré walked toward the nun, as if to

question her concerning the civil lieutenant's sins, but the bailiff stopped him, and pointed out the impropriety of such a proceeding: whereupon Barré said that he had never intended so to do.

But whatever expedients Barré resorted to to distract the attention of the spectators, they persisted in finding out whether the devil was acquainted with foreign languages; and at their instance the bailiff suggested to Barré, instead of the Scotch the Hebrew language, which, being according to the Scripture the most ancient of all tongues, ought certainly to be familiar to the demon unless he had forgotten it. This proposition was received with such general approbation that Barré was obliged to order the demon to say aqua in Hebrew. The poor girl, who had great difficulty in repeating accurately the few Latin words they had taught her, turned away impatiently, saying:

"Ah! it's too much; I retract."*

These words, being heard and repeated by those who were nearest, produced such a bad effect that one of the Carmelite monks cried out that she did not say "*je rends*," but "*zaquav*," a Hebrew word corresponding in meaning to the two Latin words, *effudi aquam*, I threw water about.

But the words "*je rends*" were heard with perfect distinctness, so the monk was jeered at by the whole assemblage, and the sub-prior himself went up to him and reprimanded him publicly for such a falsehood. Thereupon, to cut short discussion, the superior went into convulsions again, and as those who were present knew that her convulsions ordinarily announced the close of the performance, they withdrew, making much sport of a

* *Je rends.*

devil who knew no Hebrew or Scotch, and was so very lame in his Latin.

As the bailiff and the civil lieutenant desired to set at rest all their doubts, if indeed they still doubted, they returned to the convent about three in the afternoon of the same day. They found Barré there, who walked with them three or four times around the park, and in the course of their walk said to the civil lieutenant that he was much surprised to find him sustaining Grandier in this affair, when he had on another occasion conducted proceedings against him by command of the Bishop of Poitiers.

The civil lieutenant replied that he would be quite as ready to do so now if there were occasion for it, but that his only purpose in the present case was to learn the truth, which he had strong hopes of doing.

This reply was anything but satisfactory to Barré; so he took the bailiff aside, and pointed out to him that a man among whose ancestors were several persons of condition, some of whom had held positions of much dignity in the church, and who was himself the highest judicial officer in a town, ought, were it only for example's sake, to show less incredulity in regard to the possession by the devil of a human body, since it would inevitably redound to the greater glory of God, and the good of the Church and the religion.

The bailiff received this overture with marked coldness; he replied that he proposed always to do what the law made it his duty to do, nothing less, whereupon Barré pursued the subject no farther, but requested the magistrates to go up to the superior's apartment.

Just as they entered the room, where a large number of people were already assembled, the superior, spying in Barré's hand the pyx, which he had fetched from the

chapel, at once went into convulsions. Barré went up to her, and having once more asked the demon by what compact he had entered the maiden's body, and received the reply that it was by water, he pursued his examination in these words:

Q. "*Quis finis pacti?*" (What is the object of this compact?)

R. "*Impuritas.*" (Unchastity.)

At that point the bailiff interrupted the exorcist, and ordered him to make the demon say these three words—*finis pacti, impuritas*—in Greek. But the superior, who had succeeded well once with her evasive reply, extricated herself from this dilemma with the same phrase, *nimia curiositas*, with which Barré agreed, saying that their curiosity was really beyond all bounds. Thus the bailiff was compelled to give over his attempt to mak the demon speak Greek, as he had previously been compelled to do, in the case of Scotch and Hebrew. Barré then pursued his examination:

Q. "*Quis attulit pactum?*" (Who brought the compact?)

R. "*Magus.*" (The sorcerer.)

Q. "*Quale nomen magi?*" (What is the sorcerer's name?)

R. "*Urbanus.*" (Urbain.)

Q. "*Quis Urbanus? estne Urbanus papa?*" (What Urbain? the pope?)

R. "*Grandier.*"

Q. "*Cujis qualitatis?*" (What is his profession?)

R. "*Curatus.*"

This new and unknown word imported into the Latin by the devil produced a most striking effect upon the audience; but Barré did not give it time to make all the sensation it deserved to make. He continued:

Q. "*Quis attulit aquam pacti?*" (Who brought the water of the compact?

R. "*Magus.*" (The sorcerer.)

Q. "*Qua hora?*" (At what hour?)

R. "*Septima.*" (The seventh.)

Q. "*An matutina?*" (In the morning?)

R. "*Sero.*" (In the evening.)

Q. "*Quomodo intravit?*" (How did he come in?)

R. "*Janua.*" (Through the door.)

Q. "*Quis vidit?*" (Who saw him?)

R. "*Tres.*" (Three.)

Here Barré paused to confirm the testimony of the devil, and declared that, while he was supping with the superior in her room on the Sunday following her deliverance from the second possession, Mignon, her confessor, and another nun being also present, she showed them, just at seven o'clock, several drops of water on her arm, and they had seen no one who could have put them there. He said that he promptly washed the arm with holy water, and repeated a prayer or two, during which the superior's breviary was twice snatched from her hands and thrown at her feet, and when he stooped to pick it up the second time he received a blow but could not see the hand that dealt it. Mignon then joined in, and confirmed at great length what his coadjutor had said, bringing his discourse to an end with the most terrible imprecations, calling upon the holy sacrament to put him to confusion and destroy him if he did not tell the exact truth. He then dismissed the assemblage with the announcement that he would expel the evil spirit on the next day, and he urged all who heard him to prepare themselves by penitence and self-communion for the contemplation of the marvels that

petitioner protested that he would complain of such action as a denial of justice.

The bailiff wrote at the bottom of the petition that its prayer would be complied with the same day.

Behind Urbain Grandier came the physicians who were present at the exorcisms, bringing their reports. They said therein that they had seen the mother superior's person moving convulsively, but that a single visit was not enough to ascertain the cause of the movements, which were as likely to be natural as supernatural; that they wished to see them and scrutinize them more carefully in order to be able to form their judgment with more certainty, and to that end they requested that they be all permitted to remain with the sufferers several days and nights, without leaving them at all, and to treat them in the presence of the other nuns and some of the magistrates; that it was essential too that they should receive their food and medicines from no hands but theirs, that no one should touch them unless it was done openly, or speak to them except in an audible voice; under such conditions they would undertake to make a faithful and reliable report of the cause of the convulsions.

As it was nine o'clock, the hour at which the exorcisms were to begin, the bailiff repaired at once to the convent, and found Barré saying mass and the superior in convulsions. He entered the chapel just at the moment of the elevation of the host, and noticed among the Catholics, who were all devoutly kneeling, a young man named Dessentier, standing with his head covered. He ordered him to remove his hat, or to leave the place forthwith. Thereupon the superior's convulsions increased in violence, and she cried out that there were Huguenots there, and it was their presence that gave the demon a

great part of his power over her. Barré then asked her how many there were, and she answered two, which proved the devil to be as deficient in arithmetic as in Latin, for beside Dessentier, there were of the Reformed faith in the chapel the counsellor Abraham Gautier, his brother, four of his sisters, L'Elu, René Fourneau, and the procureur Angevin.

To distract the attention of the audience which was directed at that moment to the numerical blunder, Barré asked the superior if it was true that she did not know Latin. She said that she did not know a single word of it, and he commanded her to make oath to that fact upon the holy pyx. She remonstrated at first, saying loud enough to be overheard:

"You make me take terrible oaths, my father, and I fear that God will punish me for them."

But Barré rejoined: "You must take this oath, my daughter, for the glory of God;" and she did so.

At that moment somebody remarked that the superior interpreted the catechism to her pupils, which she denied, admitting, however, that she did interpret the *Pater* and the *Credo*. This interpellation was so embarrassing to her that she concluded to go into convulsions again, but that expedient was only moderately successful, for the bailiff ordered the exorcist to ask her where Grandier was at that moment. As the question was put in accordance with the ritual, which says that one of the proofs of possession by the devil is the power to tell, without seeing them, where the persons are as to whom they are questioned, there was no escape for her from replying, and she said that Grandier was in the great hall of the castle.

"That will prove to be false," said the bailiff aloud, "for before coming here I told Grandier to remain at a certain house, where he can be found at this moment, I

chose to use that means of arriving at the truth, without resorting to sequestration, which is always a difficult thing to put in force in respect to nuns."

He therefore ordered Barré to select certain of the monks then present to go to the castle, accompanied by one of the magistrates and the clerk, Barré selected the Prior of the Carmelites, and the bailiff, Charles Chauvet, assessor of the bailiwick, Ismaël Boulieau, priest, and Pierre Thibaut, clerk, who at once set out on their errand, leaving the rest of the spectators to await their return.

Meanwhile the superior, after the bailiff's last declaration, remained mute, and as she would say nothing for all his exorcisms, Barré ordered Sister Claire to be produced, saying that one devil would excite the other. But the bailiff formally protested, maintaining that the double exorcism could have no other result than to cause confusion, under cover of which suggestions might readily be made to the superior as to this latest phase of the affair; and he insisted that they must await the return of the delegation before proceeding with their invocations.

Reasonable as his contention was, Barré had no idea of yielding to it; for it was of the utmost importance for him, either to get rid, at any cost of the bailiff and the other magistrates who shared his suspicions, or to find some way to mislead them with Sister Claire's assistance. The second nun was brought in, therefore, in the face of the protests of the bailiff and the other officers, who, being unwilling even to seem to countenance such transparent fraud, withdrew, declaring that they neither would nor could look on longer at such a hateful farce. In the courtyard they met the delegation, who had been first to the castle where they went into the great hall, and all the bedrooms without finding Grandier,

and afterwards to the house indicated by the bailiff, where they found the man they sought in company with Père Veret, confessor to the nuns, Mathurin Rousseau, Nicolas Benoît, canon, and Conté, physician, from whom they learned that Grandier had been with them every moment since two o'clock.

This was all the magistrates wished to know, and they therefore took their leave, while the messengers went up and made their report to the assembly, with the result that might have been expected.

Thereupon, a Carmelite monk, wishing to neutralize this unfavorable impression, and thinking that the devil would be more fortunate in his second guess than in the first, asked the superior:

"Where is Grandier now?"

Without the slightest hesitation she replied that he was walking with the bailiff in the church of Sainte-Croix. A second deputation was immediately dispatched to the church of Sainte-Croix, and having found no one there proceeded to the palace, where they found the bailiff giving audience. He had gone directly thither from the convent, and had not even seen Grandier.

That same day the nuns announced that they did not wish the exorcisms performed thereafter in the bailiff's presence, nor in the presence of the officers who usually accompanied him, and that if such witnesses were allowed to attend in future, they would not reply.

In the light of this impudent pronouncement, which threatened the future exclusion from the exorcisms of the only person upon whose impartiality he could rely, Grandier presented a new petition to the bailiff for the sequestration of the nuns. But the bailiff, not daring, in the petitioner's own interest, to grant his request for fear that the proceedings might be annulled by a plea

based upon the fact that they were amenable to the ecclesiastical courts, convoked the leading citizens of the town, to take council with them as to what measures should be taken to ensure the public welfare.

The result of the conference was a decision to write to the *procureur-general*, and to the Bishop of Poitiers, to send them the reports of what had taken place, and beg them in their discretion to interpose their authority to put an end to these harmful intrigues.

This decision was carried out, but the *procureur-general* replied that the affair was purely ecclesiastical and non-cognizable by parliament. The Bishop of Poitiers vouchsafed no reply at all.

He was not so uncommunicative, however, with Grandier's enemies; for, the ill-success of the exorcisms of November having made necessary superabundant precaution, they thought fit to obtain from that prelate a new commission, wherein he should appoint certain ecclesiastics to represent him at the ceremonies. Barré went in person to Poitiers to prefer this request, and upon its presentation the bishop appointed Bazile, dean of the canons of Champigny, and Demoraus, dean of the canons of Thouars, both of whom were kinsmen of one or another of Grandier's foes. The new commission given them was in these words:

"Henri-Louis Châteignier de la Rochepezai, by the divine will Bishop of Poitiers, to the deans of the Châtelet de Saint-Pierre at Thouars and at Champigny-sur-Vèse, greeting:

"We by these presents command you to repair to the town of Loudun, and the convent of the nuns of Sainte-Ursule there situate, to be present at the exorcisms which will be performed by Monsieur Barré, upon the inmates of said convent afflicted by evil spirits, in

accordance with our command to said Barré; and you are also to make report of all that may take place, and to that end to take with you such clerk as you think fit, etc.

"Given and done at Poitiers, November 28, 1632.

"*Signed:* HENRI-LOUIS, Bishop of Poitiers."

And lower down:

"By order of the said lord bishop,

MICHELET."

These two commissioners, having been notified beforehand, betook themselves to Loudun, where Marescot, one of the queen's chaplains, arrived at the same time. Pious Anne of Austria had heard so many different versions of the affliction of the Ursuline nuns, that she wished to be fully enlightened in the premises. As will be seen, the affair was growing in seriousness from day to day, for it had finally found an echo at court.

The bailiff and the civil lieutenant, fearing that the royal envoy might allow himself to be imposed upon, and prepare a report which might cast doubt upon the truths contained in their reports, betook themselves to the convent on December first, the day on which the new commissioners were to begin their exorcisms, disregarding the declarations of the nuns that they would not receive them; they were accompanied by their assessor, by the lieutenant of the provost's court, and by a clerk.

They knocked a long while before any attention was paid to them. At last a nun opened the door, but informed them that they could not enter, as they were suspected of bad faith, having already declared that the possession was a mere pretence and sham. The bailiff, declining to discuss the question with the girl, ordered

her to send for Barré, who appeared some time after, in his priestly garb, and followed by several persons, among whom was the queen's chaplain. The bailiff complained that he and his companions had been denied admission, which was contrary to the orders of the Bishop of Poitiers. Barré observed, that, so far as he was concerned, he would not prevent their coming in.

"We have come for that purpose," said the bailiff, "and also to beg you to ask the demon certain questions which will be proposed to you, and which will conform to the requirements of the ritual. You will not refuse," he added, turning to Marescot, and saluting him, "to make this test before the queen's chaplain, for that will be a sure method of dissipating all the suspicions of fraud which unfortunately are rife concerning this business."

"I will do in that matter as I please, and not as you order," retorted the exorcist impudently.

"It is your duty, however, to proceed according to law," the bailiff rejoined, "that is to say if you are sincere in what you do; for it would be an insult to God to seek to add to His glory by a spurious miracle; and it would also be a grievous wrong to the Catholic religion, which is in itself so powerful, to add lustre to its verities by the aid of knavery and fraud."

"Monsieur," said Barré, "I am an upright man, I know what my position requires me to do, and I will do my duty; as to yourself, you should remember that the last time you were here you left the chapel in excitement and anger, surely not the proper frame of mind for a man whose business it is to dispense justice."

As all this wrangling led to no result, the magistrates insisted upon entering; but they were unable to obtain admission, so they expressly forbade the exorcists to ask

any question which tended to defame any person, on pain of being dealt with as fomenters of disturbance and sedition. Barré replied to this threat that he did not recognize the bailiff's jurisdiction, and with that he closed the door, leaving him and the civil lieutenant outside.

There was no time to lose, if their machinations, past and to come, were to be effectively met. Acting upon the advice of the bailiff and the civil lieutenant, Grandier wrote to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who had already helped him out of the difficulty once, and set forth the position in which his enemies had placed him. The magistrates affixed to his letter their own reports of the exorcisms, and the whole was sent at once by a sure hand to Monseigneur d'Escoubleau de Sourdis. That worthy prelate, realizing the gravity of the affair, and seeing that Grandier, if abandoned to his enemies, might be irrevocably ruined by the least delay, replied by coming in person to his abbey of Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, where the poor persecuted priest had once before received such complete and signal justice at his hands.

It is needless to say that the archbishop's arrival was a terrible blow at the possession; for he was no sooner installed at Saint-Jouin than he dispatched his own physician with instructions to see the afflicted nuns, and examine their convulsions closely, in order to make sure whether they were genuine or feigned.

The physician appeared at the convent with a letter from the archbishop requiring Mignon to afford him every opportunity of investigating the affair. Mignon received him with all the respect due to the one who sent him; but he said that he regretted extremely that he had not come a day earlier, as the nuns who were possessed by the devil, had been delivered the day before,

thanks to his exorcisms and Barré's. Nevertheless he took him to see the superior and Sister Claire, whom he found in a perfectly tranquil and peaceful state, as if they had never known what excitement was. They confirmed what Mignon said and the physician returned to Saint-Jouin, unable to certify to anything except the absolute tranquillity which reigned at the convent during his visit.

The fraud was transparent, and the archbishop himself believed that the abominable persecution was at an end forever. But Grandier, who knew his enemies better, went to him on December 27, threw himself at his feet, and begged him to receive from him a petition, wherein he set forth that his enemies, having previously sought to crush him by a false and calumnious charge, from which naught but the archbishop's just judgment had extricated him, had for three months past claimed and published everywhere that he had sent evil spirits into the bodies of the Ursuline nuns at Loudun, to whom he had never spoken; that although Jean Mignon and Pierre Barré were notoriously his enemies, the custody of the alleged possessed nuns and the direction of the exorcisms had been entrusted to them; that in the reports prepared by them, which were in direct contradiction of those of the bailiff and civil-lieutenant, they boasted of having three or four times expelled the alleged demons, who returned, so these slanderers said, time and time again, by virtue of compacts made with him; that the words and reports of Barré and Mignon were intended to defame him and raise an outcry against him; that it was very true that the mere presence of the venerable prelate had put the demons to flight; but that it was probable that they would speedily return to the charge, when their confidence was restored by his departure; so that, if he

were to be bereft of the gracious protection of him whom he was then addressing, it was certain that his innocence, however incontestable it might be, would eventually succumb under the extraordinary wiles of so many embittered and desperate foes; that he therefore besought him, after weighing all these arguments, to deign to forbid Barré, Mignon and their adherents, lay as well as clerical, to perform any exorcisms in the future, or to take charge of the alleged victims, in case of any further possession, and that he would anticipate its occurrence by sending such other persons, laymen or churchmen, as he thought proper, to act in their stead, to oversee the preparation of the food and medicine, and to exorcise the victims, if necessary, all in the presence of the magistrates.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux received Urbain's petition, and wrote at the bottom:

"In consideration of this petition, and having heard the views of our legal adviser thereon, we have sent the petitioner back to Poitiers in advance of our adviser, there to have justice done him; and in the meantime we have ordered Monsieur Barré, Perè L'Escaye, Jesuit, dwelling at Poitiers, and Perè Gau of the Oratoire, dwelling at Tours, to perform the exorcisms in case of need, in accordance with the orders we have given them to that end.

"We forbid all other persons intermeddling with the said exorcisms, on pain of being punished therefor according to law."

As will be seen, Monseigneur, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, in his liberal and enlightened justice, had foreseen every possible contingency; and so when this ordinance was made public, and the exorcists took cognizance of it, the possession ceased so quickly and so utterly that even

echoes of it died away at once. Barré withdrew to the Chinon, the deans appointed by the Bishop of Poitiers returned to their chapters, and the nuns, well and duly delivered from their tormentors, resumed their life of silent tranquillity. The archbishop nevertheless urged Grandier a second time to exchange his livings; but Grandier replied that, even if he were to be offered a bishopric, he would not then exchange his simple curacy at Loudun for it.

The disastrous ending of the spurious possession was prejudicial to the last degree to the Ursuline community, and instead of bringing them increased reputation and large contributions, as Mignon had assured them it would, they acquired nothing from it save public disgrace and a superabundance of private annoyance; for parents whose daughters were at the convent made haste to take them away and when they lost their boarders, they lost their last resource. The state of public opinion concerning them made them desperate, and it was well known that they had had several altercations with their director, wherein they reproached him because, instead of the temporal and spiritual benefits he had promised them, they had reaped nothing but poverty and disgrace, to say nothing of the sin he had made them commit. Mignon himself, although consumed with hatred, was obliged to hold his peace. He had by no means abandoned his hope of vengeance, however, and as he was one of those men who are never weary of waiting so long as a single hope remains, he kept in the background, apparently resigned to his defeat, but with his eyes constantly fixed upon Grandier, ready to avail himself of the first opportunity to pounce upon the prey that had escaped him; this opportunity Grandier's ill-fortune at last afforded.

It was the year 1633, the period of Richelieu's greatest power. The cardinal-duke was pursuing his work of destruction, demolishing castles when there were no heads to fall, and saying, with John Knox: "Let us pull down the nests and the crows will fly away." Now the castle of Loudun was one of the nests, and Richelieu had issued the order to pull it down.

The man who came to Loudun on this errand was of the same species as those whom Louis XI. made use of a hundred and fifty years earlier to destroy the feudal system, and those whom Robespierre was to make use of a hundred and fifty years later to destroy the aristocracy; for every butcher must have his axe, and every reaper his sickle. Richelieu was the brain and Laubardemont the instrument. But he was an instrument of exceeding intelligence; he knew by the way in which he was set at work what passion moved the springs, and adapted himself to it with marvelous cleverness, whether it was a fierce, swift passion, or a slow, smouldering one; and he made up his mind to kill with the sword, or poison with slander, according as the passion in question demanded the victim's blood or his honor.

M. de Laubardemont reached Loudun in August, 1633, and applied for assistance in carrying out his instructions to Monsieur Memin de Silly, major of the town, that old friend of the cardinal whom Barré and Mignon had won over to their side, as we have said. Memin looked upon this visit of M. de Laubardemont as a proof of the Almighty's intention to give victory to the cause to which he had devoted himself, and which was supposed to be lost. He introduced Mignon and all his friends, who were very well received. The superior, as we have seen, was a relative of the truculent counsellor, and they laid great stress upon the affront put upon her by the order

of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, an affront which recoiled upon all her kinsfolk, and soon Laubardemont and the conspirators were intent upon nothing except the finding some way to make the cardinal-duke share their resentment. The way was soon found.

The queen-mother, Marie de Médicis, had among her women a certain Hammon, who made a favorable impression upon the princess one day when she had occasion to speak with her, and so had remained in her service, and enjoyed more or less influence. She was born at Loudun, among the common people, and had passed the greater part of her youth there. Grandier, who had been her curate, knew her intimately, and as she was very bright he used to take much pleasure in her society when she lived in the town. Now, during a momentary loss of prestige by the ministers, a satire upon them was published, directed more particularly against the cardinal-duke. This production, overflowing with spirit and wit and bitter irony, was attributed to Hammon, who very naturally shared Marie de Médicis' hatred for her foe, and who, being under her protection, was safe from the cardinal's wrath, although his resentment was deep and lasting. The conspirators conceived the plan of attributing the satire to Grandier, who might have learned from Hammon all the details of the cardinal's private life which were described therein. If the cardinal believed the slander, they need have no fear; Grandier was lost.

This plan being agreed upon they took M. de Laubardemont to the convent, where the devils, knowing the great importance of the personage for whose benefit they were invoked, made haste to return; the nuns went into terrible convulsions, and M. de Laubardemont returned to Paris convinced.

At the first word the counsellor of state said to the cardinal touching Urbain Grandier, it was easy to see that he had wasted his pains in forging the fable of the satire, and that he needed only to utter Grandier's name before the minister to incite him to the degree of irritation which he wished to produce. The cardinal-duke was once Prior of Coussay, and at that time he had a quarrel concerning precedence with Grandier, who, as curate of Loudun, not only refused to yield the *pas* to him, but actually took it from him. The cardinal noted that affront upon his bloody tablets, and Laubardemont found him at the first word as eager for Grandier's ruin as he was himself.

On the spot Laubardemont obtained this commission, under date of November 30.

"M. de Laubardemont, a member of the king's council of state and privy council, will repair to Loudun and other places as may be needful, to proceed with all diligence against Grandier, upon all the charges formerly brought against him, and others which will be presented, touching the affliction of the Ursuline nuns at Loudun and other persons who are said likewise to be possessed and tormented by demons by the sorcery of said Grandier, and to investigate all that has happened from the beginning, as well in the matter of exorcisms as otherwise, bearing upon the said possession, to forward the reports and other proceedings of the commissioners or delegates, to be present at the exorcisms which may take place, and to make report of everything, and otherwise to proceed, as he may be advised, in order to obtain proof and complete verification of said charges, and especially to look to the instituting and carrying through the prosecution of said Grandier, and of all others who are found to be involved with him in said delects, until definitive judgment

is rendered, notwithstanding any appeal or counter-charge, for which (but without prejudice to the right to resort thereto in other causes) this cause will not be postponed, because of the magnitude of the crime, regardless of the request for postponement which may be made by said Grandier. His Majesty commands all governors, provincial lieutenant-generals, and all bailiffs, seneschals, and other municipal officials and subjects whom it may concern to give all aid and assistance, and open their prisons, if they shall be requested so to do."

Armed with this order which was equivalent to a sentence, Laubardemont arrived at Loudun on December 5, at nine in the evening, and to avoid being seen alighted in the suburbs at the house of Master Paul Aubin, a public official and son-in-law of Memin de Silly. His arrival was kept so secret that neither Grandier nor his friends had any knowledge of it; but Memin, Hervé, Menuan and Mignon were notified, and immediately joined him. Laubardemont showed them his commission, but, broad as it was, it seemed insufficient to them, for it contained no order for Grandier's arrest, and he might fly. Laubardemont smiled at the idea that they had even dreamed that they could find him at fault, and drew from his pocket another order, made in duplicate in case one copy should be lost, dated on the same 30th of November, signed "Louis," and below, "Phelippeaux." It was thus conceived:

"Louis, etc., etc.

"We have entrusted these presents to Laubardemont, member of our privy council, to empower said Laubardemont to arrest said Grandier and his accomplices, and hold them prisoners in a secure place, with like orders to all provosts and other officers and subjects to lend assistance in the execution hereof, and to obey in relation

thereto the orders which shall be given by said Laubardemont, and to all governors and lieutenant-generals to furnish such aid and assistance as shall be required at their hands."

This second document was the complement of the commission. They thereupon determined, in order to prove that the blow was dealt by the royal authority, and to intimidate any public official who might still be inclined to take Grandier's part, and any witness disposed to testify in his favor, that he should be arrested at once before any sort of investigation was held. Accordingly they sent immediately for Guillaume Aubin, Sieur de Lagrange, the provost's lieutenant. Laubardemont communicated to him the cardinal's commission and the order signed by the king, and bade him seize Grandier early the next morning.

M. de Lagrange bent the knee before those two signatures, and replied that he would obey; but from their method of going to work he foresaw an assassination rather than a judgment as the result of the new proceedings to be instituted, and so, notwithstanding his connection with Memin whose daughter had married his brother, he immediately warned Grandier of the orders he had received. But he, with his usual intrepidity, while thanking Lagrange for his generous conduct, replied that he trusted in his own innocence and relied upon God's justice, and so was determined not to fly.

So Grandier stood his ground, and his brother, who slept beside him, declared that his sleep that night was as tranquil as usual. The next morning he rose at six o'clock, as was his custom, took his breviary in his hand, and went out to attend matins at the church of Sainte-Croix. He had barely put his foot outside of the house when Lagrange, in the presence of Memin, Mignon and

his other enemies, who had assembled to enjoy the spectacle, arrested him in the king's name. He was at once placed in the custody of Jean Pouguet, an archer in his Majesty's guards, and of the archers of the provosts of Loudun and Chinon, to be taken to the castle of Angers, while the royal seal was affixed to his apartments, his drawers, and every article of furniture in his house; but nothing was found anywhere which tended to compromise him, except a treatise against the celibacy of priests, and two sheets of paper upon which were written, in another hand than his, divers erotic verses in the then prevailing taste.

Grandier remained four months in that prison, where, if we may believer Michelon, commandant of the town of Angers, and the report of the canon Pierre Bacher, his confessor, he was a model of resignation and firmness, passing his time reading pious books, or writing prayers and meditations, the manuscripts of which were produced at his trial. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the urgent appeals of Jeanne Estève, the accused man's mother, who, although she was seventy years of age, renewed the strength and activity of her youth in the hope of saving her son, Laubardemont continued the preliminary examination, which was finally finished on April 9th. Urbain was at once transferred from Angers to Loudun.

An extraordinary dungeon had been prepared for him in a house belonging to Mignon and formerly occupied by a sergeant named Bontems, once clerk to Trinquant, and who had testified against Grandier in the first affair. It was on the topmost floor; the windows were walled up, leaving only a small opening near the roof, which was supplied with enormous bars, and by way of additional precaution, for fear that the devils might free the sorcerer

from his chains, the opening of the fire-place was crossed and recrossed by iron bars in the shape of gridiron. Furthermore, diminutive holes, hidden in the corners, made it possible for Bontems' wife to see what Grandier was doing at any moment, a precaution which it was hoped would prove useful in the exorcisms. It was from this apartment, that Grandier wrote the following letter to his mother, lying in a heap of straw, and almost without light:

"I received your letter, mother, and everything that you sent me except the stockings. I endure my affliction patiently, and am more concerned for yours than my own. I am much inconvenienced by having no bed; try and have mine brought to me, for the mind will give way if the body has no rest. Pray send me a breviary, a Bible, and a Saint-Thomas for my consolation, and do not, I beg you, grieve for me. I trust that God will make my innocence manifest. Commend me to my brother and sister and all our good friends.

"I am, mother, your dutiful son, at your service.

"GRANDIER."

During Grandier's seclusion at the castle of Angers, the possession by the evil spirits had miraculously multiplied, for the superior and Sister Claire were no longer the only ones possessed; nine nuns were now in the hands of the demons.

They were divided into three flocks: the superior, Louise des Anges, and Anne de Saint-Agnès, were placed in the house of one Delaville, an advocate, and legal adviser of the nuns; Sister Claire and Catherine de la Présentation were accommodated by Maurat, a canon; and Elizabeth de la Croix, Monique de Sainte-

Marthe, Jeanne du Saint-Esprit, and Séraphique Archer were lodged in a third house.

They were all under the general oversight of Memin de Silly's sister, the wife of Moussant, who was thus closely connected with two of the bitterest foes of the accused. She learned from Bontems' wife all that it was necessary for the superior to know about Grandier; that was what they called sequestration!

The selection of physicians was no less extraordinary; instead of summoning the most skillful physicians of Angers, Tours, Poitiers or Saumur, all except Daniel Roger, of Loudun, were men of little learning from small towns; one of them indeed had failed to obtain either degree or license, and was compelled to leave Saumur for that reason, while another had abandoned the position of shop-porter for the more lucrative trade of quack.

There was no more fairness or equity in their choice of an apothecary and surgeon. The apothecary, whose name was Adam, was Mignon's cousin-german, and was a witness against Grandier on the first prosecution; as his testimony on that occasion impeached the honor of a maiden of Loudun, he was sentenced by decree of parliament to make public apology. And yet, although his hatred for Grandier was well known, perhaps, indeed because it was well known, they entrusted to him the preparation of the remedies, without anyone to overlook him and see whether he increased or lessened the dose, and whether, instead of sedatives, he did not furnish excitants of sufficient strength to produce real convulsions. The case of the surgeon was even worse, for it was Mannouri, Memin de Silly's nephew, and brother of one of the nuns, the same who had opposed

the sequestration demanded by Grandier during the second affair.

In vain did the mother and brother of the accused present petition after petition, wherein they took exception to the physicians on the ground of incapacity, and to the apothecary and surgeon on the ground of their hatred; they could not even obtain certified copies of their petitions at their own expense, although they offered to prove by witnesses that Adam, in his ignorance, once gave *crocus metallorum* instead of *crocus martis*, and that the blunder resulted in the death of the person to whom the drug was administered. As the reader will see, Grandier's ruin was so notoriously determined upon, that they had not the decency even to cover up the infamous machinery by means of which they expected to accomplish it.

The investigation went briskly forward. As one of the first formalities to be gone through with was the confrontation. Grandier published a memorial, in which he recalled the case of Saint Anastasius, who was accused at the Council of Tyre by an unchaste woman whom he had never seen; when she entered the assembly to repeat her accusation in public, a priest named Timotheus left his place and went to her and talked with her as if he were Anastasius; she believed that it was he, and replied to him on that assumption, thereby rendering the saint's innocence clear to everyone. Grandier demanded that two or three persons of his height, and with hair of the same color, should be dressed exactly as he was, and confronted with the nuns, feeling certain, that as he had never seen them, and had probably never been seen by them, they would not recognize him, although they claimed to have had direct relations

with him. This demand was so reasonable, and consequently embarrassing, that it was not even answered.

Meanwhile the Bishop of Poitiers, exulting in his triumph over the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was powerless against an order emanating from the cardinal-duke, had challenged Père l'Escaye and Père Gau, who were appointed by his superior, and named in their places his canon, one of the judges who pronounced the first sentence against Grandier, and Père Lactance, a Recollet. These two monks were at no pains to conceal their sympathies, but proceeded at once to take up their abode with Nicolas Moussant, one of Grandier's bitterest enemies; on the day following their arrival they went to the superior's apartment, and began their exorcisms.

At the very beginning Père Lactance saw that the superior knew very little Latin, and consequently could not be depended on, so he ordered her to reply in French, although he continued to exorcise her in Latin. When some one was bold enough to suggest that the devil, who knows all languages, dead and living, according to the ritual, ought to reply in the same tongue in which he was questioned, the father declared that the compact so provided, and, furthermore, that there were devils more ignorant than peasants.

In the wake of these exorcists and the two Carmelites who thrust themselves into the affair at the beginning of the possession, and whose names were Pierre de Saint-Thomas, and Pierre de Saint-Mathurin, came four other Capuchins, sent, so it was said, by Père Joseph, his "Gray Eminence;" they were Pères Luc, Tranquille, Potais and Elisée. Thus the exorcisms could proceed more smoothly than they had hitherto done, and *séances* were held in four different places—the churches of Sainte-Croix, Saint-Pierre-du-Martray, and

Notre-Dame-du-Château, and the convent of Sainte-Ursule. Little of importance occurred, however, in the exorcisms of April 15 and 16; for the declarations of the doctors contained nothing definite, but said simply: *that the things they had seen were supernatural, and went beyond their knowledge and the rules of medicine.*

The *séance* of April 23 was more interesting; the superior being questioned by Père Lactance as to the shape in which the demon appeared to her, said that he had appeared as a cat, a dog, a stag and a goat.

"*Quoties?*" the exorcist inquired.

"I didn't notice the day," replied the superior.

The poor girl mistook *quoties* (how often) for *quando* (when).

It was to revenge herself for this blunder, doubtless, that the superior declared the same day that Grandier had on his body five marks made by the devil, and that he was vulnerable only at those spots. Mannouri, the surgeon, was thereupon ordered to ascertain the truth of that assertion, and the experiment was fixed for the twenty-sixth.

In pursuance of the order he had received Mannouri presented himself at Grandier's cell on the morning of the twenty-sixth, caused him to be stripped naked and cleanly shaven; then he bandaged his eyes and ordered him to be laid on a table. The devil was wrong again; Grandier had but two marks instead of five, one on the shoulder-blade, and one on the thigh.

Then took place one of the most atrocious performances that can be conceived. Mannouri held in his hand a probe worked by a spring which held the blade inside the handle; on those parts of the body where Grandier, according to the superior's story, was insensible to pain, Mannouri loosened the spring in such a

way that although the blade seemed to bury itself in the flesh, it simply touched the skin and caused no pain whatsoever; but when he came to one of the marks said to denote vulnerable spots, the surgeon tightened the spring and plunged the blade into the flesh to the depth of several inches, so that poor Grandier, who was not expecting it, uttered a piercing shriek, heard in the street by those who were unable to gain admission.

From the mark on the shoulder Mannouri passed to that on the thigh; but this time to his unbounded amazement, although he plunged the probe in to its full length Grandier did not utter a sound, either shriek or groan, but on the contrary began to pray, and although Mannouri stabbed him twice more on the shoulder and twice more on the thigh, he could extract nothing from his victim, save prayers for his tormentors.

M. de Laubardemont was present at this performance.

The next day the superior was exorcised in such vigorous terms that the devil was forced to say that Grandier had only two marks, not five; but this time, to the vast admiration of the crowd, he indicated their precise location.

Unfortunately for the demon a joke that he perpetrated at the same sitting destroyed the effect of his first declaration. Being asked why he refused to speak on the Saturday preceding, he replied that he was not at Loudun, having been engaged throughout the morning of that day escorting to hell the soul of Le Proust, *procureur* of the Parliament of Paris. This reply seemed so difficult of belief to certain laymen that they took the trouble to examine the register of deaths for that Saturday, and found that it did not include any *procureur* named Le Proust, nor indeed any man of that name.

This falsehood rendered the demon less amusing if not less terrible.

Meanwhile the other exorcisms were meeting with similar obstacles. Père Pierre de Saint-Thomas, who was in charge at one of the churches, asked one of the victims where Grandier's books of magic were, and she answered that they could be found at the lodging of a certain young woman, whom she named, and who proved to be the same one to whom the apothecary Adam was forced to make an apology. Laubardemont, Moussant, Hervé and Menuan instantly went to the place indicated, searched the young woman's rooms and closets, and overhauled her chests and drawers, but to no purpose. On their return to the church they reproached the demon for having deceived them; but he explained that the young woman's niece had taken the books away. They hurried at once to the niece's house; unfortunately she was not at home, but at a church where she had been since morning, performing her devotions, and the priests and attendants averred that she had not once gone out. Notwithstanding the desire of the exorcists to oblige Adam, they were forced to stop at that.

These two false statements increased the number of unbelievers, and so a sitting of a most interesting nature was appointed for May 4; indeed the programme was extensive enough to arouse general curiosity. Asmodeus promised to raise the superior two feet into the air, and Eazas and Cerberus, incited by the example of their leader, undertook to do the same for the other two nuns; but Beherit, a fourth demon, went even farther, and did not hesitate to attack M. de Laubardemont himself, declaring that he would take the counsellor's cap from his head, and hold it in the air while a *Miserere* was said. Furthermore, the exorcists had announced that six of

the strongest men in the town could not hold the weakest of the nuns so as to stop her contortions.

We need not say that the promise of such a performance was enough to fill the chapel to overflowing. They began with the superior, and Père Lactance called upon Asmodeus to fulfill his promise and lift his victim from the ground; the superior thereupon went through two or three evolutions upon her mattress, and did seem for an instant to hang in the air; but one of the spectators raised her skirts, and it was seen that she was supporting herself on the tips of her toes, skillfully beyond question, but not miraculously. Thereupon shouts of laughter arose on all sides, which so intimidated Eazas and Cerberus, that the exorcists could not even induce them to reply to the appeals they made to them. They then had recourse to Beherit, who replied that he was ready to remove M. de Laubardemont's cap, and would do so before quarter of an hour had passed. This day's performance was held in the afternoon instead of in the morning as usual, and as it was growing dark, and darkness assists illusions, it occurred to several scoffers that Beherit had asked for the additional quarter hour so that he might work by candle light; they noticed, too, that M. de Laubardemont had seated himself on a chair apart from the others, and just below one of the arches of the chapel, through which a hole was pierced for the bell-rope. They thereupon left the chapel, went up into the bell-tower, and hid in a corner; they had been there but a few moments when a man approached and began to work at something; they at once surrounded him, and found in his hands a long horse hair with a hook at the end; he dropped it and made his escape. The result was that although M. de Laubardemont, the exorcists, and the whole assembly expected to see the cap

rise in the air every moment, it nevertheless remained upon the judge's head to the great confusion of Père Lactance, who, ignorant of what had happened, and thinking that it was merely a delay, three or four times adjured Beherit to fulfill the promise he was forced to break.

This *séance* of May 4 was an unlucky one; up to that time nothing had succeeded, and the devils had never shown themselves such absolute bunglers. Luckily the exorcists seemed certain of the success of their last trick, which consisted in having the nun extricate herself from the hands of six men selected for their great strength, who would try in vain to hold her down. Two Carmelites and two Capuchins went through the spectators and selected six Hercules among the porters and commissioners of the town.

This time the devil proved that he was powerful at least, if he was not clever; for the superior, when the six men tried to hold her down upon her mattress, went into such terrible convulsions that she escaped from their hands, and one of them in his efforts to hold her was thrown down; this experiment, thrice renewed, was thrice successful, and belief was beginning to settle down once more upon the assemblage when a physician of Saumur named Duncan, suspecting trickery, stepped into the choir, ordered the six men to stand aside, and announced that he would hold the superior down unaided, and if she escaped from his hands would apologize publicly for his incredulity. M. de Laubardemont undertook to oppose this test, treating Duncan as an atheist and scoffer; but, as he was a man much esteemed for his probity and skill, there was so great an outcry from the spectators, that the exorcists were fain to let him proceed. The six porters therefore left the choir, but instead of

returning to their former places in the chapel went out through the sacristy, while Duncan walked to the bed on which the superior had lain down again, seized her by the wrist, and, making certain that he had a firm hold, told the exorcists that they might begin.

Never up to that time had the conflict between the general opinion and the special interests of a few been so clearly defined; there was profound silence among the spectators, who stood motionless, with eyes wide open in anticipation of what was about to happen.

In a moment Père Lactance uttered the sacred words, and the superior went into convulsions; but it seemed that Duncan alone had more strength than the six men who preceded him; for the nun leaped and squirmed and twisted in vain, her arm remained a prisoner in Duncan's grasp. At last she fell back upon her bed exhausted, exclaiming:

"I cannot—I cannot—he holds me."

"Release her arm," cried Père Lactance in a rage—"how can she have convulsions if you hold her?"

"If there is really a demon in possession of her," replied Duncan aloud, "he should be stronger than I, for the ritual mentions, among the indications of possession, strength beyond one's years, beyond one's condition, and beyond what is natural."

"That is badly argued," retorted Lactance sharply; "a demon outside the body is, indeed, stronger than you; but within a body as weak as this, it is impossible that it should be as strong as you, for its actions are regulated by the strength of the body it possesses."

"Enough, enough," interposed M. de Laubardemont, "we did not come here to argue with philosophers, but to edify Christian people."

With that he rose from his chair amid a terrible

uproar, and the whole assemblage retired in disorderly fashion, as if they were going out of a theatre instead of a church.

The ill-success of this exhibition discouraged any further attempt at anything remarkable for several days. The result was that a great number of gentlemen and people of quality who had come to Loudun, anticipating something miraculous, seeing that only very commonplace exhibitions were given, and very ill-prepared at that, began to think that it was hardly worth their while to remain longer, and some of them went away. That is what Père Tranquille, one of the exorcists, complains of in a little book he published on the affair.

"Several," he says, "who had come to Loudun to witness marvelous things, when they found that the devils gave them no such signs and wonders as they expected, went away ill-content, and increased the number of the incredulous."

It was determined, therefore, in order to put a stop to this desertion, to offer some great attraction which would reawaken curiosity, and strengthen the doubting. To that end Père Lactance announced that on May 20, three of the seven demons who were in possession of the superior would go out from her leaving three wounds on the left side, and as many holes in her chemise, her petticoat and her dress. The three devils were Asmodeus, Gresil and Haman. He added that the superior's hands would be bound behind her back when the wounds were made.

When the appointed day arrived the church of Sainte-Croix was crowded to overflowing with sightseers anxious to know whether the devils would keep their word better this time than the last. The physicians were requested to draw near the superior, and examine her side, and her chemise, petticoat and dress; as Duncan was one of the

physicians who came forward—they dared not challenge him, notwithstanding the hatred they had conceived for him and would have exhibited had he not enjoyed the special patronage of Maréchal de Brézé—there was no possibility of imposing on the public.

The physicians examined the superior and reported that they found no wound in her side, no break in her clothing, and no sharp instrument hidden in the folds of her dress. After they had completed their search Père Lactance questioned her nearly two hours in French, and her replies were in the same language. Then he passed from questions to adjurations; whereat Duncan stepped forward and said that they had promised that the superior's hands should be tied behind her back to remove all suspicion of fraud, and that the time had come to fulfill that promise. Père Lactance admitted the justice of the demand; but at the same time he observed that as there were many people present who had never seen the possessed nuns in convulsions, it was no more than fair that the superior should be exorcised for their benefit before they bound her. Accordingly he began to repeat the formula of exorcism and the superior immediately went into terrible convulsions, which after a few moments ended in complete prostration. Thereupon she fell face downward upon the floor, turning upon her left arm and side, and remained in that position some instants, after which she uttered a faint shriek followed by a groan. The physicians ran to her side, and Duncan, noticing that she drew her right hand away from her left side, seized her by the arm and saw that the ends of her fingers were bloody. He at once directed his eyes and his hands to her clothing and her body and found her dress cut in two places, and her chemise and petticoat in three; the holes were cut crosswise about the length of

a finger. The physicians also found the skin cut in three places below the left breast; the wounds were so slight that they barely went below the skin, and the one in the centre was about as long as a grain of barley, but sufficient blood had flowed from all three to tinge the chemise.

This time the fraud was so transparent that even Laubardemont seemed somewhat abashed, because of the number and quality of the spectators. He would not permit the physicians to include in their attestation their opinion as to the efficient cause of the wounds; but Grandier protested in a memorial which he drew up during the night, and which was distributed the next day. He called attention to these points:

"That if the superior had not groaned the physicians would not have removed her clothes, and would have suffered her to be bound, not dreaming that the wounds were already made; that the exorcists would then have ordered the demons to come forth, and to leave the marks they had promised; that the superior would then have gone through the most extraordinary contortions she was capable of, and followed them up with a long convulsion, at the end of which she would have been delivered, and the wounds would have been found upon her body; but that her groans, which had betrayed her, had, by God's grace, broken through all the best-laid plans of men and devils. Why do you suppose," he added, "that they selected for a token wounds like those made with a sharp blade, when devils are in the habit of leaving wounds similar to burns? Was it not because it was easier for the superior to conceal a knife and give herself a slight wound, than to conceal fire, and burn herself? Why do you suppose they selected the left side rather than the forehead or nose, unless

because she could not have wounded herself in either of those places without exposing her action to the whole assemblage? Why should they have chosen the left side rather than the right, unless because it was more convenient for the superior, who is right-handed, to reach over to the left side than to work upon the right? Why did she lie upon her left arm and side, unless it was so that that position, in which she remained a long time, made it easier for her to conceal the weapon with which she wounded herself from the eyes of the spectators? What think you was the cause of the groan she uttered despite her wonderful courage, if not the pain she inflicted upon herself? for the bravest of mortals cannot repress a shudder when the surgeon opens a vein. Who does not see that the blade was so small that the fingers which wielded it were necessarily reddened with the blood that followed it? How was it that the wounds were so slight that they hardly pierced the outer cuticle, although demons are accustomed to rend and tear their victims when they leave their bodies, unless because the superior did not hate herself sufficiently to inflict deep and dangerous wounds?"

In spite of this convincing logic on the part of the accused, and the visible knavery of the exorcists, M. de Laubardemont prepared a report of the expulsion of the three demons, Asmodeus, Gresil and Haman, from the body of Sister Jeanne des Anges through three wounds below the region of the heart; a report which was audaciously produced against Grandier, and of which the memorandum still exists, a lasting monument, not so much of credulity and superstition, as of hatred and thirst for revenge.

Père Lactance, in order to do away with the suspicion

which the pretended miracle had aroused among the spectators, asked Balaam, one of the four demons, the next morning, why Asmodeus and his two brethren, contrary to their promise, took their leave while the superior's face and eyes were hidden from the eyes of the people.

"To prolong the incredulity of certain people," was Balaam's reply.

Père Tranquille amused himself by making fun of the malcontents, with all a Capuchin's frivolity, in a little book which he published on the whole affair.

"Certainly," he said, "they had reason to feel offended at the lack of courtesy and civility on the part of the demons, who had no consideration for their merit and their lofty station; but if the majority of those people had searched their consciences, they would have found perhaps that the cause of their discontent was to be found there, and that they should show their wrath at their own shortcomings by doing penance, and not come there with prying eyes and a depraved conscience, to go away incredulous."

Nothing worthy of note took place between May 20 and June 13, the latter day being made famous by the superior's vomiting a quill several inches in length. It was this last mentioned miracle, doubtless, which led the Bishop of Poitiers to go in person to Loudun, not, so he said, to those who came to pay their respects to him, to investigate the genuineness of the possession, but to force those who still doubted to believe, and to unearth the classes in magic, of men as well as of women, that Urbain had established. Thereupon people began to say to one another that they must make up their minds to believe in the possession, since the king, the cardinal-duke, and the bishop all believed in it, and that they

could not continue to have doubts of it without being guilty of *lèse-majesté*, both divine and human, and without laying themselves open as accomplices of Grandier, to the savage assaults of Laubardemont.

"What makes us say so confidently that this is God's work," wrote Père Tranquille, "is that the king's hand is in it."

The arrival of the bishop was followed by another *séance;* an eye-witness, a good Catholic, who firmly believed in the possession, left a narrative in manuscript of what took place on this occasion, more interesting than any we could ourselves furnish. We propose to place it before our readers, word for word:

"On Friday, June 23, 1634, being the eve of St. John's Day, about three in the afternoon, Monseigneur de Poitiers and M. de Laubardemont being present at the church of Sainte-Croix at Loudun to continue the exorcisms of the Ursuline nuns by order of M. de Laubardemont, commissioner, Urbain Grandier, priest and curate, accused and denounced as a magician by said possessed nuns, was brought to said church from his prison. Said Urbain Grandier was confronted by said commissioner with four compacts* which had been mentioned divers times at preceding exorcisms by said possessed nuns, and which the devils who possessed them claimed to have made with said Grandier on several

*We have been able to find but one of these compacts, printed in the *Histoire des Diables de Loudun*, at Amsterdam, in 1726; but it is probable that the others were built on the same model:

"Monsieur and Master Lucifer:

"I recognize you as my God, and promise to serve you as long as I live; I renounce every other God and Jesus Christ and all other saints, and the Apostolic Roman Church, and all the sacraments thereof, and all the prayers and orisons that may be written for me to repeat; and I promise you to do all the harm I can, and to induce as many others as possible to do harm, and to renounce chrism and baptism, and all the merit of Jesus

occasions; there was one in particular, given up by Leviathan, on Saturday, the seventeenth of the present month, the spell of which was composed of an infant's heart taken at a witch's dance at Orleans in 1631, the ashes of a consecrated wafer, and blood, whereby Leviathan said that he entered the body of Sister Jeanne des Anges, the superior of said nuns, and took possession of her with his coadjutors, Beherit, Eazas and Balaam, on December 8, 1632. Another spell consisted of Grenada orange seeds, and was given up by Asmodeus, then possessing Sister Agnes, on Thursday the twenty-second of the present month; the compact was made by Grandier, Asmodeus and a number of other devils, to hinder the performance of Beherit's promise that he would raise the commissioner's hat two inches from his head, and hold it there while a *Miserere* was recited. All of these compacts being exhibited to said Grandier, he said, without astonishment, but with manly and resolute demeanor, that he had no knowledge whatever concerning them, that he did not make them and had no skill in such matters; that he had held no communication with the devils, and knew nothing about what they were saying to him. A report of what he said was drawn up and he signed it.

"This done, they brought all the possessed nuns, eleven or twelve in number, including three lay sisters, also possessed, into the choir of said church, accompanied by a number of monks, Carmelites, Capuchins and

Christ and His saints; and in case I fail to obey you and worship you and do homage to you three times a day, I give you my life to do with as you choose.

"The original is in hell, in a corner of Lucifer's cabinet, signed with the magician's blood."

It is easy to see why the devil did not produce the original; the use of a copy saved him from committing forgery. Asmodeus knew his criminal code.

Recollets, and by three physicians and a surgeon; as they came in, the sisters made some wanton remarks, calling Grandier their master, and manifesting great delight at seeing him.

"Thereupon Père Lactance, and Gabriel, a Recollet friar, who was one of the exorcists, exhorted all those present to pour out their hearts to God with more than ordinary fervor, to confess all their wrong-doing and all the affronts they had put upon His adorable majesty, and to pray that so many sins might prove no obstacle to the fulfillment of the plans of His Providence for His glory on that occasion—and to give outward proof of their contrition by repeating the *Confiteor*, in order to receive the blessing of Monseigneur the Bishop of Poitiers. This having been done, he went on to say that the affair in question was of such vast moment, and so important in its bearing upon the verities of the Roman Catholic Church that that consideration ought of itself to be sufficient to arouse their devotion, and furthermore that the affliction of these poor girls was so peculiar, and had continued so long, that charity obliged all those who were entitled to labor for their deliverance and the expulsion of the devils, to do their utmost to accomplish so worthy an object by the exorcisms prescribed by the church for its ministers.

"Addressing said Grandier he said that he, being an anointed priest, was of that number, and ought to help on the work with all his power and all his zeal, if it pleased Monseigneur the bishop to give him permission so to do, and to remit his suspension from his authority. The lord bishop having granted such permission, the Recollet friar offered a stole to Grandier, who turned to Monseigneur de Poitiers, and asked him if he was at liberty to take it; having received a reply in the affirmative

he placed the said stole around his neck, and the Recollet then offered him a Ritual, which he asked the lord bishop's permission to accept as before, and received his blessing, prostrating himself at his feet to kiss them; whereupon, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* having been chanted, he rose and addressed Monseigneur de Poitiers, saying: 'Monseigneur, whom am I to exorcise?' The bishop having made answer: 'These girls,' he said, 'What girls?' To this question the reply was: These possessed girls——

"'That is to say, Monseigneur,' he said, 'I am compelled to believe in the fact of possession. The Church believes in it, so I too believe in it, although I do not think that a magician can cause the devil to enter into a Christian without his consent,'

"Thereupon some cried out that it was heretical to put forward that belief; that the contrary was indubitably true, and was unanimously received as true by the whole Church and approved by the Sorbonne. To which he replied he had no definitive opinion on the point; that it had simply occurred to him, and that in any event he bowed to the opinion of the whole body, of which he was but a humble member; that nobody was ever declared a heretic for having doubts, but for stubbornly persisting in them, and that what he suggested to the lord bishop was said in order that he might be assured by his mouth that he would not misuse the authority of the Church.

"Sister Catherine having been brought to him by the Recollet, as the most ignorant of them all, and the least likely to understand Latin, he began the exorcism in the form prescribed by the Ritual. But he had no sooner begun to question her than he was compelled to stop, because the other nuns were at once tormented by

demons, and set up a perfect Babel of strange and horrible shrieks. Among others Sister Claire approached him, and reproached him for his blindness and obstinacy, so that he was compelled to leave the one he had first taken in hand, and address his words to Sister Claire, who, throughout the exorcism, continued to talk incoherently and at random, paying no heed to Grandier's words, which were broken in upon by the mother superior, and he turned his attention to her, leaving Sister Claire. But it is to be noted that before beginning to exorcise her, he said to her in Latin, which he had used hitherto, that he was aware that she understood Latin, and therefore proposed to question her in Greek. To which the devil replied by the mouth of the possessed:

"'Ah! how clever you are! you know that it was one of the first conditions of the compact we made, that I was not to answer in Greek.'

"To which he retorted:

"'*O pulchra illusio egregia evasio!*' (O superb fraud, outrageous shiftiness!) And he was then told that he would be allowed to exorcise in Greek, provided that he first wrote down what he wished to say. The superior offered to reply to him in such language as he might choose; but it was impossible, for as soon as he tried to begin, all the nuns recommenced their shrieks and their paroxysms, with unexampled desperation, and with horrible and diverse convulsions, persistently accusing Grandier of the magic and witchcraft which tormented them, offering to break his neck if they were allowed, and making all sorts of efforts to insult him, which were prevented by the prohibitions of the Church, and by the priests and monks present, who worked with the utmost vigor to soothe the frenzy which had seized them all. He, meanwhile, remained calm and unmoved,

gazing fixedly at the afflicted nuns, protesting his innocence, and praying God to be its protector. He said to the lord bishop and M. de Laubardemont that he appealed to the royal and ecclesiastical authority, of which they were the ministers, to command the demons to break his neck, or at least to make a visible mark on his forehead, if he were guilty of the crime of which he was accused, so that God's glory might be thereby made manifest, the authority of the Church exalted, and himself brought to confusion, provided, however, that the nuns should not touch him with their hands; but this they would not consent to, because they chose not to be responsible for the injury that might be done, and also because they would not expose the authority of the Church to the wiles of the demons who might have made some compact with Grandier upon that point.

"The exorcists—there were eight of them—having ordered the devils to be still and to cease the uproar they were making, caused fire to be brought in a chafing-dish, in which they threw all the compacts one after another, and with that the earlier tumult was renewed with such awful violence and confusion, such frenzied shrieks, and frightful contortions, that the assemblage might have been taken for a witch's holiday, except for the sanctity of the place, and the quality of the persons present, of whom Grandier was the least excited, outwardly at least, although he had more reason to be so than any other.

"The devils continued their accusations, citing the place and day and hour of their communications with him; his first employment of witchcraft, his scandalous behavior, his insensibility, his renunciations of God and the faith. To all of this he confidently retorted that it was all false and slanderous, and the more unjust in that

it was so inconsistent with his professions; that he renounced Satan and all the devils; that he did not know them, and understood them even less; that in spite of them he was a Christian, and, more than that, a sacred personage; that he put his trust in God and Jesus Christ, although he was a great sinner; but that he had never given any occasion for these abominations, and that they could not furnish any pertinent, authentic proof thereof.

"At this point it is impossible for words to describe what was presented to the senses; eyes and ears received the impression of such a concourse of furies as never was known before, and unless it be one accustomed to such ghastly spectacles, as they are who sacrifice to the devil, no mind could remain free from the amazement and horror produced by that performance. Grandier alone remained the same through it all, insensible to the monstrous sights all about him, singing hymns to the Lord with the rest of the people, as assured in his bearing as if he had legions of angels to protect him. One of the demons cried out that Beelzebub was then standing between him and Père Tranquille, the Capuchin; and when Grandier said to him: *"Obmutescas"* (hold your peace), the demon began to curse, and said that that was their watchword, but that they were obliged to tell everything, because God was infinitely more powerful than all the powers of hell. Thereupon they all tried to throw themselves upon Grandier, seeking to tear him to pieces, to show his marks, to strangle him, although he was their master; whereupon he took occasion to say to them that he was neither their master nor their servant, and that it was incredible that in the same confession they should declare him to be their master, and seek to strangle him. With that the girls, being in a perfect frenzy of excitement, threw their slippers at his head.

"'Upon my word,' he said with a smile, 'these devils are losing their shoes.'*

"At last their mad paroxysms reached such a point that, had it not been for the assistance and protection of the persons in the choir, the author of this spectacle would certainly have ended his days there, and they had no choice but to take him away from the church and the furies who threatened his life. So he was taken back to his prison about six o'clock at night, and the rest of the day was employed in calming the excitement of the poor girls, which was a task of no little difficulty."

But everyone did not judge these afflicted nuns with the indulgence of the author of the narrative we have quoted, and many saw in this pandemonium of shrieks and convulsions, an infamous and sacrilegious debauch of vengeance; and it was discussed from such divergent points of view that the following ordinance was placarded at all the street corners, and cried in all public places on July 2.

"All persons of whatsoever quality and station, are expressly forbidden to traduce, or in any way speak against the nuns and other persons at Loudun who are afflicted by evil spirits, or their exorcists, or those who assist them, either in the places where they are exorcised or elsewhere, in any manner or form whatsoever, on pain of a fine of ten thousand livres, or a larger sum and corporal punishment if the case requires; and in order that no one may plead ignorance hereof, this ordinance will be read and published this day at sermon-time in the parish churches of the town, and placarded at the church-doors and in such other places as need may require.

"Done at Loudun, July 2, 1634."

*The play upon words is necessarily lost in translation. The reflexive verb, *se déferrer*, which is commonly used of a horse casting his shoes means secondarily, to be abashed, or put out of countenance.

This ordinance had great influence with the worldly folk, and from that moment, whether or not they actually believed, they no longer dared to avow their unbelief aloud. But before that, to the shame of the judges, the nuns themselves began to repent. On the day following the impious scene we have described, just as Père Lactance was beginning to exorcise Sister Claire in the chapel of the castle, she stood up, weeping bitterly, and, turning toward the spectators so that all might hear, began by calling heaven to witness that she proposed now to tell the exact truth; she went on to confess that everything she had said for a fortnight past against the ill-starred Grandier was naught but calumny and imposture, and that all she had done had been done at the bidding of the Recollet, Mignon, and the Carmelites.

But Père Lactance did not allow such a trifle to alarm him, and informed Sister Claire that what she said was a mere ruse of the demon to save his master, Grandier. She then made a vehement appeal to M. de Laubardemont and M. de Poitiers, praying to be sequestered, and placed in the hands of other priests than those who had wrought the destruction of her soul by making her bear false witness against an innocent man. But the Bishop of Poitiers and M. de Laubardemont simply laughed at this trick of the devil, and ordered her to be at once taken back to the house in which she was then living. When she heard this order Sister Claire darted out of the choir, and tried to make her escape through the chapel door, imploring those who were present to come to her assistance and save her from everlasting damnation. But not a man dared stir, so abundantly had the awe-inspiring ordinance borne fruit. Sister Claire was recaptured, and taken back, notwithstanding her shrieks, to

the house where she was sequestered, never to leave it more.

The next day an even more extraordinary scene took place. While M. de Laubardemont was questioning one of the nuns, the superior went down into the court, barefooted, in her chemise, with a cord around her neck, and remained there two hours in the midst of a frightful storm, without fear of lightning or rain or thunder, waiting until M. de Laubardemont and the other officials should come out. At last the door of the convent parlor opened, and the royal commissioner appeared. Thereupon Sister Jeanne des Anges fell on her knees at his feet, and declared that she no longer felt strong enough to play the detestable part they had taught her, that before God and man she proclaimed Urbain Grandier's innocence, saying that all the hatred that she and her companions bore him came from the unchaste emotions inspired in them by his beauty, and rendered still more ardent by the seclusion of the cloister. M. de Laubardement threatened her with the full weight of his displeasure; but she replied, weeping bitterly, that she stood in fear of the consequences of her own wrong-doing and of nothing else, for she deemed her crime too great ever to be pardoned by the Lord, howsoever great His mercy. M. de Laubardemont at once exclaimed that it was the demon in her body that was speaking; but she retorted that she had never been possessed by any other demon than the demon of vengeance, and that that demon owed his presence in her body to her own evil thoughts and not to any magic compact.

With these words she withdrew slowly, still weeping, to the garden, where she fastened the cord that was around her neck to the branch of a tree, and hanged

herself; but some of the nuns had followed her, and came up in time to save her from strangulation.

The same day orders were issued to keep her, as well as Sister Claire de Sazilly in the strictest seclusion, her relationship to M. de Laubardemont being of no avail to soften her punishment, in view of the gravity of her offence.

It was impossible to continue the exorcisms; the example of the superior and Sister Claire might be followed by others of the nuns, and in that case all was lost. And then, was not Urbain Grandier well and duly convicted? It was announced, therefore, that the examination had gone far enough, and that the judges would consider the affair and pronounce judgment.

This long succession of irregular and violent proceedings, accompanied by repeated denials of justice, and absolute refusal to listen to his witnesses and his defence, convinced Grandier at last that his ruin was determined upon; for matters had gone so far, and it had all been so public, that it was necessary to punish him as a sorcerer and magician, or to render liable to the penalties provided for calumniators a royal commissioner and a bishop, a whole convent of nuns, a number of monks belonging to several orders, judges of high repute, and laymen of birth and standing. This conviction increased his humility without lessening his courage, and as he deemed it his duty to defend his life and his honor to the bitter end, he issued a memorial, entitled: "*Verdicts that absolve,*" which he caused to be handed to his judges. It was a grave, impartial summing up of the whole affair, such as a stranger might have written; it began with these words:

"I entreat you, in all humility, to consider deliberately and attentively what the psalmist says in the

Eighty-second Psalm, a psalm which contains a pious exhortation to exercise your functions with absolute rectitude, because, being mere mortals, you will have to appear before God, the sovereign judge of the universe, to render to Him an account of your administration. The Lord's anointed speaks to-day to you, who are sitting in judgment, and says to you: 'God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; He judgeth among the gods. How long will ye judge unjustly and accept the persons of the wicked? Defend the poor and fatherless; do justice to the afflicted and needy. Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked. . . . I have said, ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.'"

But his argument, logical and dignified though it was, had no influence upon the commissioners, who betook themselves to their regular place of meeting, the Carmelite convent, on the morning of August 18, and there pronounced the following judgment and sentence:

"We have declared, and do hereby declare Urbain Grandier duly accused and convicted of the crimes of magic and witchcraft, and of causing certain Ursuline nuns and other females of this town of Loudun to be possessed by evil spirits, together with other crimes and offences resulting therefrom; and by way of reparation therefor we have sentenced, and do hereby sentence said Grandier to make public apology, bare-headed, with a cord around his neck, holding a burning torch of two pounds' weight in his hand, in front of the principal door of the church of Saint-Pierre du Marché, and before the church of Sainte-Ursule in said town, and there, on bended knee, to ask forgiveness of God and the king, and the law; and, that done, to be taken to

the public square of Sainte-Croix there to be attached to a post set in the midst of a pyre, which will be built for that purpose upon said square, and to be burned alive with the compacts and magic characters remaining in the hands of the clerk, together with the manuscript of the book written by him against celibacy, and his ashes cast to the wind. We have declared, and do hereby declare, all and every part of his property confiscated to the king, the sum of one hundred and fifty livres being first taken therefrom to be used in the purchase of a copper plate, whereon the substance of this decree will be engraved, and it will then be exposed in a conspicuous place in the chapel of the Ursuline convent, there to remain forever; and before proceeding to enforce this sentence, we order the said Grandier to be put to the ordinary and extraordinary torture, and made to divulge his accomplices.

"Pronounced against said Grandier, at Loudun, this eighteenth day of August, 1634."

On the morning of the day on which this sentence was pronounced, M. de Laubardemont ordered the arrest of the surgeon François Fourneau at his house, and caused him to be taken to Grandier's cell. When he reached the adjoining room he heard the voice of the accused, saying:

"What do you want with me, infamous assassin? Have you come to kill me? You know how cruelly you tortured my body. Very well, I am ready to die."

Fourneau entered the room at that point, and found that the words were addressed to the surgeon Mannouri.

One of the exempts of the *grand prévôt de l'hôtel*, whom M. de Laubardemont dubbed for the occasion exempt of the king's guard, at once ordered the new arrival to shave Grandier, and to remove every particle

of hair from his whole body. This was a formality employed in cases of witchcraft, so that the devil might have no spot wherein to hide; for it was believed that if they left him a single one, he could make the patient insensible to the pain of the torture. Urbain understood from this that the sentence was pronounced and that he was condemned.

Fourneau, having saluted Grandier, at once set about executing his orders, whereupon a judge remarked that it was not enough to shave the condemned man's body, but that his nails must also be torn out, lest the devil should hide beneath them. Grandier looked at the speaker with an expression of unutterable pity, and held out his hands to Fourneau; but he put them gently aside, saying that he would do nothing of the sort, though he were to receive the order from the cardinal-duke himself; and at the same time he begged his forgiveness for putting his hands upon him to shave him. At that Grandier, who had been so long accustomed to nothing but barbarous treatment from everybody about him, turned to the surgeon with tears in his eyes.

"So you are the only one who has any compassion for me," he said.

"Ah! Monsieur," Fourneau rejoined, "you don't see everybody."

He proceeded to shave his whole body, but found, as we have said, only two marks, one on the shoulder, and the other on the thigh; they were both very tender from the effect of the wounds Mannouri had made at those points. This fact having been certified to by Fourneau, Grandier was furnished, instead of his own clothes, with some vile rags, which had already been worn, doubtless, by some other condemned man.

Then, although the sentence was pronounced at the

Carmelite convent, he was taken in a closed carriage by the grand provost's exempt with two of his archers, the provost of Loudun and his lieutenant, and the provost of Chinon, to the *hôtel de ville*, where several ladies of quality, among them Madame de Laubardemont, were sitting with the judges to hear the sentence read. Laubardemont himself was in the clerk's usual seat, and the clerk was standing in front of him. All the approaches were lined with soldiers.

Before the accused was brought in, Père Lactance and another Recollet, who had come with him, exorcised him, so that the devils would be obliged to quit him; then they entered the judgment-hall, and exorcised the air, the ground, *and the other elements*. Not till that was done was Grandier led in.

They kept him for some moments at one end of the hall to give the exorcisms time to take effect; then they led him in front of the bar, and ordered him to kneel. Grandier obeyed, but did not remove his hat or his calotte, as his hands were tied behind his back; whereupon the clerk snatched off one and the exempt the other and threw them at Laubardemont's feet. Observing that he had his eyes fixed upon Laubardemont, as if waiting for him to address him, the clerk said:

"Turn your head, villain, and worship the crucifix over the judge's seat."

Grandier at once turned without a murmur and with the utmost humility, and prayed in silence for ten minutes with eyes uplifted; when his prayer was ended he resumed his former position.

The clerk thereupon began to read the sentence in a trembling voice, while Grandier, on the other hand, listened with unshaken firmness and wonderful tranquillity, although the sentence was the most terrible one that

could be rendered, condemning the accused to die on the same day after undergoing the ordinary and extraordinary torture.

When the clerk had finished, Grandier said in his ordinary voice:

"Messeigneurs, I call God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin, my only hope, to witness that I have never been a magician, that I have never committed sacrilege, that I know no other magic than that of the Holy Scriptures which I have always preached, and that I have never had other belief than that of our holy mother, the Catholic, Apostolic Church of Rome; I renounce the devil and all his works; I confess my Redeemer, and I pray to Him that the blood from His cross may descend upon me; and do you, Messeigneurs, mitigate, I beseech you, the rigor of my punishment, and do not drive my soul to despair!"

These words made Laubardemont hope to obtain something from his victim through fear of suffering; so he dismissed the women and idle spectators from the palace, and remained alone with Master Houmain, criminal lieutenant of Orléans, and the Recollets. He then said to Grandier in his harshest tones that the only means by which he could obtain any mitigation of the severity of his sentence was to disclose his accomplices, and sign his declaration. To which Grandier replied that as he had committed no crime he could have no accomplice. Laubardemont then ordered his removal to the torture-chamber, which adjoined the judgment-hall; the order was executed on the instant.

The variety of torture in use at Loudun was that of the *brodequins*, one of the most painful of all. It consisted in placing each of the patient's legs between two boards, then binding them tightly together with cords,

and with a mallet driving wedges in between the two inside boards; in the "ordinary" torture four wedges were used, in the "extraordinary," eight. The latter was applied, as a general rule, only to those condemned to death, for it was almost impossible to survive it, the patient's legs being ordinarily crushed to a jelly, when he came out of the executioner's hands. M. de Laubardemont, on his own responsibility, and notwithstanding it had never been done before, added two wedges to the extraordinary torture; so that Grandier was to undergo ten wedges instead of eight.

Nor was this all; the king's commissioner and the Recollets took it upon themselves to inflict the torture.

Laubardemont ordered Grandier to be secured in the regular way, his legs confined between the four boards, and when that was done dismissed the executioner and his assistants; then he directed the keeper of the instruments to bring the wedges, which he thought too small; unfortunately there were no others, and threaten as they might, the commissioner and monks could procure no larger ones from the keeper. They then inquired how long it would take to make some, and were told two hours; that was too long, so they were fain to be content with what they had.

Thereupon the torture began. Père Lactance, having first exorcised the instruments of torture, took the mallet and drove home the first wedge, but could not extract a sigh from Grandier, who was reciting a prayer beneath his breath. He then drove in the second wedge, and this time the victim, despite his firmness, could not avoid interrupting his devotions by two groans, at each of which Père Lactance struck the harder, crying: "*Dicas, dicas!*" (confess, confess!) a word which he repeated so incessantly and vehemently throughout the proceedings,

that the people after that called him nothing but Père *Dicas.*

When the second wedge was driven home, Laubardemont showed the prisoner a manuscript against celibacy of the priesthood, and asked him if he acknowledged that it was his hand that wrote it? Grandier said yes. Being asked what his purpose was in writing it he replied that he did it to ease the conscience of a poor girl whom he loved, as was proved by the two lines written at the end.

Si ton gentil esprit prend bien cette science,
Tu mettras en repos ta bonne conscience. *

M. de Laubardemont thereupon demanded the girl's name, but Grandier said that her name should never pass his lips, as no one knew it but himself and God.

At that M. de Laubardemont ordered Père Lactance to insert the third wedge. While it was being driven in under the fierce blows of Père Lactance, who accompanied each blow with the word *dicas*, Grandier exclaimed:

"O *mon Dieu*! you are killing me, and yet I am neither magician nor sacrilegist."

At the fourth wedge Grandier fainted, muttering:

"Oh! Père Lactance! is this charity?"

While he was unconscious Lactance continued to strike, so that after pain had made him lose consciousness, pain brought him back to consciousness again.

Laubardemont seized that moment to take his turn at calling upon him to confess his crimes; but Grandier said:

"I have committed no crimes, monsieur, only errors. As a man, I indulged in carnal pleasures, but I confessed,

* If thy pure mind masters this knowledge, it will bring peace to thy conscience.

and did penance, and I believe that forgiveness was granted in response to my prayers; but even if I am wrong I hope that God will grant it now in view of my agony at this moment."

At the fifth wedge he fainted again; they brought him to life by throwing water in his face, whereupon he said to M. de Laubardemont:

"In pity's name, monsieur, put me to death at once! I am but a man, alas! and I can not promise that despair will not conquer me if you continue to torture me thus."

"Sign this, and the torture will cease," rejoined the royal commissioner, showing him a paper.

"Father," said Urbain, turning to the Recollet, "do you believe, upon your conscience, that it is permissible for a man to confess a crime he did not commit, to avoid suffering?"

"No," the monk replied, "for if he dies with a falsehood on his lips, he dies in deadly sin."

"Go on, then," said Grandier, for "after so much bodily suffering, I desire to save my soul;" and Père Lactance drove home the sixth wedge. Grandier fainted once more.

When he came to himself, Laubardemont called upon him to confess to improper relations with one Elisabeth Blanchard, as she had alleged; but Grandier replied that not only was that not true, but he saw her for the first time on the day he was confronted with her.

At the seventh wedge Grandier's legs burst open; the blood spurted into Père Lactance's face, and he wiped it away with the sleeve of his gown.

"Oh! Lord, my God! have mercy upon me; I die!" exclaimed Grandier, and once again lost consciousness. Père Lactance seized the opportunity to sit down and rest.

When he returned to life Grandier began to repeat a prayer so beautiful and so touching that the provost's lieutenant wrote it down. Laubardemont noticed what he was doing and forbade him to show it to anybody.

At the eighth wedge the marrow of the bone came out through the wounds; it became impossible to drive in any more for the legs were crushed as flat as the boards themselves; and, more than that, Père Lactance was at the end of his strength.

Grandier was unbound and laid upon the stretcher; his eyes glistened with fever and agony; and as he lay there he improvised a second prayer, a veritable martyr's prayer, overflowing with enthusiasm and faith. But his strength failed him again as he finished it, and he fainted for the fifth time. The provost's lieutenant poured a little wine in his mouth, and brought him to, whereupon he once more renounced Satan and all his works and commended his soul to God.

Four men came in; they released his legs, which, as soon as they ceased to be held up by the boards, fell to the ground, the flesh having naught but the nerves to hold it in place. He was then taken to the council chamber, and placed upon a bit of straw before the fire.

In the corner of the fireplace was seated an Augustinian monk whom Urbain asked to have for confessor. Laubardemont refused and again offered him the paper to sign, but Grandier replied:

"If I did not sign to spare myself excruciating agony, I am the less likely to sign now that it only remains for me to die."

"True," retorted Laubardemont, "but your death will be as we choose to make it, swift or slow, painless or cruel; so sign this paper."

Grandier gently pushed it away with his hand, shaking his head in token of his refusal. Thereupon Laubardemont left the room in a rage, and ordered Père Tranquille and Père Claude to be admitted; they were the confessors he had selected for Urbain, and they approached him to fulfill that duty. But Grandier recognizing in them two of his assassins, replied that he had confessed to Père Grillau four days before, and did not think that he had committed any sin during those four days that endangered the salvation of his soul. The two fathers cried out at him as a heretic and infidel, but nothing could induce him to confess to them.

At four o'clock the executioner's assistants came after him, laid him in a hand-barrow, and carried him from the room in that manner. As they went out, they met the criminal lieutenant of Orléans, who exhorted Grandier anew to confess his crimes.

"Alas! monsieur," he replied, "I have told them all, and have nothing more upon my conscience."

"Do you not wish me to pray for you?" the magistrate asked.

"You will do me a great favor if you will, monsieur," said Urbain; "indeed I implore you to do so."

They put in his hand a torch, which he kissed as he left the palace, looking upon those he met, modestly, but with a confident expression, and begging those whom he knew to pray God for his soul.

At the outer door his sentence was read to him, and he was then placed in a little cart and driven to the church of Saint-Pierre du Marché, where Laubardemont ordered that he be set down. They pushed him out of the cart, and, as his legs were shattered, he fell upon his knees and so down upon his face, and lay there with his face to the ground, waiting patiently to be lifted up. He was

taken to the steps of the church, where his sentence was again read to him. Just as the clerk ceased to read, Père Grillan, his confessor, from whom he had been separated four days, broke through the crowd, threw himself into his arms and kissed him, weeping so that he could not speak at first. But he soon recovered himself and said to him:

"Monsieur, remember that our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to God His father through torture and the cross; you are a wise man, do not despair; I bring you your mother's blessing; she and I will pray God to have mercy upon you, and receive you into His heavenly kingdom."

These words seemed to impart new strength to Grandier; he raised his head, bent with pain, said a short prayer with eyes turned heavenward, then turned to the good cordelier.

"Be a son to my mother," he said; "pray God for my salvation, and commend my soul to the prayers of all our good monks. I leave this earth with the consolation of knowing that I die innocent; I trust that God will have mercy upon me, and will receive me into His heavenly kingdom."

"Have you no other request to make of me?" inquired Père Grillau.

"Alas! I am condemned to undergo a most cruel death; ask the executioner, I pray you, my father, if there is no way to soften it."

"I will go at once," said the cordelier; and after giving him absolution *in articulo mortis*, he descended the steps, and while Grandier was making his public apology, he drew the executioner aside and asked him if it would not be possible to spare the sufferer the terrible death-agony by giving him a shirt dipped in brimstone. The executioner replied that the sentence

required that Grandier should be burned alive, so that he could not adopt any such apparent method as that; but for the sum of thirty crowns he agreed to strangle him just as the pile was lighted. Père Grillau gave him that sum, and the executioner prepared a cord. The cordelier waited until his penitent passed, and as he kissed him for the last time told him in a whisper of the agreement he had made with the executioner. Grandier immediately turned to that functionary, and said in tones expressive of deep gratitude:

"Thanks, brother."

At that moment, the archers having, at a word from Laubardemont, driven Père Grillau away with their weapons, the procession resumed its march, to go through with the same ceremony in front of the Ursuline convent, and thence to the Place Sainte-Croix; on the way Urbain met and recognized Moussant and his wife.

"I die your debtor," he said, leaning toward them, "and if any offensive word has ever passed my lips, I beg you to forgive me for it."

When they reached the place of execution the provost's lieutenant went up to Grandier and asked his forgiveness.

"You have not offended me," was his reply; "you have done only what your position required you to do."

The executioner then took down the back board of the cart, and called his assistants, who carried Grandier to the pile of wood, and as he was unable to stand on his legs, he was held in an upright position against the post by an iron ring around his body. At that moment a flock of pigeons seemed to fall from the sky, and, quite fearless of the crowd, which was so great that the archers could not succeed in making a path for the

magistrates by laying about them with their halberds and staves, began to fly around the stake, while one of them, as spotlessly white as the driven snow, perched on the top of the post to which Grandier was secured. The partisans of the possession cried that they were a troop of devils seeking their master; but there were many who said that devils were not wont to adopt such a form, and maintained that the doves had come to bear witness to the victim's innocence, in default of men to perform that service. To do away with that impression a monk asserted the next day that he saw a huge fly buzzing around Urbain Grandier's head, and as Beelzebub, he said, is the Hebrew for the god of flies it is clear that it was the devil himself, who came, in the guise of one of his subjects, to carry off the magician's soul.

The clerk read Grandier's sentence to him for the fourth time, and asked him if he persisted in what he said while under torture.

"Most assuredly I persist in it," said he, "for what I then said is the exact truth."

The clerk thereupon withdrew, after informing Grandier that if he had anything to say to the people he might speak.

But that by no means met the views of the exorcists; they knew Grandier's eloquence and courage, and a firm, unshaken denial at the very last moment might prove detrimental to their interests. And so the moment he opened his mouth they threw such a quantity of holy water into his face that it took away his breath. It was but for a moment, however, and as he recovered himself and again essayed to speak, one of the monks kissed him on the mouth to stifle his words. Grandier divined his purpose, and exclaimed loudly enough for

URBAIN GRANDIER

Urbain Grandier when tied to the stake is struck in the face with a crucifix.

those who stood nearest to hear: "A veritable Judas kiss!"

These words excited the wrath of the monks to such a pitch, that one of them dealt him three blows on the face with a crucifix, while pretending to offer it to him to kiss; at the third blow the blood was seen to gush from his nose and lips. He could only cry out to the multitude to repeat the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Maria*, which many voices immediately began to intone, while he, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes commended his soul to God and the Virgin.

The exorcists returned to the charge, and asked him if he did not wish to acknowledge his errors.

"I have told them all, my fathers," he cried; "I have told them all; I put my trust in God and His mercy."

At this persistent refusal the rage of the exorcists reached its height, and Père Lactance took a torch made of straw, dipped it in the pail of resin which stood by the pile, lighted it, and thrust it into Grandier's face, saying as he did so:

"Infamous wretch, will you not confess your crimes, and renounce the devil?"

"I do not belong to the devil," Grandier replied, putting the torch aside with his hands; "I have renounced the devil, and I renounce him again, him and all his works, and I pray God to have mercy upon me."

Thereupon, without awaiting the word from the provost's lieutenant, Père Lactance overturned the pail of resin on the corner of the pile, and applied the match. When he saw what he had done Grandier called to the executioner. He ran to him at once to strangle him, but he could not succeed in his purpose, and the flames spread quickly.

"Ah! my brother," said the sufferer, "was this what you promised?"

"It's not my fault," replied the executioner; "the fathers have made knots in the cord, and I can't tighten it."

"O Père Lactance, Père Lactance!" cried Grandier, "in God's name where is your charity?"

The flames continued to spread, and almost reached the executioner, who was compelled to leap down from the pile.

"Hark ye," said Grandier, putting his hand into the fire, "there is a God in heaven, a God who will judge between thee and me; Père Lactance, I summon you to appear before Him in thirty days."

They saw him, amid the flame and smoke, trying to strangle himself, but, seeing that it was impossible, or thinking, perhaps, that it was not permitted him to take his own life, he desisted almost immediately, clasped his hands, and said in a loud voice:

"*Deus meus, ad te vigilo, miserere mei.*"

But a Capuchin, fearing that he might find time to say something more, approached the pile on the side which was not yet in flames, and threw all that remained of the holy water in his face.

The water caused a cloud of smoke to rise which hid Grandier from the spectators' eyes for a moment; when it lifted, the fire had caught his clothing, but they could still hear him praying aloud with the flames all about him. At last he thrice called the name of Jesus, each time in a weaker voice than the last, and after the third time he groaned, and his head fell forward upon his breast.

At that moment the pigeons that had been circling around the pile flew away and seemed to disappear among the clouds. Urbain Grandier was dead.

In this affair the criminal was not the accused, but his judges and executioners; and so the reader will be curious, we are sure, to know what became of them.

Père Lactance died on September 18, one month, day for day, after Grandier, in such terrible agony that the Recollets said that Satan was taking revenge upon him, while many others, recalling Grandier's words, attributed his death to God's unerring justice. Several strange circumstances preceded it, and helped to popularize this last theory. We will cite one of them, the authenticity of which is vouched for by the author of the *Histoire des Diables de Loudun.*

A few days after Grandier's execution, Père Lactance, being attacked by the disease of which he was to die, and feeling that it had a supernatural cause, resolved to make a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame-des-Andilliers at Saumur, who was considered to have miraculous skill in the art of healing, and enjoyed great credit in the province. He was offered a seat for the journey in the carriage of Monsieur de Canaye, who was on his way with a party of his friends bent on pleasure, to seek diversion at his estate of Grand-Fonds; he offered Père Lactance the seat, in the hope of amusing himself at the expense of the worthy father, whose mind was said to be unhinged by Grandier's last words. They were making sport of the monk without stint, when the carriage was suddenly overturned, on an excellent road, without apparent cause, and not a person was injured. This strange accident took the party so by surprise that it checked the sarcasms of the boldest. Père Lactance seemed depressed and confused, and in the evening, during supper, where he could eat nothing, he repeated again and again:

"I did wrong to refuse Grandier the confessor he desired; God is punishing me, God is punishing me."

The next day they pursued their journey, and the whole party, engrossed by Père Lactance's deplorable condition, had lost all inclination to laugh. Suddenly, in the middle of Pernay, again on an excellent road, and without meeting any obstacle, the carriage was overturned a second time, in the same manner as before, and without injuring any person.

This time it was clear that the hand of God was upon some one of the travelers, and as Père Lactance was strongly suspected of being that one, they all avoided him and left him by himself, blaming themselves bitterly for the two or three days they had passed in his company.

The Recollet went on to the abode of Notre-Dame-des-Ardilliers, but she was not enough of a worker of miracles to prevail upon God to revoke the sentence of death pronounced by the martyr, and on the eighteenth of September, at quarter past six in the evening, just one month, day for day, and hour for hour, after Urbain Grandier's execution, Père Lactance expired in fearful agony.

Père Tranquille's time came four years later. The disease of which he died was so extraordinary that the physicians declared that they knew nothing about it, and his confrères in the order of St. Francis, fearing that the shrieks and blasphemies he uttered, which were heard in the street, might be most prejudical to his memory, especially in the eyes of those who had seen Urbain Grandier die with prayers upon his lips, spread the report that the devils he drove out from the nuns' bodies had entered his. He breathed his last at the age of forty-three, crying:

"Ah! *Mon Dieu*, how I suffer, how I suffer! All the devils and all the damned together will not suffer as I do now."

"Indeed," says Père Tranquille's panegyrist, who gives all the details of his horrible death, so perverted as to redound to the credit of his piety, "it made hell very hot for the demons to find so noble a soul in the body they had afflicted."

The following epitaph, which was carved upon his tomb, was expressive to some of his sanctity, to others of his punishment, according as they were or were not believers in the possession:

"Here lies lowly Père Tranquille of Saint-Rémi, Capuchin preacher; the demons, being unable to hold out longer against his courage as an exorcist, harassed him to death, incited thereto by the magicians, the last day of May, 1638."

But a death which removed the last trace of doubt from everybody's mind was that of the surgeon Mannouri, who, as the reader will remember, cruelly tortured Grandier during the exorcisms. One evening about ten o'clock, as he was on his way home from visiting a patient at one end of the town, accompanied by one of his professional brethren, and preceded by his assistant, carrying a lantern, he suddenly stopped in a street called Grand Pavé, between the garden-wall of the cordeliers, and the rear of the castle, and cried out, with his eyes fixed on some object the others could not see:

"Ah; there's Grandier;" and when they asked him where, he pointed to the spot where he thought that he saw him, trembling in every limb, and saying:

"What is it, Grandier? what do you want? Yes, yes, I will go!"

With that the vision faded away; but the blow had struck home. The surgeon and the assistant carried Mannouri to his house; but neither lamplight nor daylight availed to dispel his terror, and he constantly saw

Grandier standing at the foot of his bed. For eight days his agony lasted in sight of all the town; on the ninth it seemed to the dying man that the spectre changed his position, and walked almost imperceptibly toward him; and he cried again and again: "He comes, he comes!" and motioned with his hand as if to wave him away. At last, toward evening, about the same hour at which Grandier himself died, he breathed his last, with his eyes fixed upon the terrible vision.

Laubardemont remained. We find the following concerning him in the letters of M. Patin:

"On the ninth of this month, at nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage was attacked by robbers; the uproar they made brought people to their doors, as much from curiosity, perhaps, as from charity. Several shots were fired on one side and the other, one of the robbers was shot, and one of them arrested; the others made their escape. The wounded man died the same day without speaking, either by way of complaint, or to say who he was. It has since been learned that he was the son of a master of requests named Laubardemont, who in 1634 sentenced the ill-starred curate of Loudun, Urbain Grandier, to be burned alive, on the pretence that he sent the devil into the bodies of the Loudun nuns, whom he taught to dance, in order to persuade the idiots that they were possessed. Was this not divine retribution visited upon the family of this wretched judge to expiate the cruel, inhuman death of this poor priest, whose blood cries out for vengeance?"

The poets of course were not left behind by the publicists; among the lines which were produced at this time, the following are written with a firm touch and in flowing style; Urbain Grandier is supposed to speak:

L'enfer a révélé que, par d'horribles trames,
Je fis pacte avec lui pour débaucher les femmes.
De ce dernier délit personne ne se plaint;
Et dans l'injuste arrêt qui me livre au supplice,
Le démon qui m'accuse est auteur et complice,
Et reçu pour témoin du crime qu'il a feint.

L'Anglais, pour se venger, fit brûler la Pucelle;
De pareilles fureurs m'ont fait brûler comme elle.
Même crime nous fut imputé faussement.
Paris la canonise, et Londres la déteste.
Dans Loudun, l'un me croit enchanteur manifeste,
L'autre m'absout. Un tiers suspend son jugement.

Comme Hercule, je fus insensé pour les femmes;
Je suis mort comme lui consumé dans les flammes;
Mais son trépas le fit placer au rang des dieux,
Du mien l'on a voilé si bien les injustices,
Qu'on ne sait si les feux funeste ou propices
M'ont noirci pour l'enfer ou purgé pour les cieux.

En vain, dans les tourmens a relui ma constance;
C'est un magique effet, je meurs sans repentance.
Mes discours ne sont point du style des sermons;
Baisant le crucifix, je lui crache à la joue;
Levant les yeux au ciel, je fais aux saints la moue.
Quand invoque mon Dieu, j'appelle les démons.

D'autres, moins prévenus, disent, malgre l'envie,
Qu'on peut louer ma mort sans approuver ma vie;
Qu'être bien résigné marque espérance et foi;
Que pardonner, souffrir sans plainte, sans murmure,
Est charité parfaite, et que l'âme s'épure,
Quoique ayant vécu mal, en mourant comme moi.*

*Hell has avowed that by devious paths I contracted with it to deflower young girls. No one complained of this latter offence; and of the unjust decree which condemns me to death, the demon who accuses me is both author and accomplice, and is received as a witness to the crime he has fabricated.

The English burned Jeanne d'Arc for revenge; the like passions have caused me to be burned as she was. The same crime was falsely imputed to both of us. Paris canonizes her and London detests her. In Loudun one man believes me to be manifestly an enchanter; another holds me absolved; a third suspends judgment.

Like Hercules I was mad after women; like him I am consumed in the flame; but his sin gave him a place among the gods, while the injustice of my fate has been so veiled that no one knows whether the flames were

NOTE ON URBAIN GRANDIER.

The nuns, in order to prove the fact that they were possessed, affected a freedom of speech and action which we cannot follow in all its flights. We might have multiplied citations like the following, but we felt it our duty to refrain from doing so:

VII. "And Sister Claire was so sorely tempted to ———with her friend, whom she alleged to be said Grandier, that one day, when she approached him to partake of the sacrament, she suddenly rose and went up to her room, where one of the sisters, who followed her, found her with a crucifix in her hand, with which she———"

(*Histoire des Diables de Loudun*, page 182. Extract from the testimony in the case of Grandier.)

IX. Among the women who were not nuns the depositions of Elisabeth Blanchard and Suzanne Hammon are not the least important; the former declares that she was carnally known by the accused, who said to her one day after he had———with her that if she chose to go to the witches' carnival he would make her queen of the witches.

cruel, and blackened me for hell, or kind, and purged me to prepare me for heaven.

In vain did my constancy stand forth under torture; it was mere magic (they said), for I die unrepentant. My discourses were not sermon-like; when I kissed the crucifix I spat in the face of the Christ; when I raised my eyes to heaven I made faces at the saints. When I invoke my God, demons answer my call.

Others, less prejudiced, say, despite their envy, that they can praise my death without approving my life; that to be humble and resigned denotes hope and faith; that to forgive, to suffer, without plaint or murmur, is perfect charity, and that the soul is purified, whatever its life may have been, by dying as I died.

We also give a few other extracts taken at random from the testimony, which seem to us no less interesting:

III. Among the witnesses on this charge were five of importance, to wit: three women, one of whom said that on a certain day, after she had received the communion from the accused, who gazed fixedly at her during the ceremony, she was incontinently seized with a violent passion for him, which began with a shiver through all her limbs.

Another said that he stopped her one day on the street, and pressed her hand, whereupon she was seized with an inordinate passion for him.

The third said, that after gazing at him as he entered the Carmelite church with the procession she felt very strong desire, and had such movements that she would have been glad to ——— with him. And this, although none of the three had previously had any special liking for him, and were, moreover, virtuous women of good repute.

IV. The other two were a lawyer and a mason, the first of whom deposed that he had seen the accused reading the books of Agrippa; the other, that he was at work making repairs in the accused's study, where he saw a book upon the table, opened at a chapter which treated of methods of making women fall in love with one. It is true that the first did not explain himself satisfactorily when he was confronted with the accused, and said that the "books of Agrippa" to which he referred in his testimony were the "*De Vanitate Scientiarum*;" but this explanation was viewed with suspicion because the lawyer left Loudun, and would not submit to the confrontation except upon compulsion.

V. The second collection contains the depositions of fourteen nuns, eight of whom were among those said to

be possessed, and of six other women, also said to be possessed. It would be impossible to give an abstract of the contents of these depositions, because there is not a word in them all deserving of consideration; we will simply state that all the nuns, whether they were or were not tormented by devils, as well as all the other women, had had an illicit passion for the accused, and had seen him at all hours of the day and night in the convent, making love to them, etc.